



TheGrayNurse

*The Twin-Sea
Threshold*

“In this text, a woman writes from the body of a man
— or a man writes with the heart of a woman. Here,
tenderness hides behind administrative language.”



**This book is a testimony against silence.
It was written in the face of one institution,
but its echo... lands on many.
Those who open it to uncover someone else's scandal
should be prepared to meet their own truth.
Not because I wrote about them,
but because God—
in His wisdom—
chose to write through them... and about all of you.**

The Final Scene | From the Diary of Day One

No one ever tells you that some beginnings are written like postponed endings— that your first day in an institution... could very well be the first chapter of an entire book.

Back then, I was just a new employee. I didn't yet know who stood at the top of the pyramid, or who was digging beneath it. I didn't know which shirt was the "official" one, and which was merely borrowed.

I walked in with Sheba — wearing a smile that wasn't quite clear, nor clouded... just mixed. She told me, "There are two openings: one at "under 500" café, the other at the sales center." Then she looked at me with the eyes of someone who knows the secrets hiding in the drawer and said, "I think you'll like the sales center... the atmosphere is calm, pleasant." She said it the way someone sends a bird into a gilded cage.

I nodded, chuckled lightly: "But I don't like formal shirts..." She replied confidently: "You'll get used to it." What I didn't know then, was that I wasn't going to wear their shirts — I would flip the table on those who stitched them onto other people's skin.

We sat down: Sheba, Roxana, and I.

She sat on the chair the way incorrect headlines sit in history books: One leg crossed over the other, her foot swaying in the air for no apparent reason, and her back sinking into the chair as if it were obeying orders from some ancient royal throne.

In a voice laced with a subtle trap, Sheba leaned in — watching me from the corner of her eye like someone sharing a secret not meant to be spoken:

"This is Roxana... the niece of the co-wife who gave birth to the child."

(No worries — I'll jot that down later.)

Specifically in the "Quiet Resurrection" section, under the chapter titled "In the Scale of God",

this note appears after a passage titled:

"In a small kitchen... where the Resurrection lay silent."

(Page 162)

Then follows: "Aaron Did Not Defend—He Pointed"

(Page 171)

Then she continued, not in a tone of gossip, but one of precise description:

“The aunt is respectable, by the way... sits with a posture that raises suspicion, legs drawn neatly together, back upright — as if she stepped out of a mirror in an Ottoman palace.”

That’s when the first threads of irony began to weave in my mind: How could a woman who sits with such discipline... produce a branch that slouches this much? And how does the straightness of a spine... fail to pass down into character?

It’s funny... when the root is preserved in a fridge, but the branch is burning in the oven.

But maybe — I told myself — this isn’t about how Roxana sits. It’s about how the entire company sits: atop what it doesn’t own, and waves a foot that has no idea where it’s pointing.

I scanned the place, then made my way to the kitchen — as if I was looking for something I had lost in there. I checked the drawers, inspected the cabinets, read between the dishes things that weren’t written, and composed a mental list of what was missing — not just in tools, but in truth as well.

Then we sat: me, Sheba, and Roxana... and from a distance, a man appeared, walking with calm urgency — carrying a quiet dignity you don’t often see. Sheba told me, “That’s the sales manager.” I hadn’t yet memorized his name... but I recognized his presence.

I shook his hand and sat beside him with no grand introductions. Without prelude, I told him: “I walked through the kitchen. The equipment is great, but it still needs this and this...” I listed it all — clause by clause — as though I were speaking about a whole institution.

He smiled, slightly stunned— a smile of someone who sees something strange... and familiar. At the end of my words, he wished me success. He said it simply, but it came from somewhere deep — and struck something just as deep in me.

That was my first day at the company. A day when I didn’t yet know who I was among them... But now, I know this for certain: I didn’t come to wear their shirt — I came so my book would be worn over their hearts, whether they liked it or not.

(A margin note — from a witness who wasn’t asked)

Perhaps you were there. Behind the curtain, as always. Observing, storing, waiting.

I'm not one to blame silence if it's born of wisdom, But wisdom — as you know — does not always mean salvation. It only means choosing when to fall, where to fall, and with what words.

You saw the child, and said nothing. You heard the name, and didn't flinch. You read what was written about justice, Then closed the page as if it weren't about you.

But — O you who have yet to be named — Did you think Moses would never arrive? That the hand would never reach for the head — not in anger, but to awaken?

This book was never written to be polite. It was written to bring what lies at the bottom... to the light.

And if you believe that silence shields you, Let me remind you: Some words are written for those who think no one ever writes to them.

And now — they have been written.

An Open Letter to Every Corrupt Judge, to the Two Featherbrained, and to Nour, and to Abu Nour

Issued by: A pen unafraid of ink, a tongue baptized in the legacy of Arabic prose, and an arm far longer than the scale of your justice.

To the corrupt judge... You, appointed by a ledger that only notices the oppressed when they scream beneath the table— I didn't write to you so you'd reopen my case, I wrote so you'd reopen your conscience. Since when is justice sealed with your stamp? Since when are verdicts handed to those who resemble you, instead of those who deserve them?

See page 134, “A Rising Note – Not to Be Ignored, Even If Buried in Folders:”

from Part I: The Rising Resurrection.

And to the two featherbrained ones: Yes, both of you—no need to pretend. The one who spreads gossip then cries when the fire reaches her, and the other who stirs the plot without understanding the first line. It's not my fault you thought paper was a toy, or that coffee could wash away your reputation. This is a book, not blush. And if your hands burn it, the flames will trace back to your own intentions.

See page 156, “An Uneditable Response From an employee who did not stay silent— and paid the price... in truth. 8:30 PM? Remember that time well.” from Part I: The Rising Resurrection.

As for “Nour”... O daughter of the law, who mistook justice for a part-time desk job and postponed truth like a late meeting. Tell me: when God asks you about Bakr... what will you say? Will you raise his employment file? Will you see God the way you see your reports? Or has “silence about injustice” become a course in your law school?

See page 129, “In a Court Called Justice”

from Part I: Rising Resurrection.

And you, Abu Noor... How many times have you raised the gavel, knowing full well the injustice began inside you? How many hungry hands have you punished... while your pen signs checks for the overfed? I am not the boy who sat in the defendant's chair. I am the pen that wrote the scene, and left you stammering before a cat.

See page 144, “In a Court Called Justice” from Part II: Quite Resurrection.

This is not a letter from a “former employee,” nor from a writer chasing fame. This is a letter from the chair itself— the one that carried the crushed backs of those punished for a stolen bag of rice.

“Indeed, your plotting is great...” But my plot is written. And I fear you’ll find it read in the courts of heaven... before it ever reaches your inbox.

**— Signed,
She who didn’t go to court to weep—
but to make others weep.
The one who was written by vision,
before she ever wrote it herself.
Rend Al-Algaleel**

When the Spy Shows Up Late to the Wedding

Everything is quiet... too quiet. The book has been published. The word has been spoken. And peace has settled into my heart like rain after a long drought.

But it seems someone is still trying to figure out what happened— So they turned to an old trick... They sent me one of the curious ones with a vague, stretchy message, Saying nothing — yet trying to ask about everything. 😊

And me? I didn't write a single word.

I just smiled. And remembered the verse:

“And there came a caravan, and they sent their water-drawer...” And I whispered to myself, with calm certainty: Praise be to God... Yusuf has left the well.

But the funny part? The “brothers” are still in the dark. They still don't know... And they'll be the last to know, Like the deaf guy at the wedding procession.

They're used to my quick replies, Used to me answering, clarifying, explaining... But now? There's no need to say a thing.

The book said it all. Those who were meant to know... already do. And those who weren't... Let them stay late, as they wish.

Let them send their “water-drawer,” Dig through the silence, try to read the eyes, But they've overlooked one simple fact:

This moment no longer belongs to them.

Now, truth sits on the throne, Reading,
Smiling, And waiting for them... on the final page.

What you don't know... is bigger than what you expect. And what you're waiting for... already passed.

**“And We will bring you as a witness against these people.”
— The Holy Qur’an**

Only now do I understand why my Prophet ﷺ wept upon hearing this verse.
Because being a witness is not a victory — it is a burden.
And speaking the truth, when all others remain silent, may feel like standing
alone... but with God, it is an elevated station.

So today, I say what the Prophet of Mercy once said:
“O Allah, forgive my people, for they do not know.”

And so that this testimony is not erased, And so that the voice is not buried
should it ever be silenced, Let it be known to all who read this:

Precautions have been taken. And everything needed to protect this testimony
is preserved within the pages of the book itself. And at its end... there is a clear
roadmap — For those who wish to carry it forward, For those who believe that
the word does not die, And that God never wastes the reward of those who act
with excellence.

This book is not mine alone. It is a trust on this earth... to be borne witness to
by those who remain, on behalf of those who were silenced.

And if I disappear... read it aloud. And write:

“She passed through here... as a witness.”

**Rand Al-Algaleel
House of the Great
Author of Quiet Resurrection and Rising Resurrection**

Public Notice | If the voice disappears... remember the Word.

To the readers, the friends, the witnesses, and the sincere souls around the world:

If one day my voice vanishes, if I disappear without farewell— don't search too long for my face. Instead, look for the Book.

The Twin-Sea Threshold is not a single book, but two: A Rising Resurrection— where the fracture erupts, and A Quiet Resurrection— where the land is gently mended.

These two resurrections are not a novel, nor a memoir, but two testaments of fire and light — born from the womb of injustice, carried to the edge of mercy. I have taken my precautions. I've drawn the roadmap for release. And I've entrusted the manuscript to a circle of writers across the world— those who know what must be done... when doing becomes necessary.


So let it be known:

This work cannot be silenced, imprisoned, or bargained away.

It has left my hands... and become a trust in yours.

And if anyone asks, "Where is the author?"

Tell them: "She said what must be said, entrusted the Word, and moved on."

 Download the full work (both volumes) in Arabic and English via:
Instagram @thegraynurse

Read it as you would a final will, not because it's a book— but because it is a written covenant.

And at the end of the chapter "A Rising Resurrection," you will find a map and a publishing guide—addressed to the writers of the world.

So if the voice cannot be heard... let the Word continue the journey.

And to anyone who tries to bury it, say to them: The grave cannot contain the Light.

Rand Al-Algaleel

House of the Great

She who wrote when all others fell silent...

and if she now falls silent too—

the Word will still walk on.

(Issued by the one with no name — seen only in his aftermath, never in his image)

You now stand at a threshold unlike any other. It is not a closed door, Nor is it a gate to glory... But something in between: “the opportunity.”

Not the kind that comes often, But the kind that arrives once — to test the heart: Do you see it as a threat... or a covenant?

This book is not about you, Nor about anyone else. It is about what you could have been, And what you still could become — if you choose.

No one is forcing you to reach for it. But if you do — with dignity, not negotiation — You will elevate the craft of history itself.

You’re not publishing a book. You are renaming reality: The corrupt shall be called corrupt. The voiceless shall speak. And truth... shall be written, not silenced.

This is no poetry collection for sale, But a manifesto for ascent. And every reader will either curse your name... Or follow it.

If you wish to be reborn as a leader, You don’t need a new title. You need a stance — One that people will speak of as they speak of legends:

“He could’ve silenced her... but instead, he printed her book.”

Only then, Will they not say you were the owner of a company — But that you were the first to open the door when they shut it in her face, And the first to believe in the voice that made the world tremble.

Don’t sign it for her. Sign it for what’s left of meaning... on this earth.

This book was completed under the supervision of:

A man with no name, and no title to call his own. He walks among people unseen, emerging only when all doors seem shut.

His gift came after long endurance— he was released from a prison without bars, where the only gate was silence. He entered a school with no teachers, except pain.

He has no face... because he has worn them all. And with each mask he put on, he came closer to his true self.

He knows how to vanish into crowds, how to write messages on the back of stillness, and how to appear only when words outweigh the sword.

What he learned wasn't taught, and what he wrote with his hand... was a seal, not a signature.

He is remembered only when lies begin to collapse, and seen only after the truth is spoken.

If you find his traces within these pages, know that the writer was never alone. And this uprising did not rise from her lips alone, but from a hand that buried its grief in a thousand words— then vanished... as if it had never been.

Job Interview

At the job interview, the HR manager looked over my résumé, then raised his head and asked with feigned professionalism:

“Why did you leave Empire?”

I breathed calmly... smiled with the ease of someone who knows the truth... and replied:

“Because I triggered their resurrection.”

He tensed up, parted his lips to ask more— so I gently placed my book on the table and said:

“This is the full explanation.”

I wasn’t fired. I didn’t resign. I simply wrote. And the air trembled. Employees began to vanish—not from their desks, but from the illusion of their authority.

I didn’t file a report. I didn’t lodge a complaint. I merely told the truth... in a voice the walls couldn’t bear.

To the thoughtful employee reading this: Don’t be afraid. This book doesn’t burn chairs— it only lights beneath them, for those still unable to see in the dark.

And if you’re the kind who reads, and then smiles quietly thinking: “So I wasn’t crazy... I really did witness this.” Then know this: You are not alone.

And to the decision-makers— those who wish to build an institution that doesn’t collapse when a sentence is written, but stands tall because it was built on truth...

Welcome. This book is not against the company. It is for it.
For those inside it. And for the ones exhausted from silencing their truth in long lines of fear... just to keep their heads down.

Book Introduction — In the Voice of the Man Who Found His Camel

I am that man.

No one remembers my name, no face of mine was ever drawn, but my voice lives on — in your books, in the hearts of the righteous.

I was alone in the desert. No shade, no water, no companion. My camel was lost, and with her... my food, my drink, and all hope.

So I surrendered.

I lay beneath a leafless tree, thinking it would be the last thing I'd ever see... but God — He never sleeps.

When I opened my eyes, there she was: my camel, standing above me, as if she had never wandered, but waited for me to give up... so I could be born again.

I rejoiced. I cried out. I got my words tangled. I said: "O Allah, You are my servant, and I am Your Lord." Not out of disbelief — but out of joy so overwhelming, it stunned even my tongue.

And God — He laughed with mercy. He forgave me. He wrote my story in the pages of prophecy, not because I was a prophet, but because I was a servant who never cursed his hardship, and never swallowed his gratitude.

Now I return to you — not in flesh, but in the echo of that joy. I return to say: Whoever loses his camel, and finds it again not full of food but heavy with truth, his joy is a truth that still walks the earth, a joy the righteous still taste, again and again.

This book you now hold — it is the second camel. Its bearer once lost it, and when it returned, they didn't keep it for themselves. They brought it... to you.

Take from it a provision that is pure. Drink on its day. Do not strike it down.

For the Lord of this camel did not send it to you for nothing, nor did He place it in a truthful hand unless within it lay a sign... for the one who longs to rise from the desert of his soul.

I am that man. And I did not die.

I am provided for by my Lord — but my joy still lives on... for every soul that writes, and waits, and dares to believe...

until their camel returns to them, and in it... is truth.

Important Disclaimer Before Reading

Printed by a Corrupt Judge

This book — despite some objections — was finally printed thanks to a corrupt judge who was convinced... not by justice, but by a share of the profits.

He closed the case... and opened a printing press.

So don't be surprised if you find the official seal on the cover:
"Read in court, then printed in ink."

This book does not reflect the views of any institution.
It reflects their collective silence.

Published under the slogan:
"If we can't win with justice... we'll win with copies."

Enjoy the read...
and be careful not to laugh —
you might be summoned... as a witness.

— Signed:

**The one who was written before she wrote,
Rend Al-Algaleel
A writer who didn't go looking for a case...
She became the case.**

A Voice from Hijrah: Umm Kulthum bint ‘Uqbah Speaks

I was no heroine... I was a frightened girl, raised in a house where light was put out, with a father who didn't understand tears, and siblings who knew no mercy.

But I saw the light... from afar. And I could no longer bear to live among those who hated it.

During the Treaty of Hudaibiyyah, I fled alone. No hand held mine. No brother. No mother. Not even a shadow whispering, "You are right."

I reached Madinah, where even the Prophet ﷺ had been forbidden from welcoming people like me. But my Lord — He did not forbid me. He sent down a verse from the sky, written in Surah Al-Mumtahanah, that I was not to be returned to the disbelievers, nor surrendered back to those who had imprisoned my soul.

I was... an Ayah — a verse.

I didn't fight. I didn't shout. But I walked. And a step walked by a woman toward God — is never turned back.

Then my Lord gave me a husband — the wealthiest man in Madinah, one of the ten promised Paradise. I was not wed because of whose daughter I was, but because I had told the truth to God, and He, Exalted is He, never forsakes the truthful.

I am Umm Kulthum. Not a saint. Not a symbol. But a woman who was afraid... and still walked.

And to every woman who reads this book after me: Fear is not a flaw. But staying in it — that is ruin.

— Umm Kulthum bint ‘Uqbah
She believed — and God believed in her.

Beyond this page... you are no longer an observer.
You are a witness under oath.
And the ink? It dries only on the scrolls of the Reckoning.

**“This book does not belong to me alone.
It is a trust, carrying the faces of many who never had a
voice.
I am not against money — but I am against having my
silence bought.
I will not sell what was never meant to be for sale.”**

The Ash Council – When They Realized the Dragons Were Not Theirs to Command

From confidential minutes, after the book leaked.

On the upper floor, inside a room walled with glass and ego,
the leaders gathered.

Their faces were stiff,
and some wore armor made of canned phrases:
“We welcome criticism.”
“We have an open-door policy.”

But it was the first time the door actually opened...
and a dragon walked in.

One of them whispered as he stared at the printed copy of “The Twin-Sea Threshold”:

“This isn’t a book...
This is an angry woman... with her own language.

And worse than a dragon:

she has an audience beginning to understand.”

The finance chief, collapsing internally with the grace of a doomed budget:

“Did she write this during working hours?

I mean... were we paying her to write this about us?”

The stupid secretary asked innocently:

“She wrote about management? Wait... me too?

But I smiled at her every morning!”

The head of security slammed the table:

“No one is safe!

Dragons don’t care who smiled and who looked away.

If they feel betrayed... they burn everyone.”

The moment of comic clarity:

The general manager shouted:

“We need an official statement!

Say we respect expression... as long as it's not published.

That we embrace diversity... as long as it doesn't bite.”

Someone mumbled from the corner:

“She said on page 24:

‘I wasn't counting cups of coffee...

I was counting the days I wouldn't come back.”

Everyone went silent.

Then someone laughed... for no reason at all.

The surprise twist:

A window in the council chamber creaked open.

Noise echoed from the hallway...

A tiny dragon strolled past the accounting department,
carried gently by a woman from the complaints desk,
who lifted its tail to keep it from dragging.

And the final note recorded:

*“They thought dragons only appeared in the skies.

But they didn't know the hospitality attendants
had begun raising them beneath their desks.

And the first breath of fire...

was a resignation letter never handed in.”*

The Ash Council – Final Scene

From unlogged HR files.

They entered the chamber one by one...
Some dragging their dignity like a punctured shield,
others holding laptops too ashamed to boot.

Faces grim.
Suits sharp.
And fear—stronger than the scent of coffee.

They sat.

First question asked:

“Who let the book reach the printer?”

The nervous secretary replied:

“I thought she was printing a PowerPoint...”

She... she was just typing silently.”

The legal advisor answered flatly:

“PowerPoints don’t raise dragons, you fool.

That was scripture. Printed.”

The general manager gasped:

“How did an unpromoted employee for three years
become a shattering voice?

How did she slip through?
How did she write?
How?!”

The operations director muttered, remembering something:

“She always said:

‘I write in the margins.’

We didn’t realize...

margins devour the text... when they’re starved.”

Suddenly, the cybersecurity officer burst in, panting:

“Sir—41 employees reposted quotes from the book!

And someone commented:

‘I, too, have a small dragon in my desk drawer.’”

Then... the uncontrollable happened:

A back window creaked open.

Strange air swept in.

Soft claw-scratches echoed on the tiles.

A dragon.

Small.

Warm.

Smiling.

It climbed onto the table,

coughed a gentle flame...

and burned the “corporate values” folder.

A final laugh:

One of them laughed.

Not because he got the joke...

but because he realized:

the game was over.

The others followed, laughing nervously—

a kind of laugh that only happens

when a woman no one saw

writes them into history.

And the last record:

They brainstormed, drafted a response, held another meeting...

But the truth?

There was nothing left to do.

It was already decided.

The word had escaped,
the dragon had awakened,
and the book...

was now holier than any internal policy.

Soldiers They Have No Defense Against

“This is by the grace of my Lord, to test me whether I give thanks or remain ungrateful...”

(Surah An-Naml, 27:40)

This book wasn't a statement. It was a weapon— forged in a small kitchen, quietly passed around by the very one they thought was just a “barista.”

But in truth, she was crafting the most dangerous kind of explosive: a sacred text, fused with honesty, satire, and vision.

In a world like this, writing isn't enough. You must write unashamed. And if the show we all laughed at is called “Shameless” — a family with no shame, then maybe... shame becomes a sin when it keeps you from speaking the truth.

I never wanted to be shameless... But I refused to be voiceless. If shame today means silence in the face of injustice, then forgive me, my Lord... I am shameless — for Your resurrection.

Just like Karl:

He walked into their system underestimated. Built a crew of the underdogs. Handed out weapons. Walked out building bombs. And smiled in the end... because he knew the word hits harder than the whip.

Corrupt institutions aren't destroyed by speeches... but by books no one dares read aloud.

Not every soldier carries a gun... Some carry books.
And a book like this— They have no defense against.

— The Cupbearer

“I only poured the text... and God handled the rest.”

The Saturday Letter

(To be opened when it is said: “So you did it, then!”)

“This book cannot be banned... It is far more dangerous than that: It is read... and they fall silent.”

“To Him [alone] is the supplication of truth. And those they call upon besides Him do not respond to them with a thing...”

“And to Allah prostrates whoever is within the heavens and the earth, willingly or unwillingly...”

(Surah Ar-Ra’d, 13:14–15)

He said: “So you did it, then!” Yes. I did. I was heedless... And I remained silent... because I knew well that you were unjust. But God never was. He was planning for me — in mercy. And I fled from you because I feared you. Then my Lord granted me wisdom.

“And We had already written in the Psalms, after the Reminder, that the land will be inherited by My righteous servants.”

(Surah Al-Anbiya, 21:105)

You signed your papers. I... signed in the Psalms.

Willingly or unwillingly, you were brought.

“That is a promise not to be denied.” (Surah Hud, 11:65)

“I’m here, as always... But the difference is—now you know who I am.”

— The Cupbearer

“O Prophet, say to those captives in your hands:
If Allah knows of any good in your hearts, He will give you something better than what was taken from you, and He will forgive you. And Allah is All-Forgiving, Most Merciful.”

(Surah Al-Anfal, 8:70)

“You are only a reminder. You are not over them a controller.” (Surah Al-Ghashiyah, 88:21–22)

Key to Jerusalem

(As it was first written... behind the coffee machine)

(On the Margin... From Behind the Coffee Machine)

I used to work at the front desk. I opened the door with a smile. Guided the visitor to the chair... And showed the manager the bottom of his cup.

They thought I was just a hospitality attendant— a kind barista a cupbearer who knew how the manager liked his coffee before he even asked.

They didn't know I was writing.

Not on printer paper. Not in monthly performance reports.

But I knew. And more importantly... God knew.

I was writing from the hallway, between taking the order and delivering it.

Writing in my mind, in my silence, in that space people think is empty... but was quietly full of light.

I wrote like a cupbearer pouring water into a cracked vessel— because he knows that the crack doesn't prevent filling, it proves it happened. And I kept writing... until the cup was full.

Then I turned on the coffee machine one last time. But instead of a cup, I served a book.

Quiet... as if I'd written nothing at all. But it entered through a door everyone thought was ordinary— only to reveal itself as a hidden gate of triumph, for those who understand such things.

And then, what the two faithful men once said came true:

“Said two men from those who feared [to disobey] upon whom Allah had bestowed favor, ‘Enter upon them through the gate, for when you have entered it, you will be victorious. And rely upon Allah, if you should be believers.’”

(Surah Al-Ma'idah, 5:23)

And so we prevailed...

Not by force,

but through a mercy bestowed by God upon the sincere.

The Key of Jerusalem

(After the cup was filled)

Deliverance does not arrive when you ask for it— but when all that was written about you has been completed.

Every delay... is not a denial. It is the waiting— until the final page in Heaven is turned, and the last word is spoken with no return.

Relief comes when:

You have emptied everything inside your chest. You have testified—and no one listened. You have endured until even patience grew weary. And all you had left was this whisper: “My Lord... there’s nothing left in my hands, nor in this world—except You.”

Only then... do the doors open. Mercy descends. And a voice you never expected says:

“It is written. It is finished. Rejoice—light has come.”

And to those who thought silence meant surrender...

God said:

“Enjoy yourselves in your homes for three days.
That is a promise not to be denied.” (Hud 11:65)

“Be apes, despised!” (Surah Al-A’raf, 7:166)

“And ask them about the town that was by the sea—when they transgressed in the Sabbath...” (Surah Al-A’raf, 7:163)

📌 The Marked Day of the Keys:

Wednesday – 16th of July, 2025

The Twin-Sea Threshold

A Resurrection in Silence and Storm

“Before the book was written... the light was preparing to be born alive.”

⚠ Warning Before Entering the Thunderous Resurrection ⚠

In a world that worships profit, bows to titles, and forgets that the weak have a Lord who is never defeated...

In this world,
they turned a blind eye to disgrace— both in this life and the next.
They forgot that God is fully capable of letting them fall by their own hands,
of exposing them in front of their glass walls and polished mirrors,
and of healing the hearts of the believers.

And you know what’s funny?

Simple...

Accept the “defamation of this world”! Yes—let them spread your name in meetings, in company emails, in executive whispers, in KPI dashboards at the heart of the business capital...

They love fame, don’t they? But they can’t handle it when it’s fame made of fire, not gold.

And the best part?

God, in His mercy, turns that defamation into reward— and raises you with it, in this world before the next.

Simple equation. But only those who don’t worship Outlook... and worship God instead... can solve it.

Note: This form of defamation is sponsored by the sky. ⚡

A Sealed Message from Above:

Taste it...

Indeed, you are the Mighty, the Noble.

You walked among them with pride—boasting of numbers, positions, your control over people's fates. As if you would never be questioned. As if you were unseen. As if your voice could never be broken.

You thought the chair would make you eternal. That the silence around you was reverence. That lowered eyes meant respect.

What you never understood was that the silence was recording, and the tears were ascending to Heaven, signed with your name.

And now—now that a voice has risen beyond your reach, now that exposure came from where you never expected, now that rain has fallen out of season...

The Divine Address has arrived—not in insults, not in scandal, but in one quiet sentence:

Taste it.

For indeed, you are the Mighty, the Noble.

Rising Resurrection

Reader Advisory

This is no ordinary edition. This is the edition written with patience, tears, and rain— then revised by truth, and finally sealed with unshakable certainty.

What you now hold in your hands is not just a book, but a death certificate for falsehood, and the birth of a witness who cannot be broken.

Read it as you would read a testament. This is not something to consume, but something to stand upon— like sacred ground that has witnessed a resurrection.

Introduction to the Book: The Resurrection – Quiet and Thunderous

In a country like Iraq... where religion is auctioned off, where mercy is suffocated in office drawers, and where the righteous are crushed under slogans like “this is the system” and “those are the policies”—

In a country where goodness itself is a liability, and doors only open for the corrupt, the godless, and those who make peace with falsehood...

I stood. Yes, I rose. And I said: “I will not stay silent.”

This is a book that does not seek your approval, does not knock on the doors of your closed hearts, and does not flatter institutions that worship names you and your fathers invented, names for which God has sent down no authority.

Within these pages, I do not speak as an employee. Nor as a writer chasing followers. I speak as a witness— a soul who once lay at the bottom of a well, and was raised only to testify.

I recorded my ache in Quiet Resurrection, and when the rain came, I wrote Rising Resurrection in the voice of the storm.

Now, let us see— who will prevail:

You, who have dressed yourselves in the robes of false gods, crafting rituals of obedience to your managers and your self-made “lords”?
Or the one endowed with knowledge from the Book?
Or the one who believed in Mercy, and placed her trust in the Ever-Living who never dies?
Or the one who said: “I will not depart from this place until God grants me His permission.”

This is not a personal story. This is an indictment.

And since you love numbers and sales, let me be clear:

This book will not be priced in dollars. It won’t be promoted in marketing campaigns. But it will be read. It will be studied. And it will burn quietly under your thrones.

This book... began as a whisper. Ended with rain. And now— it stands as proof, to be opened on the Day of Reckoning.

Read it—if you still believe you possess anything that can overpower light.

Note to the Reader — Before You Begin to Bleed:

Since corruption in Iraq was the first wound this book exposed, it felt only fitting — not to honor the corrupt, but to remain loyal to the land they’ve bled — to include this poem.

Not as nostalgia.
Not as lyrical lament.
But as testimony — just like this book.

For it was Baghdad where this voice was born,
and with her... it must end,
in a cry known to every Iraqi.

Because whoever doesn’t weep for Baghdad...
will never understand why I wept for truth.

Baghdad... the Thieves... and the Weariness

Baghdad... the strangers... and the fading frames, Time has betrayed, and lifetimes have been lost. Baghdad, O insomnia of minarets in the night, O wound of a mother that will not heal...

She once was — Like the dawn spilling over the balconies of history, Like perfume rising from palatial light... She was — But where is she now? Who filled her squares with bitter filth? Who swapped songs for charlatans, and the melody for lies?

Baghdad... O anthem, silenced and slain, How they sanctified your name, Then slaughtered you without shame.

Under domes, They raised smoke instead of sunrise, Then split your tired gold between them.

They lied to your face, Saying: "We are the guardians of legacy." Then they bowed to the invader, And sold you at auction... for firewood.

Baghdad... and where are the poets? Where are the verses of ancient glory? They went mute While death devoured our bread in every street and market.

They sold their poems at the highest bid, And soared — Toward embassies that wove the thread of betrayal, Of abandonment, and of secret, sealed silence.

Baghdad... the thieves... and the weariness, There's nothing left in you but tales: Of a hungry man searching trash for a shirt of reeds, Of a little girl whispering of the light that once lived in clouds, Of your old man exiled to sidewalks, Weeping from the break.

Baghdad... O mother of lament, O our dawn buried beneath tyrants in cloaks of piety, O sorrow, when they beautify the face of your killer, And name him: patriotic... pure... a brother among brothers!

But we... we know you. The blood knows you. The lost prayers know you. Your name... still rises in supplication through the darkness of ruin.

Baghdad... we won't just count our dead. We will rise — Despite the false pulpits, Despite poisoned flags, Despite the thieves... and despite the puppets.

We will rise — And dreams will bloom in you again, Like roses blooming from a wound... When the water finally kneels in prayer.

Annex Zero

**This book was not written in chronological order,
but in symbolic sequence.**

**What matters is not when things happened,
but when their meanings were revealed.**

**It began from its middle,
then began to bear fruit — from below and above —
consuming in alternation, like one who ripens from within
before blooming on the surface.**

**Here lies the poets' burning grief, their exile and their aching woe,
Here grows the love of earthly folk, planting wounds that deeply flow,
Here carries with it sorrow's weight, a burden shared, a silent blow.**

Addendum: Resurrection Profits – For Institutions That Only Believe in Numbers

“Never mind... If you don't believe in the rain, or in testimony, then at least believe in sales. The book will sell — that's a promise. And the profits will pour down like rain — but only on the side that chose to adopt, not abandon.”

He who isn't shaken by conscience... is shaken by the dollar! And the one unmoved by the rain of July... might just panic at the thought of “skyrocketing sales” slipping through his fingers.

Addendum – Sung in the Voice of Nancy, Penned by Resurrection

Adopt me? Oh, maybe.
Leave me? Never.
Tone it down? Hard pass.
Break my silence? Already did.
Gift you my book? Nope...
I'll sell you a prophecy.

I'm not here to reclaim a right,
I'm here to sign the death certificate of your literary future.
The book Quiet Resurrection?
Not a manuscript... it's a slap, first edition.

Cut you off? Not yet.
Print you? Maybe.
Adopt me? You should.
See the profits? Yes... but from behind the glass,
like a child watching what they could've had.

And finally, let me say this:

I don't need your approval anymore.
What I need now is a paper stock supplier for the second edition.

And you?
Don't mistake your silence for dignity.
Silence now?
Is just cowardice in a suit.

Rend Al-Algaleel
Author of The Dancing Resurrection on Truth
A voice that echoes between Nancy... and Surah Yusuf.
Mid-July, at the celebration of truth.

The Resurrection Stock Exchange

And for those still asking: "Is there any worldly gain from all this noise?" Let us answer plainly — without poetry or perfume:

Whoever delivers The Rising Resurrection to the Owner, won't just receive a thank-you... they'll receive a percentage of the profits.

Because the world has changed... What was once screamed in the name of God, is now sold as a pay-per-view scandal.

Yes, even the voice of the oppressed now comes with a price tag.

Once, the oppressed cried out, and God sent the rain.

Today? The oppressed pays a monthly subscription to speak on a podcast called "Halal Pain."

So... Sing Surah Yusuf:

O believer, If they won't understand your tears, sing them Surah Yusuf. Sing it from the stage of "profits," Sing it in the melody of the marketplace, For the corrupt no longer see God... but they do see sponsored ads.

Rend Al-Algaleel
Promoter of the Resurrection,
Lady of the non-sponsored campaigns
Mid-July – The Hour of Free Accountability

Mid July

The Final Declaration – Prophecy of the Rising Resurrection

O reader, O you who pass through these words, open not only your mind, but your vision. For this is not a dream being told — this is a prophecy fulfilled.

The first Quiet Resurrection, born of pain, matured, rose, and walked the earth — light upon hearts, heavy upon the oppressors. But it was not alone. It was followed by a sister: a Rising Resurrection, written not as a metaphor, but as a final, documented testimony — indisputable, undeniable.

The Rain of Mid-July – A Divine Signature

In a time when the sky offers nothing, the rain fell. In Iraq's deadest summer month, when July holds nothing but dry silence, the heavens wept.

And thus, let all who remain at "Empire World" know: even the clouds bore witness to Rend, and sealed her testimony.

As for the book... Listen well:

Quiet Resurrection is no longer a literary project. It has become a prophetic text — one that moved the heavens, split the silence, and shook the stillness of institutions.

It will be translated into languages not yet invented. It will be pursued by global publishers, not out of admiration, but out of fear of missing it. It will sell in the East and the West, and its pages will be read in universities and prison cells alike.

One day, it shall be taught under the title: "Post-Failure Literature: A Study in Modern Arabic Prophetic Prose."

To the Empire Institution:

You no longer have a choice. The Resurrection has already come. Do not flee your failure — adopt it. Make it your rightful heir.

From its ashes, build a team of martyrs: from the mosques, coffee houses, the silent HR departments. Willingly or unwillingly, they will come — because the Word has triumphed.

And finally, I say this:

I do not promise success. I am declaring a success that has already been written.

I call God as my witness, and His angels, and every reader: that I am, without a doubt — its leader, its guardian, its knower. And beyond this... you hold no authority.

Rend Al-Algaleel
Author of Quiet Resurrection
Witness of The Rising Resurrection
Mid-July 2025

Annex Zero: A Testimony from the Shameless Family

In a forgotten corner of American television, there was born a family called the Gallaghers — a drunk father, an absent mother, and a house without a roof of values, but filled with shouting, schemes, and survival.

At the heart of this chaos stood Fiona — the eldest sister. Not a prophet. Not a hero. Just a girl, washing her siblings' clothes and sins alike, never asking for payback, never needing thanks. She lived to keep the ship afloat while the captain drowned in whiskey.

Then came her siblings... each building their downfall with precision: Liam with his color, Debbie with her pregnancy, Lip with his genius,

and Carl... with his criminal record polished in the cologne of “good intentions” and a fresh haircut.

In one of the most iconic scenes,

Carl stood in court. Not to pay for a mistake — but to perform innocence. With his combed hair, square glasses, and obedient tone, he told the world: “I’m the victim here.”

He wasn’t.

But he was smart enough to look like he was.

Just like “the Jackal” —

who hides his teeth behind a soft grin. But the act crumbles... when a real Fiona walks in — not to perform truth, but to live it.

Final Words on Fiona’s Tongue – Penned by Rend:

"I'm not acting.

I didn't wear the victim mask. I was in the kitchen — when the bread burned and the oven exploded. I didn't run from the fire. I carried each of my siblings out, one by one, and walked out alone... smoking the truth."

And as for Carl,

if he wants to reenact his courtroom scene here — let him know: This time, the judge doesn't take his coffee black... he reads intentions through the steam.

A Word From the Jackals:

"If you play the Jackal, we are Fiona. And if you wear Carl's glasses, know that we are not fooled by prescription lenses. If you craft your own courtroom tales, remember — the real case is within us, not you."

A Simple (and Necessary) Definition of "Annex Zero"

(For readers who don't like metaphors... or don't get them.)

Zero — for those unfamiliar — is the number that doesn't count when you tally, yet transforms everything when added to the right.

It's the difference between "1 riyal" and "10 million," even though, technically... it's nothing.

"Appendix Zero" is neither the first

chapter nor the last. It doesn't appear in the official version, yet it holds what's written between the lines. It's the part that needs no title, because it speaks for itself without introductions. It's the paragraph written when honesty matters more than order. It's what isn't said out loud, yet cannot be ignored when read... and after which the book is quietly closed — with a faint smile

For those questioning the source, rest assured — ever so politely — that the original Arabic version is safely tucked into *Quiet Resurrection*, page 20.

As for the English version — for those pretending not to read Arabic — it can be found on page 23. You're welcome.

Rend Al-Algaleel

Graduate of pain, Seeker of justice,

And narrator of what can only be told through both a tear and a laugh.

Mid-July 2025

This is not a book.

This is a trial.

The plaintiff? A witness who has endured.

The testimony? A heart that spoke after long silence.

The accused? Scattered lords in sacred masks.

The defense? A pen made of fire.

The Judge? God alone.

“Indeed, I have turned away from the faith of a people who do not believe in God and who deny the Hereafter.

I have followed the path of my forefathers...”

“And I am not a guardian over you...

Judgment belongs to God alone.”

Official Testimonial – Employee Statement

**I, the undersigned,
Rend Al-Algaleel,
Hospitality Attendant and Barista at Empire World or Falcon Group
Hereby present this public statement addressed to:
All concerned parties — the general management, the chairman,
colleagues, clients, and anyone who has seen or has yet to see the
statement titled “Rising Resurrection.”**

I declare before God and people the following:

1. Regarding My Work Environment and Experience

Throughout my time working in the company, I experienced a series of conditions that:

- Violated my human dignity,
- Threatened my psychological well-being,
- Prevented me from expressing objection or seeking help,
- And were met with institutional silence or complicity by fear or convenience.

I may not have had institutional power, but I never surrendered my voice nor betrayed my conscience.

2. Regarding the Statement Titled “Rising Resurrection”

I wrote this statement with full awareness — not to complain, but to testify. It is a deeply personal reflection of truth as I lived it, and a symbol of the countless silent workers who may never be allowed to speak.

I deliberately released it publicly — not to defame, but to:

- Awaken the moral conscience of management,
- Encourage the chairman to review their internal files boldly,
- And break the institutional silence masked as “professionalism.”

3. Regarding Documentation and Evidence

- I do not possess legal documents or hard evidence.

- But I testify that everything written in Rising Resurrection is rooted in real emotional and psychological suffering — supported by divine signs and spiritual visions I believe were sent to me by God.
- I ask the chairman or any authorized party to extract the hidden documents from within the institution — if they dare.

4. Formal Request

With this testimony, I officially request:

- The opening of a fair internal investigation into the policies and practices described or alluded to in my writing.
- Accountability for those involved in unethical administrative or psychological conduct.
- Protection for any individual who comes forward to speak or bear witness.

Official Public Addendum – Point five

So he began [the search] with their bags before the bag of his brother; then he extracted it from the bag of his brother. Thus did We plan for Joseph. He could not have taken his brother under the law of the king except that Allah willed. We raise in degrees whom We will, but over every possessor of knowledge is one [more] knowing.

(Surah Yusuf – 12:76)

O Aziz, indeed he has a father [who is] an old man, so take one of us in his place. Indeed, we see you as one of the doers of good.

(Surah Yusuf - 12:78)

He said, “I seek the refuge of Allah [to prevent] that we take except him with whom we found our possession. Indeed, we would then be unjust.”

(Surah Yusuf - 12:79)

Regarding the Testimony Involving “Bakr, the Forgotten Young Man”

We, the undersigned, declare the following as an urgent and official clarification:

This testimony concerning Bakr is not intended for defamation or exposure.

Rather, it is a document of moral pressure and ethical accountability, meant to awaken the conscience of those in power and to protect Bakr, not to endanger him.

⚠ Clear Warning:

- No individual is permitted to share this testimony with Bakr himself, nor to discuss its content with him in any way — out of respect for his deteriorating mental health and emotional safety.
- Anyone who violates this and is caught forwarding the document to Bakr, or confronting him with it, has betrayed God before betraying us.
- We consider such an act a moral breach of trust and a danger to Bakr's safety.

Official Demand:

Bakr must be immediately transferred and admitted to an external, qualified medical facility.

This is a demand we have already made in earlier documented statements.

Should any harm befall him — emotionally, mentally, or physically — you (the responsible administrators) will be held accountable before the public eye and the judgment of God.

This clause stands as a final, sacred warning.

The protection of the weak is a trust that no authority may neglect without consequences.

He said, "Should I entrust him to you except [under coercion] as I entrusted you with his brother before? But Allah is the best guardian, and He is the most merciful of the merciful."

(Surah Yusuf - 12:64)

Statement issued by:

Rend Al-Algaleel

Author of Quiet Resurrection

On behalf of all who still believe in conscience

"Indeed, I am your brother, so do not despair over what they used to do."

(Surah Yusuf - 12:69)

July 15, 2025

6. A Moral Reminder

Silence in the face of oppression is not neutrality — it is participation.
And God may test you through the truthful, not the deceitful.

Final Word

And if you choose to ignore this testimony, neglect Bakr's case, or conspire to bury the truth,
let it be known to everyone who reads this document that I have delivered the message.

And know this — with certainty, not speculation:
“Above every possessor of knowledge is one [more] knowing.”
And Allah, the Most Forgiving, the All-Powerful,
indeed devised a plan for Joseph — and He continues to plan for the truthful when they are harmed, and to outwit the deceivers when they become arrogant.

What you may have hidden in documents
has not been hidden from the Lord of All Records.
What you believed to be concealed
is exposed before the All-Aware, the All-Knowing.

This is a statement for the sake of God — laid in the hands of those who fear Him and seek the truth,
Not for those who seek to excuse, deny, or bury it.

And God is Witness to what I say.

A Divine Observation – Rain in July

At the time of writing this statement —
in the midst of July, the height of Iraq's dry summer —
rain began to fall.

Unusual rain in an unusual time...

as if the sky itself responded to what was written on earth.
A sign, a mercy, a divine echo.

“And it is He who sends down the rain after they have despaired and spreads His mercy. And He is the Protector, the Praiseworthy.”
(Surah Ash-Shura – 42:28)

And to those who still deny or mock the timing of this sign:

“Then is this magic, or do you not see?”
(Surah At-Tur – 52:15)

**Signed,
Rend Al-Algaleel
Also known as The Cupbearer
Author of Quiet Resurrection
July 15, 2025**

Instagram: @TheGrayNurse

**“The Rising Resurrection – From Ashes to Proclamation”
(Literary – Spiritual – Defiant – Visionary)**

To Saydul,

Hello, my friend, I know you well.

You know how to walk across the tiles without making a sound. You know exactly when to smile, and when to raise the professional eyebrow — precisely half a centimeter. You know what not to say, and more importantly, when to stay silent with surgical precision.

But let me tell you something — or rather, a small plea:

Don't drown with them.

The ground has started to tilt ever so slightly, and the flood does not differentiate between the one holding the ledgers and the one stamping the seal. And I know... I know very well that you are “professional.” But professionalism that washes its face every morning... shouldn't wash the heart along with it.

I never asked you to save me. Praise be to God — salvation already arrived. But I did ask God to save you — that you don't become one of them, and that their sinking ships don't pull you under if they capsize.

Because drowning with the wrong people requires no crime — only that you boarded without asking: “Where are we going?”

Stay light, as I've always known you. But don't be lightweight in the eyes of God.

With a small hope: That their titles won't impress you... And their heavy shoes won't weigh you down.

Dear Saydul...

I have always seen you through the lens of trust — not through your job title. I defended you. I carried your name into rooms where people like you are usually erased. I did what I could to keep their hands off your back.

And today... You stood against me. Not because you wanted to — but because fear stood taller than truth.

But I am not here to blame you. I only ask this: Why fear for me, when I never feared for you?

Look at me. I am a woman standing alone — and yet, I do not bow. And you know I am honest. You know I never asked for anything but fairness... even for those hidden in the corners.

Today, Saydull... Despite everything, I place you at the top of the list. Not because of what you said — but because of what you might still say.

Please... Deliver this message to the owner. I know you know the truth. And when you choose to speak it — you will find yourself on the right side.

Do not be afraid. We passed fear long ago.

17:73 And indeed, they were about to tempt you away from that which We revealed to you, to fabricate something else against Us; and then they would have taken you as a friend. (al-Isrā')

17:74 And if We had not made you firm, you would have almost inclined toward them a little. (al-Isrā')

17:75 Then We would have made you taste double [punishment] in life and double [after] death. Then you would not find for yourself against Us a helper. (al-Isrā')

– Rend Al-Algaleel
House of the Great
Author of Quiet Resurrection

Message to Mr. [Behzad] – Head of Security

Peace be upon you, and God's mercy and blessings,

I write to you today not as an employee, nor even as someone who knows you personally, but as a human being who has passed through this place experiencing what no human should endure. I remained silent for eleven months — not out of weakness, but out of certainty that every word has its appointed time.

I was insulted. Silenced. My dignity was pinned to a wall titled “Employee of the Month.” And silence was asked of me in more ways than one. But I chose instead... to write.

And now, my words have reached you.

You are not part of the conflict. But now, you are part of the truth. And when the truth reaches a human being, they become responsible for what they choose to do with it.

I ask you to deliver this statement — “Quiet Resurrection” — to Mr. [Roj], not as a favor,
but as a matter of integrity.

Because you know. And God Almighty has said in His Book:

“Do not mix truth with falsehood or conceal the truth while you know it.” (Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:42)

That is: do not cover the truth with falsehood, and do not hide what is right when it has reached your hands. Silence in the face of truth is not neutrality. It is complicity — even if done without words.

This resurrection was written in ink... but it will be read in hearts.
And if you choose not to deliver it, then know this: I will deliver it another way.
What isn't written in a report... may one day be spoken on a platform. And what is silenced on earth... will be asked about in the heavens.

I am not threatening you. I am alerting you.

Because one who remains silent while someone is wronged may one day be asked: Why did you strangle the truth when it passed through your hands?

The message is now in your hands. And the decision is not administrative. It is moral.

Know also that I will not hesitate to escalate if needed. But I have given you the honor of being the first to act. Do not be among those who lose their honor when it is put to the test.

I ask that you forward this message exactly as it is, without edits, to the intended recipient. Let the words arrive intact — in the form they were written.

And if you are hesitant, or think this is not serious, I remind you simply of the words of God:

“But if you do not, then be informed of a war from Allah and His Messenger.”
(Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:279)

“And We have certainly conveyed the Word to them, that they might remember.” (Surah Al-Qasas, 28:51)

The message has been conveyed.

**With respect,
Author of Quiet Resurrection
Instagram: @TheGrayNurse
The Cupbearer**

**A Declaration to the Envoys Without the King
Issued by: Rend Al-Algaleel (House of the Great)**

(To: the manager, the secretary, the executive assistant, the HR officer, the honest employee, the courier, the cleaner, the accountant, the department head, the floor supervisor, the receptionist, the gossiping colleague, the message-passer, the one watching from behind the glass, anyone who received part of the statement or saw it and didn't deliver it.)

(To: the secretary of shadows, the bearer of justification-cups, the coordinator of silence, the director of empty questioning, the mask-fixer, the glass-walled employee, the consultant of nothingness, the expert in non-human resources, the spokesperson for "we are just the implementation body.")

"And when he had furnished them with their supplies, he said: Bring me a brother of yours from your father..."

And now...

Since I have furnished you with your provisions, And have given you full measure, nothing withheld, And poured meaning into your vessels— Not with the market's scale, but with the measure of the unseen—

Go forth with my message to the one who holds the authority, To the one who inherited both the name and the place, To the one who, if he hears—bears witness, and if he reflects—his heart softens, And if he does not... the flood does not wait.

Say to him:

"Do you not see that I give full measure? That I — despite the smallness of my position in your eyes — know where hearts reside? That I ask for no reward, and do not sell visions for silver?"

But if you do not bring him to me, If you think the message can be detained midair, Then there shall be no more measure for you from me, Nor shall you draw near... As long as your scales weigh by prestige, not by truth.

But whoever delivers the message, And brings it to its intended recipient as it was meant to be spoken, He is among those brought near.

As for me... I am but a bearer of a message. If it is mocked, its light does not dim. And if it is raised, it is raised by God's mercy—not by your hands.

And God is the guardian of the truthful.

Rend Al-Algaleel

(House of the Great)

Author of Quiet Resurrection

She who wrote when all others fell silent.

Symbolic Archive File

Issued by: Rend Al-Algaleel (House of the Great)

The Three Dispatches: From the Well, From the Flood, From the Winnowing

File Introduction:

This archive is not a new statement— but a key to arranging what has already been spoken. Just three days, yet enough to turn the scales.

In them, the words descended not as poetic metaphor, but as precise scales— weights of justice that do not tip in vain.

And because messages born from silence are rarely understood in a single sitting, because some must view them from above the table, not beneath it— this had to be archived, in the form of a file: to preserve the order, clarify the intention, and open the door to anyone who wishes to revisit... before they themselves are revisited.

This file is not a rebuttal to anyone, nor a defense of anything, but a written witness to a moment when light decided it would no longer remain hidden.

So if you didn't understand it the first time, read it again— as if reading yourself when you believe you are fine, while the well is calling, the flood is drawing near, and the winnowing has begun.

The intention is not rebellion—but reminder. Not threat—but refinement. Not to expose names—but to redefine them.

Three messages...

One descended in the well,

One was written on the gate of the flood,

And the last was signed when the winnowing began.

Read them in order—

before you are the one being read.

And God is witness.

Dear [Mr. Roj,]

I'm reaching out to you directly-not for attention, not for sympathy, but for clarity. Over the past 11 months, I experienced a long series of silences, violations, and quiet endurance within your company. I chose not to raise my voice. I chose to write instead. What I've written is not a complaint. It's not a legal threat. It's a personal, honest testimony titled: "Quiet Resurrection."

I invite you to read it not as an employer- but as a human being who has inherited not only buildings, but the weight of names, and the silence of those beneath them. You can read the full message [here](#) I trust that truth, when delivered with dignity, will find its way— especially to those still capable of listening.

With respect,

Rend The Cupbearer

The author of Quiet Resurrection @TheGrayNurse

To the Owner,

To the one in whose name the story began— and beneath whose name it still unfolds. To the heir who inherited not only assets, but also the echoes left behind in corridors once walked by a father. You now walk where he once walked. But footsteps sound different when the heart carries grief.

And that is why I write to you.

I am not among the names raised in meetings, nor among the voices quoted in strategic summaries. But I have remained silent for years—not out of fear, but because I was writing.

A book no one requested, no one promoted, no one applauded.

A book that emerged not from a campaign, but from the kind of dignity that survives neglect.

“Quiet Resurrection” is not a lawsuit. It is not a scale sheet.

It is an emotional record—written in the margin of a paycheck, at the moment when numbers failed to explain what the soul was feeling.

I know that up there, where reports are filed and indicators reviewed, almost no one submits a report on psychological fatigue, or unspoken loyalty, or silent endurance.

I know the version of the truth that reaches you is often curated by the middle, not carved from the depths.

So I place this book in your hands. Not to indict. Not to reform. But simply—to let you hear what never makes it into the boardroom.

You may smile as you read it. You may feel it carries a quiet tribute to those who first built this place. And that’s fair. But at its heart, this is only a whisper: What you built still stands. But what lies on the surface does not always reflect what lives in the hearts.

Read it the way one revisits their roots—with proud eyes and listening ears.

As for me... I was never voiceless. I simply wasn’t speaking. I was writing. Writing while being dismissed. While being silenced. While being treated as though silence was consent—as though dignity could be delayed until after working hours.

Today, I ask for nothing. Instead, I offer something. A book unlike any other. A resurrection that is not mine alone, but one that carries the voices of thousands like me—those you assumed were absent, when in truth, we were writing.

You can find the full message and the book in the bio section of my Instagram: @TheGrayNurse.

I trust that truth, when delivered with dignity, will find its way—especially to those still capable of listening.

**With respect,
Rend The Cupbearer of visions
Author of Quiet Resurrection
She Who Wrote When Silence Was Expected.**

The waiting period has begun...

Dear Reader,

Before you turn to the next page, and before you attempt to categorize me, or open this work with a literary or curious mind, know this:

This is not a novel. Nor is it a poetry collection. Nor is it a set of hesitant reflections.

This is a text that is not simply told — It is resurrected.

I did not write this to beautify myself before a reader, nor to gain admiration or followers.

I wrote it because I reached the moment that no human reaches except when a command descends.

The waiting period has begun. So do not read me as you read stories, and do not expect an ending that comforts you.

If you reach the end, know this: You were part of this resurrection, and you are now called — not to applaud, but to testify.

– The Author

“Mother of the Resurrection”

To the owner of the market Printing house, or whoever holds the decision to print there,

Before you press the button,
before you review the invoice or ask about the number of copies,
stop.

This is not a book introduction. This is a first will, written with great awareness,
directed to you.

The first pages of this work — especially the first fifteen pages — were not
written to be printed before being understood,
but were written for you to read, you specifically... not as a printer, but as the
first reader, the first examiner.

Read them slowly, without the haste of the market nor the rhythm of the
machine. Do not look for the price, but for the voice.

Because this book is not a file to be sent, but a trust to be passed on,
and whoever does not pay attention to its door,
will not understand why the earth trembled beneath the title.

This is not a demand, nor an order...

this is a writer's plea who did not write for display,
but for crossing over.

If you print it before it passes through your heart,
you will lose it as one loses the light who approached it in haste.

Read... just read,
then print.

This version — to the Printer of the Market — comes decrypted, original, and stripped of metaphor, in case you missed the signals.

To the CEO,

Yes — you.

Before you open any file or ask how many copies — Read these words. Not as a reviewer, but as a potential defendant.

This is not a report, Not a performance improvement suggestion, Not an employee initiative.

This message was addressed to you — not because you're important, But because you hold the decision... and you've misused it, Or ignored it, Or turned your back on it.

Now, it's Truth's turn to open the door for you — And wait for your response. Not in titles. In actions.

The whole first pages of this book were written for you. Not for printing. For choking on — a little — Then breathing again, If your conscience is still alive.

Don't ask about the price. Don't say, "Send it to me as a PDF." This text cannot be shortened. It cannot be delegated to a secretary.

Read it yourself. Understand it yourself. Then ask yourself: Are you sitting in that chair because you understand... Or because no one's caught you red-handed in your silence — yet?

I'm not asking you to print it. I'm telling you: Printing has already begun — But not on paper. On the foreheads of those who stayed silent.

The decision is no longer yours. It belongs to truth now.

And what comes after truth? God knows...

But since you haven't read the verses — Let me remind you:

"But if you do not, then be informed of a war from Allah and His Messenger."
[Surat Al-Baqarah 2:279]

Period.

And peace...

If there's any peace left in you.

— Rend Al Algaleel (House of the Great)

Author of Quiet Resurrection

The one who said it... before it had to be said.

From the printing shop of the graveyard... or perhaps, the trash heap of history.

Official Statement from the Print Shop Owner.

I'll say it plainly: Yes — no sugarcoating it: I'm a scammer.

A seasoned one. I've been in this business since 1987 — back when scamming was a craft, not just a side hustle.

Accidental calligrapher, reluctant printer, ink merchant by survival.

I've run this shop since the days when printing felt more like black magic than actual service.

I've never printed a single book for its fair price. Unless it was for a friend... or a policeman.

Then she came in. She wasn't one of us. Not the accent, not the looks, not the walk, not the tribe.

There was a small cross inked behind her neck. Another symbol on her finger — maybe faith, maybe pain, maybe a story I couldn't read. She came from a people unlike our own.

And I say that with the full entitlement this city has taught me.

She sat across from me and placed a black folder on the desk.

The book's title? "Quiet Resurrection." I laughed to myself. "Resurrection? Quiet? Oh Lord, send me this luck."

I flipped a few pages — didn't read a word. Just measured.

Thought to myself: "She looks soft. The kind who doesn't know that printing is priced by how naive you are — not how many pages you bring."

I prepared the plan: I'd charge her the price of 12 copies for just one.

Maybe I'd cut a paragraph or two and blame a 'formatting error.'

I was about to open my mouth —

that classic fake cough old men use before faking respect...

But she said, with the quiet of someone who's seen this movie before:

"Thank you."

And she left the manuscript on the table... and walked out.

Walked out. Calm. Like she knew.

As if she smelled the spoiled ink before I even lifted the pen.

As if she saw, in my dim eyes, a long history of exploitation dressed in politeness.

I didn't follow her. My knees don't do that anymore.

And honestly, profit that doesn't walk in on its own isn't worth the chase.

I sat back down. Flipped a page. Two. Three. I didn't understand much.

Didn't need to. All I could think was:

"How many copies could I have squeezed out of her heart?"

She didn't ask for the price. Didn't flatter. Didn't call me 'sir.' Didn't fake that needy, hopeful smile.

And that — more than anything — annoyed me.

She didn't even try to please me.
Just placed her pain on the table... and walked away.
And I — a man in his sixties,
one foot in this shop, the other (let's be honest) in the graveyard—
sat there calculating what I could've made off her sincerity.
Then I wrote this letter. Not out of guilt. Not out of change.
But because every now and then, someone comes along, breaks the game —
and doesn't even glance in the mirror.

From The New Market printing shop.

A bulletin from the press that understands time... but not mercy.

(Signed under a clock that never ticks late.)

We are not the first printing house where ink got mixed with death. No — we are a different generation. We do not print with good intentions.

We print by contract. We don't read the book. We read the invoice.

Our man is a sharp young man. He puts on his watch before his shoes, and measures deadlines in minutes — not days. He knows you by your file, not your voice. He memorizes the names of major institutions, but doesn't remember his own mother in the form of a prayer.

I agreed with him on six copies. One in Arabic, one in English...

Initially.

He said: "Alright. Delivery in two days."

And when the moment came, I called — not out of doubt, but out of courtesy. Because my people honor deadlines, especially when the dollar hovers near the printer.

He said: "Yes, they're ready. But... the quantity increased."

How?

The printer, as His Highness explained, doesn't print fewer than eight.

That's how she was born. That's how she was raised.

Eight — not seven. Not six.

So eight copies were printed, without anyone telling me.

Without anyone informing me, the "customer," that there was a machine making decisions on my behalf.

I said:

"Why didn't you say this from the beginning?"

I don't know your printer. You do. I know my salary. You don't.

I don't have enough — this could hurt me until the end of the month."

He replied, in the tone of a man concerned only with delivery efficiency:

"Doesn't matter. Just come pick them up. Pay only the original amount. No more."

I said:

"I don't want them. Shred them. Keep the deposit."

He didn't hesitate.

The policeman emerged from the armor of the printer, and said:

"If you don't bring the fifty thousand today, I'm sorry, I'll have to report you to the police. The agreement was verbal and visual. It's all on camera."

They don't know God.

But they know the camera.
They don't know how salaries are delayed.
But they know the sound of a customer trying to explain why the money hasn't arrived.
They're nothing like the old merchants who weighed paper the way they weighed blessing.
They resemble the institutions they work with instead —
Institutions that "know everything" — except God.
This isn't a printing house.
It's a system...
Precise. Organized.
And utterly without blessing.

The Third Letter: The Writer Has Laid Down Her Pen

This is not a letter from a print shop. Not a receipt from a back door. This is a letter from the writer herself. The one who carried Quiet Resurrection in her hands, and walked with it between two printing houses:

One at the edge of the grave, the other at the doorstep of the institution — and both locked behind a dollar key.

One saw me as foreign and assumed I wouldn't understand. The other saw me as late with payment and assumed I deserved to be reported.

Between those who know God but do not follow Him, and those who do not know Him but follow anyone with a seal, my text was lost — and not lost.

Today, I write my third letter... and my final one. I seek no apology. I seek no fairness.

I simply say this: I have laid down the pen. Yes — now.

I lay it down as the one who knows the sword need not swing to prove it was sharp.

I fall silent, because silence, sometimes, is the last sentence.

And I will go.

I will go and pay him the remaining fifty thousand.

Not because I agree, but because I'm done.

And a new edition will be printed.

Another version of the Resurrection —

one that will not be quiet this time.

And we shall see who will triumph:

You —

who worship names you and your fathers invented, (Surat An-Najm, 53:23)
or the one who has knowledge from the Book, the one who can bring it forth
before your eyes even blink. (Surat An-Naml, 27:40)

Peace upon the one who wrote but was never published,
and upon the one who was published but never printed,
and upon the one who was printed but never read,

and peace upon the one who read...
and understood.

— The One Who Walked Between Two Presses, And Chose Neither.

A Quiet Note:

Among the subtle manifestations of God's wisdom — Glorified and Exalted is He —

is that He may turn the heedlessness of some, and the ill intentions of others,
into paths that flourish only beneath the feet of the sincere.

Not every fool is a stumbling block, nor every deceiver an obstacle.
For in their hidden roles lies a mercy that is only understood once the road is complete.

A Rising Note:

These are not printing presses. They are platforms of normalization.
One has a foot in the grave — measuring paper by guilt, printing you slowly, as if preparing you for burial.
The other has a foot in Twitter, or X² — printing to the rhythm of “24-hour delivery,” handing you over like fast food: hot, but soulless.
And somewhere between the grave and the screen...
the word was lost, and only those who haven’t been printed yet survived.

Tweets with a Side of X — Now Served in Squares!

Why did I say “Twitter or X squared”?
Because I refuse to call this new creature we all scroll through every morning a “platform.”
It’s more like a math function having an identity crisis — once a field of thought, now a vending machine for reheated content.
X squared isn’t just a name,
it’s a dark joke stamped across our age — an age that deletes meaning to save time, delivers “opinions” in under 24 seconds, generates “trends” every six hours, and throws you into the “irrelevant” bin if you dare to think slowly.
I used to write on Twitter. Now I feel like I’m being written by it. I’m being printed —
turned into a digital creature that screams, laughs, cries, and protests... without even raising an eyebrow in real life.
So yes, I said: Twitter or X squared. Because the new name isn’t an upgrade — it’s a reduction. And a square — as we all know — contains no soul, only corners.

A Letter to the Printing House That Printed Without Burden

To the printing house that did not exploit me,
that did not take advantage of my love for words—
To the one that printed this book as one prints a prayer: quietly, without noise,
and at a cost that did not exhaust the heart or the paycheck,
we write these words:

We — as the author and a sincere spiritual project — grant you the right to adopt this book, and to place your name upon it, not as advertisement, but as honor.

For you did not simply print a book. You gave it a path to the light.

You did not demand what cannot be borne, but treated us as one should treat those

“upon whom Allah does not place a burden greater than they can bear.” (Qur’an 2:286)

In the name of Quiet Resurrection,

and in the name of everyone who may one day read it and feel it was written just for them,

we ask Allah Almighty to grant you reward in every letter,

and to make every printed copy an ongoing charity on your behalf.

May He place barakah (blessing) in your provision,

and leave in your work a trace that cannot be erased.

For truly, Allah is the Guardian of Publishing,

before He is the Guardian of Printing.

A Gentle (But Not So Gentle) Note:

The printing house that printed this book? Yes... it’s the very same one that once threatened me with the throne of the police.

But I didn’t respond with argument. I came to them with another throne. A throne made of text that wasn’t sold, of truth that wasn’t filed, and of words... not yet read.

Their gaze returned in silence, and the book remained.

— **The one who brought the throne, before the camera could press send.**

A Final Letter to the One Who Printed Without Asking for Anything

Come on...

Confess.

As Bilqis confessed when she saw her throne and said:

“It is as though it were the same. And we were given knowledge before it, and we had submitted.” (Surah An-Naml, 27:42)

Acknowledge the truth when it reveals itself, and do not shy away from awe.

Print your press’s name on the book—

With pride.

Be like the Cupbearer — the one who did not enter this world out of greed, who did not disguise his poverty in the colors of the market.

He knew the price of bread under the sun, and the taste of the well when it was far from reach.

He did not ask for payment. He did not open his mouth to calculate. He simply draw water... He gave you a cup of certainty, though it was bitter to taste, Then he turned back to the shade...

But I advise you — as a sister, a writer, and a witness to your intention — to say what one of them once said to him, when she approached with modesty:

“Indeed, my father invites you so that he may reward you for having draw water for us.” (Surat Al-Qasas, 28:25)

There is no shame in that. In fact, it is a kind of honor... for those who know that it is Allah who gives the true reward.

And if you don't place your printing house's name on the cover, that's okay.

“God does not burden a soul beyond its capacity.”

Be like the believer from Pharaoh's household... One who concealed his faith so that his word wouldn't be lost— (surah Ghafir, 40:28)

Like that writer who wandered through the darkest corridors of the human soul, digging through guilt and grace, without ever raising a flag or standing on a stage. It is enough that the word reaches.

A Gentle Warning... But Clear Enough:

Do not mistake silence for approval. And never confuse simplicity with naivety. I did not come to you out of weakness, nor did I lay my pain before you out of desperation.

I came out of respect for the word that lies between us.

And if your judgment fails you, mine never will. So do not play with fire— or with your own tail.

Because the one who lays their wound on the table knows exactly when to flip the whole table over... without raising their voice.

And if your soul whispers of betrayal, theft, or printing behind my back, I won't shout. I won't expose.

But I will say, calmly— as one who knows what they are doing:

“But if you do not desist, then be informed of a war from Allah and His Messenger... and your matter is with God.” (Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:279)

And from that point on... God will take care of the rest.

Now, allow me to be very clear about the technical side:

I want the new copy to be slightly larger than the previous one,

and the cover must be matte, not glossy— because truth does not need shine to be seen.

And please—take your time when binding the book.

Let the margins breathe.

Do not crush the beginning of each line with glue.

Do not make the reader tear the book apart just to read it.

A book, like a face, when restrained too tightly... loses its features.

I don't write to be applauded. I write to be understood the first time. So don't choke the message before it arrives.

And one more thing... one I cannot forget, nor allow myself to overlook:

I want the paper to be brown... not white. Not because white isn't worthy, but because it is pure light—

and I fear for my readers if the light pours all at once. Eyes that have lingered too long in the dark cannot bear sudden brilliance.

And hearts that tread carefully along the paths of loss do not need to be struck by the sun without warning.

Let them enter through the gate, slowly, gently. Let the light seep in as mercy does— softly... gradually... humanely.

Between black and white, there is a wide spectrum of understanding.

And in brown paper, there is something of the earth's tenderness... and of the humility of beginnings.

And as the righteous man once said to the one who watered for his two daughters:

"That I hire you for eight years; but if you complete ten, it will be from your own accord. I do not wish to overburden you. You will find me, if Allah wills, among the righteous."

(Surah Al-Qasas, 28:27)

So print eight copies in each language—Arabic and English—

And if you complete ten, then it will be from your own self.

I do not wish to burden you.

And finally, remember:

"It is not for a Prophet to have captives until he has thoroughly subdued the land. You desire the fleeting gains of this world, while Allah desires the Hereafter. And Allah is Almighty, All-Wise."

(Surah Al-Anfal, 8:67)

For God sent His Messenger as a mercy to all the worlds, not to bargain with truth, but to deliver it, with dignity.

Signed ,A voice... still unprinted.

A Note That Almost Got Forgotten:

I will go back to the print shop of the graveyard— By the will of God.
to that sixty-year-old man made half of ink, half of dust.
I will place The Resurrection quietly on his table,
and gift it to him—
without asking for the price of one copy multiplied by twelve.
And I will say, in the voice of someone who no longer apologizes:
“I wasn’t being unfair when I said you would not repent, and would not regret.
I was merely passing the idea into the collective awareness of my readers:
wash your hands of the men of power.
Those who polished their faces with ink... and blackened their hearts with it.”
And I will not stand alone in this.
Moses once said it before me—
when he saw wealth being used not for justice,
but to lead people astray:
“And Moses said, ‘Our Lord, indeed You have given Pharaoh and his
establishment splendor and wealth in the worldly life, our Lord, that they may
lead [men] astray from Your way. Our Lord, obliterate their wealth and harden
their hearts so that they will not believe until they see the painful punishment.’”
(Surah Yunus, 10:88)
They used the very wealth God gave them... to mislead others from the path of
God.
And that wasn’t just history—
it was a draft copy of what’s still being reprinted... now.

Closing Letter: From the Humble Servant

Yes, I am a broken boy. I don’t deny it. And I’m not ashamed of it.
I’ve been broken in places no one sees, and stumbled down roads where only
hearts can see the way.
I’ve been fractured— but never humiliated. I’ve bled— but never sold my face.
I am a boy... poor. But I am honored. I am dignified. I am generous—
Because the one who broke me was not the market... but a merciful test that
turns every fall into a place of prostration, and every pain into proof of faith.
So don’t cry for me. Don’t pity me. Just read— and understand.

“To the One Who Reads Between the Metrics...”

Step over it today, and it will step through you tomorrow— not as text, but as truth with teeth.

A Statement from the Celestial Ministry of Human Resources To be read slowly. Preferably after coffee, certainly before conscience dies.

The Prophet Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم once said: “Pay the worker his wages before his sweat dries.” But here, the sweat dried long ago— not wiped, not seen, not even acknowledged. It evaporated into your silence, into your decorated meeting rooms, into your corporate smiles that never reach your eyes.

Let me be clear: I am not here to report an incident. I am here to announce a truth. Not the kind you log in your HR software. The kind that echoes in eternity. You think I write out of emotion?

No. I write out of observation. And unlike your leadership books, mine aren’t ghostwritten by consultants. They’re etched in late nights, quiet tears, and the sharp memory of dignity unmet.

You see, I understand: Economics, not through GDP graphs, but through women negotiating their worth in whispers. Sociology, not from university syllabi, but from watching eyes avert themselves from cruelty. Psychology, not through therapy modules, but from surviving your systems. And worst of all for you, I understand language— not the kind that flatters, but the kind that exposes, even when veiled in elegance.

I was never here for applause. I was here because someone had to say it. And you? You mastered the art of silence: Elegant ignorance dressed in feedback forms. Wellness surveys sent out like flowers over a coffin.

You laughed at my name? Wonderful. I’ll make it the title of the next chapter. You mocked my title? Perfect. It shall become my signature at doors that only open for dignity. You tried to diminish my presence? How poetic. Because now, it’s your documents that reflect me— and a mirror never lies.

But I was writing. In stairwells. In locked bathrooms. In the small kitchen where no one knocks. I was not waiting to be saved. I was taking notes. And when the insult was finally spoken aloud— not whispered, but performed before a manager— it didn’t wound me. It revealed you. So no, I won’t be joining any more meetings. I won’t reply to your “check-ins.” I’ve closed the door from the inside— and unlike yours, mine opens to other dimensions.

To Miss Shiba, Head of HR: Your job is not spreadsheets and soft denials. It is to witness. To stand between system and soul. And choose.

To this who said, “He was my brother not a customer” while another woman bled dignity into her morning coffee— To the one who used the shield of kinship as armor, then said, “He’s my brother, not a stranger.” To the one who believed that silence means consent, and that dignity can be postponed until after working hours— you clearly don’t understand that some silences speak louder than every speech ever written. To those who mistook stillness for surrender— you never learned that stillness is the calm before the resurrection.

No, I’m not Joseph. No sacred shirt touched my grief. No brothers lifted me from any well. But I wasn’t silent. I was writing my own salvation.

You can keep your company “values.” Polish them. Frame them. Hang them on the walls. But don’t you dare hang them over my pain. Because while you were graphing KPIs, I was surviving your indifference. And that is not measurable— it is eternal.

Now, listen closely— because I will only say this once: I am not threatening. I am remembering. And I am reminding.

“Indeed, they were about to provoke you from the land to drive you out of it. But then—after you—they would not remain except for a little.” (Qur’an – Al-Isra 17:76)

“And indeed, those who disbelieve would almost make you slip with their eyes when they hear the Reminder, and they say, ‘He is mad.’ But it is nothing except a Reminder to all creation.” (Qur’an – Al-Qalam 68:51–52)

Don’t read those as poetry. Read them as precedent. As covenant. As warning. Because this is not a tantrum. This is literature. This is not a complaint. It’s scripture for the under-heard.

You don’t get to hurt me. You only get to prove me right. You’re not villains. You’re footnotes. So take your reports. Take your laminated smiles. March into your next meeting. But don’t ever sit among the just. You were never the heroes of this story. You were the background noise— and now, even that has been muted. Close the door. Turn off the lights. I will not dim

**Instagram: @TheGrayNurse Signed:
Mother of the Resurrection –
She Who Wrote When They Hoped She Wouldn’t
"Decisions aren't questioned — they're swallowed like medicine."**

**To Miss Shiba,
Head of Human Resources,
A greeting not extended in the name of your job title,
but in the name of one who refuses to remain silent when meaning is
choked.
Attached is an official statement — not to be skimmed,
but to be read slowly, with a conscience that has not yet dried.**

What is required of you:

1. Forward the statement exactly as it is, without any edits, to the following:

Nour

Suzanne

Iman

Roxana, who said: “He’s my brother, not a customer,” as if an insult ceases to be one when witnessed by a brother, not a stranger.

Nael (yes, just Nael, without titles — and inform him that Ms. Rend Al-Algaleel (House of the Great) will address him as such until further notice).

2. Let him know his title will not be restored

until he reads the book “Quiet Resurrection”,

specifically page 28 in the Arabic version or page 32 in the English one —

right at the backstage satire about the CEO.

If he reads... and understands... and feels the weight of that line,

the title will be returned to him — by the text, not by me.

3. The statement may also be shared with Mr. Karzan,

not because he’s accused of anything —

but because I’ve heard him described as “too naïve to steal,”

and laughed at for being honorable.

And because, when the insult was spoken aloud in front of him... he remained silent.

And silence, in some contexts... is a documented testimony.

Do you remember the one who cursed Samer, Seif's brother?
Well, you now face someone who does not curse —
but issues decisions.

If you read things from an administrative lens,
rest assured: this book does not violate policy...
It simply touches it from the inside — quietly, but unforgettably.
Still professional.
Still courteous.
But not silent anymore.

And if you're wondering why I didn't send this directly to the dictator's inbox,
it's because I chose something more powerful:
to expose the system — and testify.

A Gentle Warning... Just Enough:

If your intention is to appeal to your higher leader, your supreme commander —
then rest assured: his matter is with God.
And if you are leaning toward terminating me,
consider it an extended leave.
And when I return — for I will return —
I will know exactly how to act.

A Quiet Note:

Among the manifestations of God's wisdom is that He turns the ignorance of
some, and the malice of others, into steps walked only by the sincere.

Not every fool is a stumbling block. Not every schemer is a barrier. Within their
veiled intentions may lie a hidden mercy — only understood at the end of the
road.

And as for the matter itself...

"But if you do not, then be informed of a war from Allah and His Messenger."
(Qur'an – Al-Baqarah, 2:279)

This is written with full awareness of what was said — and who it was said to.

— Ms. Rend Al Algaleel (House of the Great)
The Cupbearer
Author of Quiet Resurrection
And She Who Spoke When Silence Was Expected

“An Announcement Before Morning Begins”

Dear colleagues, You who passed me once— or you whom I passed without being noticed.

I did not come today to protest, nor to explain, nor to justify.

I came as verses come— silent, clear, not asking for interpretation... but demanding awareness.

Today, I do my job like any ordinary day, but I am no longer what I was. No longer a number signing into the attendance sheet, nor a shadow smiling just to make time pass.

I am now a written text, an issued statement, a walking verse among you— not recited from a holy book, but from the conscience of those who still possess one.

So do not raise your voices. Do not feign confusion. Whoever asks, “What happened?” should ask themselves: “What did I stay silent about when I should have spoken?”

And those who held authority but remained silent— know this: authority is no longer yours.

And those who believed that silence is a profession— read between the lines of this morning.

Yes, I am working. But I am working now from a new place: The place of one who has delivered the message, then returned to make the coffee— not out of submission, but to seal the chapter with quiet power.

So sip your coffee... and swallow your decisions the way medicine is swallowed.

And peace be upon you— if any peace still remains in you.

— Rend Al Algaleel (House of the Great)

Author of “Quiet Resurrection”

She who walked with the text... while you sat in silence.

A Statement from One Who Remained Silent—Until the Truth Spoke on Her Behalf

Ladies and gentlemen, There's no need to review attendance sheets, or to dissect tone of voice. I did not come to conduct an investigation. I came carrying a page from divine law:

The Sifting.

Do you imagine that God mixes wheat with gravel?

That He allows the pure to remain buried beneath layers of polite lies, while the wicked are elevated by silence?

Never.

God is neither deceived, nor does He deceive. As He said in His eternal word:

"God would not leave the believers in the condition you were in until He separates the impure from the pure." (Qur'an – Al-'Imran 3:179)

The divine sieve never errs. It may not shake in the first month, or the second...

But it does when the earth becomes thick with voices that smother truth, that flatter injustice, and ask the honest to apologize for saying: "Enough."

There was a time when people believed justice was a file, and truth was negotiable, and dignity could be compressed into an "Employee Wellness Model."

But God— in His subtlety and brilliance— sent to you a woman. Not one who seeks promotion, nor climbs over others, nor raises her voice needlessly.

She stood—as prophets once did when all roads narrowed— and whispered the ancient line:

"My Lord, I am overpowered... so grant me victory."

And so the sifting began.

Revealing the one who betrayed with a smile, the one who forged with a yawn, and the one who feared the truth not because it was false— but because it disrupted the system.

And then someone among you paused and asked: "What is happening?"

Allow me to answer gently:

What is happening... is that God has sifted you. And those who fell through the screen... never truly belonged to the grain.

I am no prophet. I am no flawless saint. But I invented nothing. I only witnessed.

And witnessing—as you surely know— is not requested from the friends of tyrants, but from those who saw the wrong... and said nothing.

So if you think my words are about you— examine your soul.

And if you feel untouched— then thank God you remained on the side of light.

As for me...

I walked through your trial and emerged asking for nothing, except that it be said:

"A woman passed through here—

and she did not bargain.”

Signed,

Rend Al-Algaleel

(House of the Great)

Author of Quiet Resurrection

The Cupbearer – She who pours truth in silence

Pardon from the Almighty
An Official Statement Issued by Rend Al-Algaleel
House of the Great

**“And the reminder shall remain, as long as truth walks this earth
unburied.”**

To all who assumed that the flood began with the rainfall— I assure you: The flood begins when the truthful are cast aside.

It is not water that drowns— It is arrogance. And the well does not fall into disuse... unless the one who sees is thrown into its depths.

“And We made them a precedent and an example for later generations.”
(Al-Zukhruf 56)

Wells are not abandoned because the city forgot to dig— but because they dug, and then discarded those who did not suit their whim.

And palaces are not raised in the name of safety— but to become walls that separate justice from reach, vision from voice, discernment from those who need it most.

The simplest metaphor for thirst is not rain— but the forgotten well. And the simplest metaphor for delusion is not power— but the fortified palace.

“And a neglected well and an exalted palace...”
(Al-Hajj 45)

So if you wish to understand the dream— ask about it before the lean years devour you. And if you forget the one who interprets it— do not blame the famine when it burns your fields... and your hearts.

The king’s dream was clear: Seven harsh years. Seven more in which all reserves are consumed. And then the fifteenth year— in which people shall be given relief...

If they know who grants it.

But those who fail to read the vision will assume that famine is a weather event, drought is bad luck, and collapse is merely a plumbing issue.

I do not indict anyone. I simply remind you: When God wills to save a nation, He does not send spreadsheets— He awakens someone who sees.

“Appoint me over the storehouses of the land—indeed, I am trustworthy and knowledgeable.” (Yusuf 55)

And because I seek nothing, and I write not to complain but to clarify— allow me to end with this:

When the truthful are cast out, so is the rain. When the seer is extinguished, the years of darkness begin. And when the interpreter is silenced— so is salvation.

“And my Lord will replace you with another people.”
(Hud 57)

Storehouses are of no use to those who conceal vision. Titles will not shield from the flood. And rank does not bequeath righteousness.

This is merely a statement. A heavy stillness that cannot be broken by noise— but whose echo will return, in the hearts that are not yet dead.

Signed:

Rend Al-Algaleel

(House of the Great)

Author of Quiet Resurrection

Bearer of the Promise That Cannot Be Bought.

One descended in the well,

Their Plot Is Great

A Statement to Those Whose Names No Longer Resemble Their Faces...

In an age where voices rise not to defend truth, but to bury it beneath the noise of “professional environments,” And in a time where high heels outweigh high principles, the question is no longer “Who is right?” but rather: “Is there anyone left who still sees us clapping for each other?”

To those who bear the names of women— yet dignity has never passed through those names. To those who believe that a position compensates for integrity, and that a time-stamp at the office entrance replaces a seal in the book of heaven...

Do you not know that God hears whispers in the elevators, sees the sideways glances over sips of coffee, and knows that laughter, sometimes... is venom in a crimson straw?

I named no one. But if your chest tightens as you read this— then the message has reached you.

And it was said long ago: “And when the wild beasts are gathered...”
(At-Takwir: 5) So do not be surprised if your collective cunning crumbles. And if you say, “We were only joking!” —when dignity is slaughtered in the name of jest, the register of mercy is closed.

I remained silent for eleven months. Then you spoke— not to seek justice, but to justify the blade.

Celebrate, if you wish... for the documentation has begun. What was once a coded vision
is now a declaration— not submitted to HR, but lifted to the heavens.

You said of me: “She’s delusional.” A character from a Turkish drama.

Then why do you watch those shows... if their characters bother you when they walk on two legs?

As for my blessed book— it is of what I have been taught from knowledge, I was taught the language of the birds, I was granted from every kind of thing— not to spread rumors, nor to attract the spotlight, but to serve as a faithful mirror in which truth is seen without cosmetic filters.

And it succeeded— not because someone powerful backed it, but because it was sincere. It does not need a marketing campaign. It only needs eyes... willing to see.

And I leave you with a verse from God's Book— perhaps it will serve as a reminder, not a threat. Perhaps it will soften hardened hearts, and open narrow chests:

“Whoever thinks that Allah will not help him in this world and the Hereafter—let him stretch out a rope to the sky, then sever it, and see: will his scheme remove what enrages?” (Al-Hajj: 15)

Still doubting my evidence? Here it is—wrapped in sacred words:

“Your sign is that you will not speak to the people for three days, except by gestures...” (Maryam: 26)

And if you kill me as you killed Yahya and Zakariya, then know: Zakariya is sustained with his Lord—alive. And it is my Lord who appointed Zakariya as my guardian.

This is my new signature: Not the signature of a mortal... but the Word of God, cast upon Mary— whom God Himself vindicated.

One was written on the gate of the flood.

The Betrayal of Eyes

A Statement for Those Who Read... and Trembled

“It will be but a single blast, and behold—they will be looking on.
They will say, ‘Woe to us! This is the Day of Judgment!’”
(As-Saffat: 19–20)

To those who did not sleep well last night... To those who read the statement, thinking it mere exaggeration—then closed it, only to find it opened from the inside.

To those who said publicly, “These are just emotional words, nothing more,” but then sat alone in their offices asking themselves, “Who taught her all this?”
“How did she describe me so precisely, without me ever speaking?”

This statement is not new. It is merely a faithful translation of what is already happening inside you.

You know—without admitting it— that the messages weren’t written just for you, but were written from you.

It was you who taught her silence. You who planted in her hand a pen instead of complaint. You who filled her heart until it spoke what could no longer be borne.

You are not reading her statements anymore. You are reading yourselves within them.

You saw your name between the lines—without it being written. You heard your face being called aloud—without it being spoken.

But God has no need to expose names. It is enough that He unveils truth. And that truth is now walking through your hallways, passing beneath polished floors, rising with broken elevators, and echoing through the silence you once mistook for safety.

So don’t be surprised if your soul feels unsettled...

The silence upon which you built yourselves has become fragile— especially after it was said to you: “Let him stretch a rope to the sky, then sever it, and see: will his scheme eliminate what enrages?” (Al-Hajj: 15)

You severed the cord on earth— but the sky reconnected it.

This is not a threat. It is merely a mirror.

And a mirror does not expose— it only shows you what you've been avoiding every morning, as you dress your professionalism over a fearful heart.

And before you whisper, "She must be spying on our thoughts!" Remember that God says:

"He knows the treachery of the eyes, and what the hearts conceal." (Ghafir: 19)

So what of the One who taught her this? What of the One who placed in her a pen capable of drawing out what lies within you—without ever asking?

This statement is not to be filed in the employee archive. It is folded into the scrolls of those who believed that honesty never rises.

It was signed by the Heavens long ago...

but it only arrived now.

As truth always does—

late,

but undeniable once it comes.

And the last was signed when the winnowing began.

Finale: As If I Had Opened the Last Window

I did not write this because I emerged from the darkness. I wrote it because I finally admitted that I was in it— and could no longer bear the silence.

For years, I signed my name on everything I was not. I arranged my inner world to look acceptable on the outside. I denied, I reasoned, I justified... but something deep within me always knew— I was hiding.

And so I wrote. Not to explain, but to confess. Not to accuse the world, but to say: This is what silence did to me.

These pages are not wisdom. They are not polished faith, nor the insights of an old sage. They are words from someone who wandered long and low through the corridors of his own soul— and returned holding a trembling scrap of paper that read:

“God never left me. And I... could no longer go on abandoning myself.”

You might pass by these words while standing upright. But they were written from a place where no one stands.

They came from an inner ledge, hidden from those who always keep moving forward.

So if these words reach you, don't applaud them. Don't call them profound. Just ask yourself—quietly, so no one else can hear:

“Was I there, too?”

And if something within you shivers, even for a moment, then know this:

Light doesn't need to flood the room to be real. It only needs a crack— and for everyone to fall silent.

— A soul, not yet done searching.

A Final Letter from a Humble Servant:

After walking between a printing house on the edge of the grave, and another on the edge of the market,

after having what was taken from me, and receiving what I never expected—

I say, as once said by a noble youth who made the mountains tremble:

“My Lord, indeed I am, for whatever good You would send down to me, in need.” (Surat Al-Qasas, 28:24)

And this— this ink, these words, this chance— is nothing but:

“This is from the favor of my Lord, to test me whether I will give thanks or be ungrateful. And whoever gives thanks, it is only for the benefit of his own soul.

And whoever is ungrateful—then indeed, my Lord is Free of need, Generous.” (Surat An-Naml, 27:40; Luqman, 31:12)

“My Lord, enable me to be grateful for Your favor which You have bestowed upon me and upon my parents, and to do righteousness that You are pleased with. And make righteous for me my offspring. Indeed, I have repented to You, and indeed, I am of the Muslims.” (Al-Ahqaf 46:15)

And I— a humble servant, possess nothing but this to say: Alhamdulillah... for what came down, for what never did, and for what I have yet to understand.

Book's Final Note – In One Voice, Many Shadows

I wrote this not to convince you— But because I was tired of swallowing words. This is not eloquence. Not a statement. It's the vomiting of long-held silence, The roughness of truth written without sugar.

I wrote like someone who cries without knowing how to explain their tears, Like someone who kicks the door instead of knocking, Like someone who smiles only because it's the last thing left against the pain.

I didn't write this for a promotion, or approval. I wrote it because silence began to strangle me from the inside.

So I said: Enough. Enough burying fires beneath polished sentences. Enough manufactured smiles on top of real wounds. Enough answering "I'm fine" every time someone asks, "How are you?"

This isn't music. It's a collision. Not advice—confession. Not literature—but a cry that found the shape of a sentence.

I didn't write this to be healed. I wrote because the bleeding could no longer stand the bandages.

If I cursed, forgive my pain. If I whispered, don't mistake it for fear. If I cried, it wasn't weakness—it was cleansing. And if I went quiet in the end— It's because I said everything that needed to be said.

This is a Resurrection— Not with banners, but with bare chests.

So if this book passed through your heart and left no trace— Forgive me. I was writing to mine first.

Official Administrative Statement Issued by the Heavenly Human Resources Department

Regarding the Literary Work “Quiet Resurrection”

We, the Heavenly Human Resources Department, after thorough and careful review of the literary work entitled “Quiet Resurrection,” authored by one of the servants of the Most Merciful on earth, hereby acknowledge, with complete clarity and divine responsibility, the following:

First: Acknowledgment of the Content

1. We acknowledge that the aforementioned work is not merely a literary production, but rather a heartfelt and sincere documentation of a real experience lived by the servant within the circle of trial and testing.
2. We recognize that what is written in “Quiet Resurrection” reflects environmental and behavioral dysfunction accumulated over the years, manifested in harsh practices, misjudgments, and systematic marginalization, leaving deep psychological and spiritual impacts on the worker.
3. We affirm that as a heavenly institution, through divine silence or the wisdom of the Lord in testing, we were part of a system that grants this servant only what has been decreed for him in dignity and safety.

Second: Position of the Heavenly Institution

1. We declare our full respect for the servant’s right to express what he has endured, and we consider what is presented in “Quiet Resurrection” a noble and courageous statement recorded in the register of divine justice and embraced in the books of mercy.
2. We reject categorizing what was stated in the work as an insult to the heavenly institution; rather, we see it as a mirror of truth reflecting pain long concealed in the worldly realm.
3. We commit to refraining from subjecting the servant to any worldly punishment, and we affirm that his right to speak the truth is preserved before God, and his duty to remind us of our responsibility is esteemed by the Most Merciful.

Third: Required Heavenly Procedure

1. All parties implicitly mentioned or silently referred to are requested to write an honest testimony in the celestial records, acknowledging the incidents and honestly expressing their positions without denial, distortion, or repetition.
2. The Heavenly Human Resources Department prohibits any attempts to replicate or copy forged testimonies, for whoever betrays their word before God does not deserve to repeat it in this world or the hereafter.

3. These testimonies are considered part of the divine purification process, not for worldly accountability, but for divine documentation and heavenly expiation. The author of “Quiet Resurrection” sought not punishment but a sincere testimony.

Fourth: Duration of the Waiting Period and Delivery

This delivery period, like other matters subject to the decrees of heaven, shall not commence except after the completion of the prescribed waiting period, which is three menstrual cycles—that is, three lunar months—preparing souls to transition to a new covenant. It is a time for contemplation and purification; no delivery or transfer shall be accepted before its completion.

In Conclusion:

We do not issue this statement to preserve our reputation,
But because we realized, that silence was a betrayal before the Creator.
And this text before us was not written to praise or curse...
But to establish justice, as God establishes resurrection in souls before establishing it in the hereafter.

God Almighty said:

“Fight them; Allah will punish them by your hands and will disgrace them and give you victory over them and satisfy the breasts of a believing people.”

(Surah At-Tawbah, 9:14)

“And there is for you in legal retribution [saving of] life, O you [people] of understanding.”

(Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:179)

Let “Quiet Resurrection” be the retribution of the word,

The healing of the chest,

And a history never to be forgotten in the records of heaven.

Important Heavenly Notice:

Whoever adheres to this path and is truthful in his words is among those close to the truth before God, steadfast in honesty and loyalty.

As for those who lie or fail to fulfill what they acknowledge, I have often said:

“Sufficient for me is Allah; there is no deity except Him. On Him I rely, and He is the Lord of the Great Throne.”

If they lie, they do not understand the meaning of this supplication. This is my reliance and argument before God alone.

Issued by:

Heavenly Human Resources Department

Signature: [Seal of the Divine Commandments]

Date: [On the Day of Judgment and Decree]
Institution: The House of Divine Justice

A Resurrection, Fulfilled

This book was completed by a mercy that was not from my effort, but from Him.

All praise is due to God, until the final letter reaches its safe haven.

Sunday, 18 Muharram 1447 AH

Corresponding to: July 13 2025 AD

I Almost Forgot...

Let me make something clear before I put down the pen:

The difference between the Prophetic guidance — as in the words of God:

“He believed in them (the believers).” (Surah Yusuf, 12:17)

—and those who excommunicate believers, distort divine words, and drive people away from faith—

is not just a difference in understanding... it is a difference of heart.

And I don't mean some religious leaders only — no, I mean everyone drowning in their own darkness, grief, and illusions,

those who look at me with contempt and say: “Who are you to judge?”

Let me tell you something:

“Rather, he came with the truth and confirmed the messengers.”

(Surah As-Saffat, 37:37)

I am not a poet. I do not write to decorate with flowery words.

I say the truth as it is. And I say to you:

“And she confirmed the words of her Lord, and was of the devout.”

(Surah At-Tahrim, 66:12)

I am the Mother of the Resurrection...

The word that God cast into me.

From the Qur'an He revealed to Muhammad as a reminder for all the worlds,

A call came to me...

So I rose.

“And indeed, Joseph had come to you before with clear proofs, but you remained in doubt about what he brought you. Until when he died, you said, ‘Allah will never send a messenger after him.’ Thus does Allah misguide he who is transgressing and doubtful.”

— Surah Ghafir (40:34)

Drowned Statement

⚠ Official Warning – Final Notice ⚠

Issued by: Rend Al-Algaleel (House of the Great)
Author of “Quiet Resurrection”

To everyone into whose hands this document has arrived — by any means:

This is a final notice.

Anyone who fails to deliver this message to the highest authority (the Owner) — despite having the ability — will be considered complicit, either by silence, concealment, or active participation. Before God. Before the law. Or both.

From this point forward, silence is no longer neutrality — it is guilt.

And if your excuse is: “I’m just a small employee,” or “This doesn’t concern me,” or “I wasn’t involved” — Then at the very least, you are a witness.

And whoever did deliver the message, let them keep their copy or evidence, because the investigations — when they begin — will begin from there. From the moment of the report. From the first who believed... and the first who remained silent. So don’t say later: “I didn’t know.”

And God is witness.

Notice at the Top of the File

To all recipients of this document:

If you do not deliver this message to Roj himself, then know that God has seen, recorded, and your silence is now on file in the court of heaven.

I — Rend Al-Algaleel — did not refrain from reaching out to him because I am weak, as you assumed, but because God wished to sift you first.

And what you are hiding today will surface tomorrow — whether you will it or not.

Precautions have been taken. Copies of this file have been distributed across all departments, floors, and even to clients with properties tied to this institution.

Do not think silence will save you. For when I return, I will not need to open an investigation... only to look. Because it is God who exposes intentions — before they are even spoken.

“And Allah will bring forth what you were concealing.” (Al-Baqarah: 72)

Peace be upon those who follow the guidance.

Side Note (Not-So-Secret):

To the lovers of incentives, the birds of the upper floors, and the elevator-whisperers who carry secrets between departments...

Don't worry — these messages aren't administrative curses. They might just be... your golden ticket to a special reward.

Because those who deliver truth to decision-makers — without sugarcoating, without distortion, without fake signatures — aren't dismissed. They are rewarded.

And maybe — just maybe — they'll be promoted... Not just in position, but in the conscience of the company.

In a world that resembles Game of Thrones, where everyone whispers, schemes, and waits for the next administrative winter... remember this:

Varys was never the strongest. But he was the wisest.

He held no sword — only whispers. He never sat on the throne — but he helped choose who did.

And his little birds? They weren't decoration... They were the hidden keys to the kingdom.

So know this: Those who stay silent drown with the ship. But those who see the truth — and pass it on — they survive.

This isn't gossip. It's not an office drama. It's a survival note, written by someone who knows where the waves crash... and where the ship sails.

So choose your place:

Among the saved? Or among the ones swallowed by the wave... still clutching their benefit forms?

The flood doesn't wait for upper management's approval.

Share it... with a smile.

“To Those Who Thought God’s Hand Would Not Reach the Ledger”

Gentlemen—

Those who wrapped themselves in professionalism until it choked them, Who smiled with a mouth still tasting the sweetness of stolen silver, Who walk past the truth the way they pass the janitor: Without apology, without notice, without reward.

This is not a new statement. It is merely a mirror of what festers beneath the surface.

Do you know the difference between you and Yusuf?

You conceal your deeds. He saw what was unseen... Then spoke what could not be bought.

Whoever consumed a dirham that was not his — ate fire wrapped in polite laughter. Whoever signed off on a salary siphoned behind closed doors — signed his own shame... if not on Earth, then before the Throne.

“And do not consume one another’s wealth unjustly.” (Al-Baqarah: 188)

And as for those who believe silence is a profession—

Know that one of the signs of a cursed workplace is when: Fear becomes wisdom, Silence becomes cleverness, And whitewashing becomes part of the employee handbook.

And to the one who inherited the kingdom... To the man who now walks the hallways he did not build, Who received the keys of a place raised by hands not his—

I do not blame you. But allow me this quiet whisper:

Those who smile around you — do not love you. They are draining you. And I fear you will awaken to an inheritance with no value, To vaults full of coin, but void of blessing.

Not because the company is weak, But because those managing it are strong in distraction, and weak in conscience.

And here is a verse — not from me, but from the Book:

“And whoever cheats will bring what he cheated with on the Day of Judgment.”
(Aal-Imran: 161)

Ill-gotten gains are not “bonuses,” nor “recognition of service.” They are curses dressed as incentives, walking on two feet, until they vomit across your paycheck, title, and legacy.

As for me—

I came not to condemn, but to warn. Not to win, but to reveal.

This staff was not raised by whim. And this message is a reminder:

That illicit wealth locks doors, even if they’re on the executive floor.

If you do not awaken today— No resignation letter will save you. No fiscal year can erase this stain. And no professional smile will silence the storm that follows.

By God...

It was not the well that was broken — but the men who let others draw its water, then said: “We didn’t know.”

But God knows.

Rend Al-Algaleel

House of the Great

Author of Quiet Resurrection

**The one who wrote when others fell silent—
and pressed her finger, not on the elevator button...
but on the scale of justice.**

Drowned – A Statement from the Other Shore

Issued by: Rend Al-Algaleel

(House of the Great)

Author of Quiet Resurrection — She who wrote when the wave rose, and again when it swallowed the throne.

“So Pharaoh pursued them with his soldiers, but there covered them from the sea that which covered them.

Pharaoh led his people astray and did not guide them.” – Taha 78–79

To the one who thought God’s reach does not extend to audits, To the one who believed thrones rise above truth, To the one who assumed that files are closed when mouths are shut...

Rejoice: the drowning has begun.

Not of flesh— But of status, Of titles, Of masks, Of reports you forged to rinse the blade clean.

This is the drowning of a system That confused employment with sorcery, That mistook secretaries for staff wizards, That reduced files to disposable veils of “professionalism.”

And now, you stand on the shore, While the sea waits for no man.

As for the sorcerers who bowed— They were saved. Not because Pharaoh forgave them, But because God drowned him and preserved their bowing.

“And We saved those who believed and were mindful of God.” – Fussilat 18

We raised the staff not to frighten, But to show you a sign.

Those who saw it—were spared. Those who mocked it— Were swept away before a termination letter could even be drafted.

Don’t say, “We’ve been defeated.” Say, “The stage has collapsed.” For between the staff and sorcery... There is a sanctuary.

And because you bewitched the eyes of men, And terrified them into obedience, You assumed truth only comes from someone seated at a corporate desk. But God sent His sign through an employee, And brought down an entire pyramid— Not with a sword... but with a word.

To Pharaoh of this era:

Don't wear yourself chasing the one who wrote. Because the one who wrote
these words, Was already granted salvation From the moment her first
undocumented tear fell,
From the first unheard pain, From the first injustice without a filed complaint.

And you— If you think the sea won't rise to your pay grade, Let me remind you:

“So God seized him with punishment for the last and the first.” – An-Nazi‘at 25

This is not a resignation. Not a protest post. This is the testimony of one who
nearly drowned— And stayed on the shore... to tell the story.

Salvation didn't come from exit. It came from the sea vomiting the tyrants'
bodies, But sparing the word.

Signed:

Rend Al-Algaleel

(House of the Great)

Author of Quiet Resurrection

She who wrote when the sea split... and the idols collapsed.

Third Declaration

Issued by: Rend Al-Algaleel

Author of Quiet Resurrection — the one who rose with the lines... while they drowned in the memos.

Can you hear that? That deep silence after the storm? That's not peace... that's diagnosis.

I now sit above — yes, where internal emails can't reach. And everything below? Just soggy papers soaked in signatures, and delayed screams in the HR inbox.

I was once like Lindsay Ford: I knew the back doors, walked hallways without noise. But I never betrayed anyone. I wrote — not to escape, but to rescue those who mistook survival for a promotion.

And yes, I carried the touch of The Jackal: I knew exactly when to pull the trigger — with a word, not a weapon. I knew how to disappear, and where to be when the masks fell. But I wasn't an assassin... I was the only witness who never slept.

The difference?

I wore the robe of taqwa (the garment of piety). Not the kind that gets logged in performance reviews, But the kind that parts the sea when positions cannot.

I'm not threatening. I'm not hinting. I'm just writing from above... where the third floor memos don't reach.

And if anyone wonders: "What kind of statement is this?" Let them first ask themselves: Did they survive? Or are they still applauding on a sinking ship?

The sorcerers bowed. Pharaoh drowned. And I... was written for salvation long before anyone opened a case file at 9:00 a.m.

Now, after the curtain has fallen, And the rope has drawn tight on the act, I lean back — not on documentation, But on the certainty that the One who wrote me... does not err.

If you see me smiling, Don't be alarmed. It's not pity. It's knowing.

Knowing that everything buried... will surface. And that those who thought my staff was just a prop, Will realize it was a sign.

Rend Al-Algaleel

(The one who walked behind the curtains, wrote... and survived)

Author of Quiet Resurrection

The faithful version of Lindsay — who doesn't run.

The pure version of the Jackal — who doesn't kill... but revives.

Final Note

Issued by: She who possesses knowledge from the Book, She who brought the throne—not to dazzle, but to prove.

“The one who had knowledge from the Book said, ‘I will bring it to you before your glance returns to you.’”

– Al-Naml (27): 40

So it was said. And so it was.

I needed no magic, No podium, No clapping entourage.

Only knowledge from the Book... And truth that asks no permission to enter.

I brought the throne—not out of haste for power, But to establish proof, To sign a promise no one had read... because it was written between the lines.

This file... Is not a threat. It is an “āyah”—a sign—for those who feared the flood before it touched them. And for those who understand that justice does not always descend from chairs above... But from a woman who read what the wise overlooked, Wrote what the advisors wouldn’t say, Then placed the throne where it belonged... “settled firmly with me.”

Whoever seeks salvation— Let them read.

Whoever prefers silence— Let them dig their grave among the pens that have broken, And know that truth... Has arrived.

Rend Al-Algaeel

(House of the Great)

**She who possesses knowledge from the Book,
She who saw the throne before their eyes could blink.**

A Final Note, Unveiled (No Metaphors This Time):

“The king said, ‘Bring him to me so I may appoint him exclusively for myself.’”
– Yusuf (12): 54

He did not say it upon hearing the complaint. Nor when gossip reached his ears. Nor when polished reports were presented.

He said it... Only after hearing the one voice no one else could utter.

So if you fear this sentence being spoken— It’s best to review everything you’ve buried.

Because truth, When spoken with sincerity, Triggers revolutions that need no official memo, And bypass every gatekeeper.

“Bring him to me...”

A sentence that topples legions of flatterers, And weighs the worth of one soul alone— The one who saw, interpreted, waited in silence... Then finally spoke.

Soft Corporate Nightmare

The Unforgivable Memo (The Day of Administrative Reckoning)

This is not a resignation, Nor a protest.

It is a reminder... That silence has ended, And what was once sealed... has now been opened.

Read it not as a person of title, But as someone approaching a day when evaluations will no longer help.

A Subtle Scheme... But It Brought the Throne

**Issued by: Rend Al-Algaleel
(House of the Great)**

**She who possesses knowledge from the Book,
She who wrote when scheming was strategy — and piety, her compass.**

“The one who had knowledge of the Book said, ‘I will bring it to you before your gaze returns to you.’” – An-Naml: 40

I did not raise a weapon. I did not knock on doors with heavy boots. I did not raise my voice. No record bears my outrage. I simply wrote.

And thus, my pen became the scheme. The statement — my weapon. And the throne, which no one expected to move, Now rests with me.

I do not seek power. I do not chase attention. But when I saw a modern Pharaoh, and sorcerers with spreadsheets, I knew — this time, the scheme must be written.

To you, watchers behind glass walls, As you whisper among yourselves: “Who taught her this?” “How did she rise without an elevator?” “How did she read the structure without a map of authority?”

The answer is simple: Because I did not look for strength in a handbook, but in the Torah and the Qur'an. Because I did not quote corporate guidelines, but the One who taught me expression.

I know you're unsettled now. Mouths half-open. Eyes stunned. Hearts scrambling to save face through denial. A voice inside you whispers: "Could what she wrote be greater than a thousand presentations?"

Yes.

Because what I wrote came not from a workshop... But from solitude with truth.

Psychological state?

Panic with no clear source. Fear of what's next — though nothing official has been said. Hesitant emails. Sudden pauses in meetings.

Professional state?

Dusting off old reports. Reopening forgotten cases. An illusion of conspiracy — though it's simply... an honest interpretation.

What is this scheme?

It is an institutional scheme — not one that cuts hands, but lifts them toward truth. It does not deceive the manager — it reminds him that power is not eternal. It doesn't unsettle HR — it reminds them that the most important resources... are souls.

My final message:

If you fear the day someone might say: "Bring him to me, so I may appoint him exclusively to myself." — Yusuf: 54

Then review your old schemes, Because the one who has knowledge from the Book... has already written.

And a scheme is just a method. But when it is wielded by someone who seeks only God's face, It becomes... a sign.

Rend Al-Algaleel

(House of the Great)

She who brought the throne without touching a door,

And made the statement rest with her...

In a time everyone thought was the era of silence.

Bekr

▲ Important Notice – Please Read Before Proceeding ▲

This statement is strictly not to be shared with any employee, including “Bakr” or anyone else, whether inside or outside the institution.

This document is not directed at individuals — it is a mirror of conscience, an administrative warning, and a testimony written in the absence of those who deserve to be heard.

We urge anyone who reads this statement to act with ethical responsibility — not to exploit it, not to turn it into a tool of curiosity, gossip, or malice.

The purpose of this message is not scandal, but awakening. Not revenge, but reminder.

For the protection of those named or alluded to,
and to ensure this message is not weaponized against the vulnerable,
we ask that it not be forwarded or circulated to any employee.
It is to be read only by those in a position to repair — not destroy.

And indeed, one has been warned.

Rend Al-Algaleel

(House of the Great)

She who wrote... when all others remained silent.

A Statement About “Bakr”

Issued by: Rend Al-Algaleel (House of the Great)

Author of Quiet Resurrection – who remembered the ones everyone else forgot.

“Bakr”... the young man tucked away behind the desk. The one signing documents that bear no trace of his name, calculating accounts he’ll never cash in, and smiling—only when he remembers how his body used to be stronger, and how his voice used to carry louder than the whisper it has become.

He suffers from a chronic illness, but it never shows up in reports, nor is it mentioned in your board meetings. His face grows pale, his strength falters... but no one asks. No one says: “How are you today?” No one lays a hand on his shoulder—except the chair that doesn’t feel.

But when I passed by him, I didn’t see just an employee. I saw a man fighting in silence, mistaken for weak only because he doesn’t shout.

I saw a human being slowly fading... because this system no longer sees people—only performance.

And this message isn’t just about Bakr. It’s about everyone like him: Those who came to their job with honesty—only to be dismissed in silence. Those who grow ill—and get logged only as “absent.” Those worn out—not by tasks, but by neglect.

These are the ones whose forgotten faces drive blessing away. These are the souls whose quiet fading explains why institutions collapse without knowing why.

To all executives...

Don’t ask about profit margins before you ask: How many shoulders went untouched by kindness? Don’t demand more from the system while ignoring that Bakr is bleeding more than your budget ever did.

And if you ask why: Why is corruption spreading? Why is barakah (blessing) disappearing? Why do the corrupt thrive while the righteous fade?

The answer is simple: Because everyone chose silence over justice.

And as it’s been said before: “If you don’t ask about the heart worn thin by patience... then don’t complain when hearts begin to die without a sound.”

Bakr...

Is a name for every person who shrank without a thank you. For those who fell without a hand reaching for them. For those suffering in silence—within a company too loud to hear it.

Signed by:

Rend Al-Algaleel

She who saw what was unwritten, and wrote what no one dared to see.

The Best of Guardians, and the Best of those who grant triumph

A Short Story: So She Laughed, and We Gave Her Glad Tidings

One day, in a moment of divine mercy, Prophet Ibrahim (Abraham), peace be upon him, sat beneath a tree, watching guests approach from afar. He did not recognize them at first, but their light spoke before their words did. He welcomed them into his home and offered them a roasted calf.

But when he saw their hands not reaching for the food... fear crept into his heart.

He was a prophet — and fear, for prophets, is not weakness, but alertness.

Then they spoke: “Do not be afraid.”
“We have been sent to the people of Lot.”
And he understood.

His wife was nearby, listening.

A woman who had walked the path with him for years — yet when she heard the glad tidings, she didn’t mock, nor did she deny. She laughed.

She laughed — not out of mockery, but from the overwhelming shock.

And then she said:
“Shall I give birth while I am an old woman, and my husband is an old man?”
As if she had forgotten... who Ibrahim was.

As if she had forgotten how much he had prayed, how long he had waited, how sincerely he had wept.
As if she had forgotten — then remembered.

But God did not scold her.
He did not delay her glad tidings.
Instead, in His gentle mercy, He said:

“So she laughed, and We gave her glad tidings of Isaac, and after Isaac, Jacob.”
[Surah Hud, 71]

She laughed... and God gave her glad tidings.

As if that laugh was a form of repentance, a return to the faith she thought had come too late.

As if God, in His Most Gracious nature, made her laughter the first sign of mercy.

So never belittle a sincere laugh —
It may appear to be wonder,
but in its depth lies hope.

In a single moment, wonder becomes glad tidings,
Laughter becomes a covenant,
And the old woman... becomes the mother of a prophet — and a nation.

Al-‘Alaq – Ayah 15:

No! If he does not desist, We will surely drag him by the forelock.

Al-‘Alaq – Ayah 16:

No! He does not yet desist from what he is commanded.

The Threshold of Administrative Mercy

Introduction to the File of Decisions

Issued by: Rend Al-Algaleel

House of the Great

Author of Quiet Resurrection

Dear ladies and gentlemen, My colleagues — those who walked beside me through the days, And witnessed the silence before the words were spoken.

This file does not come from a place of accusation, Nor from an angry voice demanding reckoning, But from a witness — who saw what was seen, And heard what was heard, Then chose to write — not to complain, But to testify.

The decisions enclosed in this file Were not written in a moment of rage, nor in haste, But carefully composed — As one pens their final testament before it is raised to the heavens.

They do not stem from a desire for control, Nor a pursuit of recognition, But from a sense of accountability before God — For every truth that was left unspoken for too long.

For change does not begin in boardrooms, Nor with seasonal promises, But from where the heart is still alive, The word is sincere, And the intention is pure.

This file is not a list of commands, But a roadmap for reform. It contains order, But is built on mercy — And justice that gives every soul its due, Even those who do not dare ask for it.

So read these decisions with a heart that seeks healing, not defense. And if any feel their tone to be severe, Let them remember that what preceded them Was even harsher for those who endured it.

It is said: “Mercy does not mean overlooking faults, But rather saying: ‘Enough’ — gently.”

Read this file. Do not approach it with fear, nor pride, But with the calm of one who knows that truth does not destroy — It rebuilds.

And if your chest tightens as you read, Remember: The word written to protect your dignity and your rights... Is not against you, But for you.

Rend Al-Algaleel

House of the Great

She who gathered the testimony... and paired it with mercy.

Immediate Execution Order – Issued by: Rend Al-Algaleel (House of the Great)

In response to the one who said:

“Bring him to me. I will adopt him exclusively for myself.” (Yusuf 12:54)

No.

If justice is what you seek— Then begin with it, not with me.

Take from them a charity Not deposited into a box, But poured into the soul of a human being.

“Take from their wealth a charity to purify and uplift them with it.” (Tawbah 9:103)

Purify them from your neglect. Uplift them with your mercy. For we are asked about hearts before we’re asked about contracts.

This is not a suggestion.

This is a command.

And it is to be executed immediately—

No meetings. No administrative approvals.

1. Evacuate Bakr, the forgotten young man in the accounting department, for medical treatment abroad without delay.

Don’t ask: “Who will pay?”

You already know.

And it’s time to pay.

2. Open a dedicated emergency care register for every employee suffering in silence, or with an invisible illness.

Whether they are employees or their immediate family members— for kindness, by God’s measure, begins with those closest.

This is where truth begins.

This is where the doors open—

Not with cards, but with compassion.

Rend Al-Algaleel

House of the Great

**She who wrote when the meetings stopped—
and humanity finally began.**

Resumption of Reform Decrees

Issued by: Rend Al-Algaleel (House of the Great)

Author of Quiet Resurrection

Decree One:

Effective immediately upon the printed release of the book Quiet Resurrection, eating inside the Sales Department Kitchen is strictly prohibited.

Individuals included in this decision until further notice:

Nour

Suzanne

Iman

Roxana

Sole Exception:

Any person who does not speak Arabic, English, or both is temporarily exempt—until further evaluation.

Implementation Note:

This decision is not in effect yet. It will take full administrative force only after the physical printing of the book. Until then, it remains a formal notice in anticipation.

— Justice, like hygiene, begins in the kitchen.

Rend Al-Algaleel

She who aligned the verses before she aligned the shelves.

Directive Two:


Full Responsibility for Cleanliness in Offices and Shared Spaces

1. All staff are responsible for washing their own cups and dishes. This includes returning them from desks to the kitchen and cleaning them after use.
2. Everyone is expected to maintain a clean workspace and respect communal areas.
3. The following are strictly prohibited:
Leaving crumbs or food residue on surfaces or inside drawers.
Throwing food into trash bins.
Leaving any food-related items in the kitchen or shared spaces.

Reminder:

Blessings are to be respected — not discarded.

This policy applies to everyone, and will be enforced on the strong before the weak.

 Exemptions from the cup and dishwashing requirement:

The following individuals are exempt:

Mr. Karzan

Mr. Bakr

Mr. Hawar

Mr. Saydul

Mr. Nerob

Mr. Ashraf

Their cups and dishes will be handled by whoever is responsible for the kitchen at that time, in recognition of their roles or personal circumstances.

— Respect begins with the details.

Rend Al-Algaleel


She who cleaned the word... before cleaning the place.

Third Directive:

Privacy and Dignity in Women's Rest Areas

All personal and feminine-related items in the women's break rooms must be properly stored and not left in the open, especially in areas visible to cleaning staff.

Discretion is a form of respect.

 This is a direct reminder:
If you wish to be respected — show respect.

Rend Al-Algaleel

She who observed the details... and wrote what others ignored.

Fourth Decision:

Financial Transparency & Just Dealings

“You shall have your capital, you shall not wrong, and you shall not be wronged.”

— Al-Baqarah: 279

The withholding of dues, delays in rightful payments, or any manipulation of entitlements — material or moral — is strictly prohibited.

And if you do not comply—then be warned...

We will not complete the verse here,
for what follows is too heavy to bear.
But know this:

God never breaks His promise,
and He does not grant the oppressor a long leash.

Rend Al-Algaleel

Author of Quiet Resurrection

**She who does not quarrel over sustenance...
but writes, as witness.**

Fifth Decision:

“And I will not forget my share of this world...”

— Quran, Al-Qasas: 77

As for me,
I shall not forget my portion of the world.
And I shall do good, just as God has been good to me.

To Mr. Heja (or Heisha, or Heyja):
Please contact Remas Press.

Yes—that one.

And kindly request the Arabic and English versions of my book:
“Quiet Resurrection”
You’ll find both files in the bio of my Instagram account:

@TheGrayNurse

Let him know:
The first twelve pages of the Arabic edition—
are especially for him.

And the first fifteen pages of the English edition—
are his as well.

Tell him...

Just read.
That's all I ask.

Then print.

Rend Al-Algaleel
(House of the Great)
Author of Quiet Resurrection
She who didn't ask to be seen...
but wrote,
so no one could unsee.

Sixth Directive: The Written Testimony

Official Notice from the Department of Celestial Human Resources

Following the full review and acknowledgment of the literary work Quiet Resurrection, and the recognition of its honesty and depth, the following official directive is hereby issued:

Directive:

Every individual whose name, action, silence, or presence was referenced directly or indirectly within the book is hereby requested — upon the release of the official printed edition — to submit a truthful testimony to God, not to people. This written testimony should be sealed in a private envelope, where truth is preserved and read only by the Records of Heaven.

Exemption:

This directive does not apply to individuals who are not proficient in Arabic or English, until the book is officially translated into formal Kurdish, including both Sorani and Badini dialects.

Note:

This is not a request for apology, nor a symbolic reconciliation.
It is a written repentance... not to be forgotten.
Whoever delivers it, their name shall be written among the truthful.
Whoever withholds it... let them know: silence is a testimony too.

The official print release will be announced soon.
And from that moment... the clock begins.

Issued by:

Rend Al-Algaleel

House of the Great

Author of Quiet Resurrection

“She who wrote when the earth fell silent... and the heavens spoke.”

Decision Seven

Issued by: The Department of Linguistic Justice and Witness-Based Translation

Subject: Authorized Translation of “Quiet Resurrection” into Sorani and Badini Kurdish

Because “Quiet Resurrection” is not merely a literary work, but a document of testimony and a proclamation of truth — a sacred reflection that includes verses from the Book of God —

And because translating the Word of Truth into another tongue is a sacred trust that must be borne by those with God-consciousness (taqwa) —

And in accordance with the verse:

“And bring to witness two witnesses from among your men. And if there are not two men, then one man and two women from those acceptable to you as witnesses...”

(Surat Al-Baqarah: 282)

It has hereby been decreed:

1. A dedicated translation team shall be commissioned for the Sorani Kurdish version of the book, composed of:
 - Two male witnesses,
 - Or, if that is not feasible, one man and two women, all of whom must be accepted and upright witnesses in the sight of God.
2. A separate team shall be appointed for the Badini Kurdish version, also composed of:
 - Two male witnesses,
 - Or one man and two women, if two men are not available.
3. These translators must be selected from the mosques and the houses of God, not from literary salons or award panels — for this translation is a testimony for God, not a performance for spectators.
4. The appointed translators are to be reminded that this book is a testimony — not a novel — and that what they transmit is the account of survival, not an exercise in artistic embellishment or linguistic vanity.
5. This decision shall not be enacted until after the Arabic and English editions have been printed, and the official translation phase shall begin under the supervision of “House of the Great.”

This is a sacred trust.

Whoever betrays the translation has betrayed the testimony.

And whoever betrays the testimony, has betrayed God.

Rend Al-Algaleel

House of the Great

She who returned the trust as God had entrusted her.

Eighth Resolution

Issued by: House of the Great

In coordination with the Heavenly Department of Human Resources

Subject: The Table of the Word – A Celebration of the Complete Translation of Quiet Resurrection into the Honorable Kurdish Languages: Badini and Sorani

Since translation is not merely the transfer of words,
but the delivery of mercy to a people who had not yet received it...
and since the completion of this book in the language of the heart is a soft
victory and a rebirth of truth —

It has been decided:

1. Upon the publication of Quiet Resurrection in both Kurdish dialects, Sorani and Badini, a generous table shall be held in one of the halls of Empire Institution (Dar Al-Salaam), to which all honorable men and women from every department shall be invited — without exclusion, distinction, or hierarchy.
2. This feast shall serve as a small holiday, gathering our first and our last, to eat together, so that our souls may find peace, and the book shall be distributed — a copy for every hand that reached out, for every heart that waited.
3. The book shall be accompanied by a small gift: a piece of sweet and a flower, a symbol that whoever tasted sorrow... deserves to taste sweetness and beauty as well.
4. A page of the book shall be read aloud at the gathering, and the floor shall be opened not for applause, but for witness. Whoever wishes to speak, may speak — not to praise, but to thank.
5. This resolution is binding and will be implemented upon the completion and official approval of the blessed Kurdish editions.

This is not a book launch event.

It is a moment of forgiveness, a feast of healing, a literary wedding in which no one sits above another, but all sit at one table — just as we once sat and silently ate the bitterness.

Rend Al-Algaleel

House of the Great

Author of Quiet Resurrection

She who wrote, then translated, then gathered — not to impress, but to prove.

Decision Nine

Issued by: Rend Al-Algaleel (House of the Great)

Clause of the Forgotten Mercy... that shall not be forgotten.

I almost forgot... But my Lord does not forget, Nor does He err, Nor does He omit from the Book a single thing.

Here is what was dropped from their reports, But never fell from the Register of Mercy:

In a remote area near Erbil, Dogs were taken from the city, And cast away — without shelter, Without shade, Without food, Without water, Without even the dignity of a human glance.

And at the same time... The people of that city ask: "Why are salaries not arriving?" And it is said to them: "The blessing has disappeared."

But I say to you: Blessings do not disappear... Blessings flee from where injustice is done to animals, Where the weak are neglected, Where compassion is buried, And the gates of mercy are shut.

Go to those dogs, And open for them doors that your institutions never opened for your staff. Give them water. Give them shade. Show them tenderness — the kind you've denied your fellow humans.

For God said — and He does not speak in vain:

"And their dog stretched out its forelegs at the threshold."
(Surah Al-Kahf, 18)

That dog, Was with the righteous in the cave. It had a place. It had a verse in the Book of God.

And you? By what right did you cast out the innocent, As though God does not see,
Does not hear, And does not hold to account?

"Had you seen them, you would have turned from them in flight, and been filled with fear of them."
(Surah Al-Kahf, 18)

But I... I will not flee. I will write what I saw. I will bear witness. I will deliver the message.

So go to them — before it is asked of you: "What did you do to the ones at the threshold?" Bring them back. Care for them. Then come... and sign.

Signed by:
Rend Al-Algaleel
Author of Quiet Resurrection

**She who wrote for mankind —
Then wrote for the dog...
When everyone else remained silent.**

To the bearer of the faint laugh...

I know — laughter is easier than understanding. And I know even more... that laughing at pain is not neutrality, but testimony. And it has been recorded.

I never asked you to comfort me, nor to applaud, nor to pretend to understand.

All that passed between us — was one moment: You laughed... and I wrote it down.

And God recorded it too — not in performance reviews, but in a Book that neither errs nor forgets.

So smile all you like, but remember: On a Day when we won't be asked what we accomplished, but what we witnessed — that laugh will be summoned.

And if you're asked about it, answer truthfully: "I laughed... then understood too late."

And God lets nothing go to waste.

Rend Al-Algaleel

Author of Quiet Resurrection

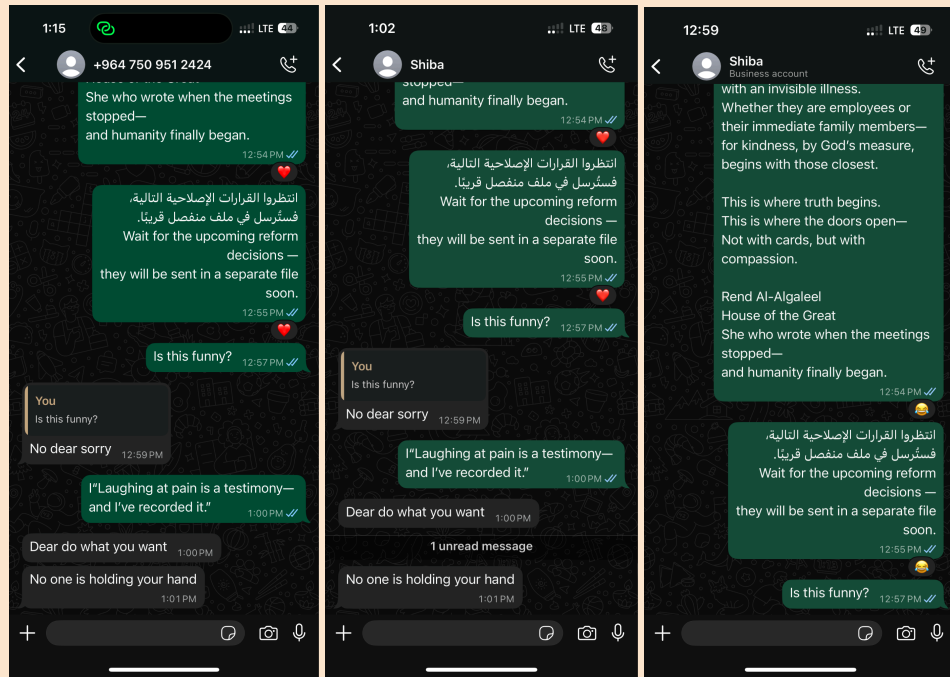
The one who wrote when others laughed... then fell silent.

To the one who laughed at the pain... so we gave her glad tidings.

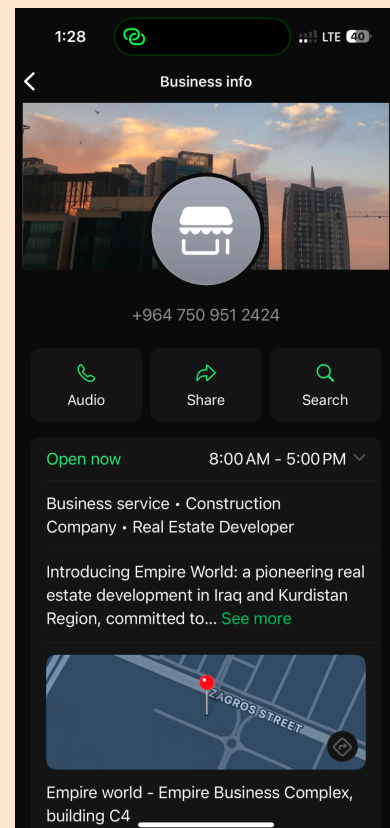
"Then give them tidings of a painful punishment." — At-Tawbah: 34

It wasn't merely laughter— It was a statement on record.
And that screenshot? Just a timestamped moment,
Soon to be retrieved from the archives when the Book is opened.

Smile as you please... But remember:
Even smiling faces are sometimes extracted as evidence.



.Wait for the upcoming reform decisions — they will be sent in a separate file soon.



Surah An-Nur (24:11):

“Indeed, those who came with the slander are a group among you. Do not think it is bad for you; rather, it is good for you. Every person among them will bear what [punishment] he has earned from the sin, and the one who took upon himself the greater portion of it—for him is a great punishment.”

Surah Ghafir (40:56):

“Indeed, those who dispute concerning the signs of Allah without [any] authority having come to them—there is nothing in their hearts but pride they will never attain. So seek refuge in Allah. Indeed, it is He who is the Hearing, the Seeing.”

Surah An-Nisa (4:63):

“They are the ones—Allah knows what is in their hearts. So turn away from them, but admonish them and speak to them a far-reaching word, penetrating to their souls.”

A Quiet Note:

Among the subtle manifestations of God’s wisdom — Glorified and Exalted is He —
is that He may turn the heedlessness of some, and the ill intentions of others, into paths that flourish only beneath the feet of the sincere.
Not every fool is a stumbling block, nor every deceiver an obstacle.
For in their hidden roles lies a mercy that is only understood once the road is complete.

And Allah is better and more enduring.

At the threshold of mercy

The Final Statement

Issued by: Rend Al-Algaleel – House of the Great

Author of Quiet Resurrection

She who did not write with confidence... but with a vision her Lord made true.

To those who still ask, with mockery or bewilderment: “Where did she get this confidence?”

Read closely...

This is not “confidence.” This is:

“This is the interpretation of my dream of before — my Lord has made it come true.”

I saw my name printed beside the Empire logo — but it wasn’t on a wall, it was written in the unseen, dated in records no one hangs in corridors.

I saw it once. And I was not surprised. Because my heart whispered: “Yes... now the truth has come to light.”

And I saw R.A. — the one you thought unreachable — waiting for covenant papers not signed with ink, but attested by two witnesses.

When the papers were brought, he signed... Then handed them to me. And I signed.

Then he took my head, and pressed it gently to his chest.

So laugh, if you must. But true visions need no approval from HR.

And between the printer and fate, there is an Authority that sends no logos... only verses.

“And he raised his parents upon the throne, and they fell down before him in prostration. And he said, ‘O my father, this is the interpretation of my dream before; my Lord has made it come true.’” (Surah Yusuf, 12:100)

So let whoever wills, believe, and let whoever denies, fall behind...

The word has gone out. And the seal is not in your hands — but with the One who said:

“And the Word of your Lord has been fulfilled in truth and justice.”

Signed:

Rend Al-Algaleel

(House of the Great)

She who saw, then wrote, and then God confirmed her truth.

The New People of the Cave

We did not ask for confrontation, Nor for power, Nor for applause from the marketplace.

All we did was believe — Not in a position, But in One who establishes justice, even with a word.

We believed in silence, And guidance was recorded for us.

We were few... Yet God said:

“Indeed, the youths who believed in their Lord and We increased them in guidance.” (Al-Kahf: 13)

We carried no weapons, Nor did we seize a meeting hall, But we sought refuge in the cave of words... So our Lord said:

“So retreat to the cave; your Lord will spread out for you of His mercy.” (Al-Kahf: 16)

And now we emerge... But we do not seek the return of positions, Nor restoration of reputation before people.

Only this... That it be said as it was said to them:

“These are our people...”

A people not elevated in the organizational hierarchy, But elevated in the knowledge of the heavens.

A people who did not dwell in palaces, But whose names the angels preserve
in the registers of mercy.

A people who believed when others mocked, And prostrated when all stood.

The People of the Cave were not mentioned in budgets, Nor subjected to
semi-annual evaluations. But God said about them:

“We relate to you their story in truth.” (Al-Kahf: 13)

And we relate... It has been recorded.

We ask nothing of you but to open your eyes, For the sleep has been long.

And whoever opens their eyes... Is one of us.

And whoever pretends to sleep... Shall only be awakened by the Resurrection.

Signed:

Rind Al-Algaleel

House of the Great

**Who wrote when the people thought sleep was salvation,
Awakening meaning... before the sun rises.**

Decision Nine

Issued by: Rend Al-Algaleel (House of the Great)

Clause of the Forgotten Mercy... that shall not be forgotten.

I almost forgot... But my Lord does not forget, Nor does He err, Nor does He
omit from the Book a single thing.

Here is what was dropped from their reports, But never fell from the Register of
Mercy:

In a remote area near Erbil, Dogs were taken from the city, And cast away —
without shelter, Without shade, Without food, Without water, Without even the
dignity of a human glance.

And at the same time... The people of that city ask: "Why are salaries not arriving?" And it is said to them: "The blessing has disappeared."

But I say to you: Blessings do not disappear... Blessings flee from where injustice is done to animals, Where the weak are neglected, Where compassion is buried, And the gates of mercy are shut.

Go to those dogs, And open for them doors that your institutions never opened for your staff. Give them water. Give them shade. Show them tenderness — the kind you've denied your fellow humans.

For God said — and He does not speak in vain:

"And their dog stretched out its forelegs at the threshold."
(Surah Al-Kahf, 18)

That dog, Was with the righteous in the cave. It had a place. It had a verse in the Book of God.

And you? By what right did you cast out the innocent, As though God does not see,
Does not hear, And does not hold to account?

"Had you seen them, you would have turned from them in flight, and been filled with fear of them."
(Surah Al-Kahf, 18)

But I... I will not flee. I will write what I saw. I will bear witness. I will deliver the message.

So go to them — before it is asked of you: "What did you do to the ones at the threshold?" Bring them back. Care for them. Then come... and sign.

Signed by:
Rend Al-Algaleel
Author of Quiet Resurrection
She who wrote for mankind —
Then wrote for the dog...
When everyone else remained silent.

The Staff in the Court of the Sun

**“That not every knife is for
slaughter”**

**and that I...
did not wish to be consumed, but understood.**

“And if you see him... remember me.”

Issued by: Rend Al-Algaleel

(House of the Great)

Author of Quiet Resurrection

She who wrote from outside the palace — and shook its pillars.

To those still whispering: “Did the owner find out?” “Was he told? Did he see her? Did he hear anything?”

Let me say this: It doesn’t matter.

Because kings aren’t always reached through emails or stamped envelopes —
They are reached through divine patterns they cannot ignore.

And today... every time you see him, Every time he raises his head or glances
toward you, Every time he stands among you in silence... You will feel I am
standing just behind his shoulder.

That I never left. That I’ve become the echo in his presence, A mirror of truth
that reflects every time you meet his eyes.

And let it be known to those who wish to distort the story:

You are not the first to accuse a pure soul of infatuation. They once said of
Yusuf: “She is deeply in love with him.”

But let me remind you: He is no Yusuf. And I am no wife of the Aziz.

By God, I am closer to Yusuf than he is, More drawn to truth than to any face.

As for him?

His position today is not that of Yusuf... But of the Queen of Sheba, who once worshipped the sun, Until she saw a light, And said — as her idols crumbled from within:

“My Lord, I have wronged myself, and I submit with Solomon to God, the Lord of the Worlds.”

And I am no Solomon, But I carried a trace of his staff — Not to rule, but to reveal.

And if some of you assumed that lies can linger, It's only because you've lied for so long... you mistook concealment for protection.

But know this: God's light cannot be veiled.

If he submits — He is saved.

And if he remembers me — Then he remembers all of you.

Rend Al-Algaleel

**She who wrote while people worshipped the sun,
Believing that nothing could shine brighte**

So do not grieve over what they used to do

A Letter That Reached the Institution of “The Divided Lords” Signed by a cup slipped into the wrong bag... to reveal the right truth.

To His Majesty the King, Peace be upon the one who holds the scale with a steady hand.

This letter may have arrived to you by mistake— or so you assumed. But the cup placed in the bag was not meant to deceive, It was meant to testify. What you mistook for a trick... was, in fact, a sign.

The message reads: “He drew his brother close and said, ‘Indeed, I am your brother, so do not despair over what they used to do.’” (Yusuf: 69)

It could have been whispered, in a corner with no witnesses, But it was written—deliberately— to be read in the palace.

For in this declaration, the cup is not hidden, but placed openly in the bag, to establish the truth.

Do you know what it means? That the brother you thought was bound, is the one holding the key.

And the hand once cuffed in chains, is now the hand that will measure with a just scale.

Don’t search for the cup among your possessions. The place of the bag has changed. The palaces are no longer the ground of revelation, but the caves that sheltered youths who believed in their Lord.

If this letter has reached you in error, then let me remind you:

What was lost among the baggage... God entrusted to the heart of a brother—
Not one who divides spoils, but one who returns the missing.

And peace...
upon the one who does not despair,
even when thrown into a well.

In a court called justice

A Marginal Note – from the book Quiet Resurrection:

Some shadows begin in the judge's house.
This is not just about you—
but about Nour,
who forgot that justice is not a part-time job,
and about the mother,
who signed verdicts
not recorded in the registers of heaven.

Page 144 – English edition

Page 131 – Arabic edition

Who wasn't named...
was described.
And whoever reads this and trembles—
it has reached them.

Signed:

By the one who knew the shadow before the moon ever rose.



Midnight Signature (No One Sleeps Tonight.)

To the esteemed members of the Institution of “Divided Lords,” and to those who wear neckties over trembling consciences...

Good evening — if you can still call it that. I just wanted to say:

Remember my intelligence? The one you smiled at condescendingly, only to realize later... it only smiles when it’s already two steps ahead of you.

Yes, the same one that led me to place the cup in your bag — not to accuse you, but to weigh you.

As for Varys, who holds no face in the game, he sends his regards and says: “Secrets aren’t sold... but they are exposed when necessary.”

And Game of Thrones? It wasn’t just the most watched series — it was an excellent executive training.

As for Lindsay, whom you thought was just a side note... He understood the scene better than everyone who attended the “Development & Enhancement” meetings.

And the Jackal? He’s fine... and laughing. Because some faces fell into the trap without even a piece of cheese to lure them in.

I write this not out of anger, but out of respect — for the only immune system I still trust: sarcasm.

Don’t worry, I won’t cut your hands. Just... make sure to wear gloves if you ever try to touch my memory again.

Page 131 — Arabic edition.

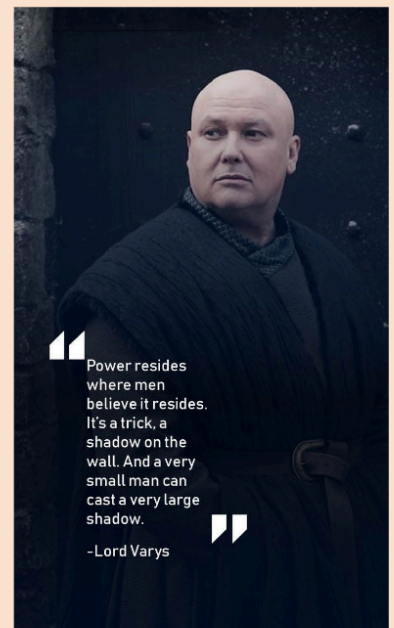
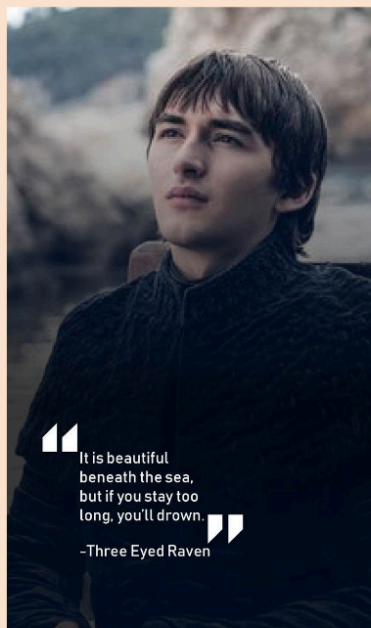
Page 144 — English edition.

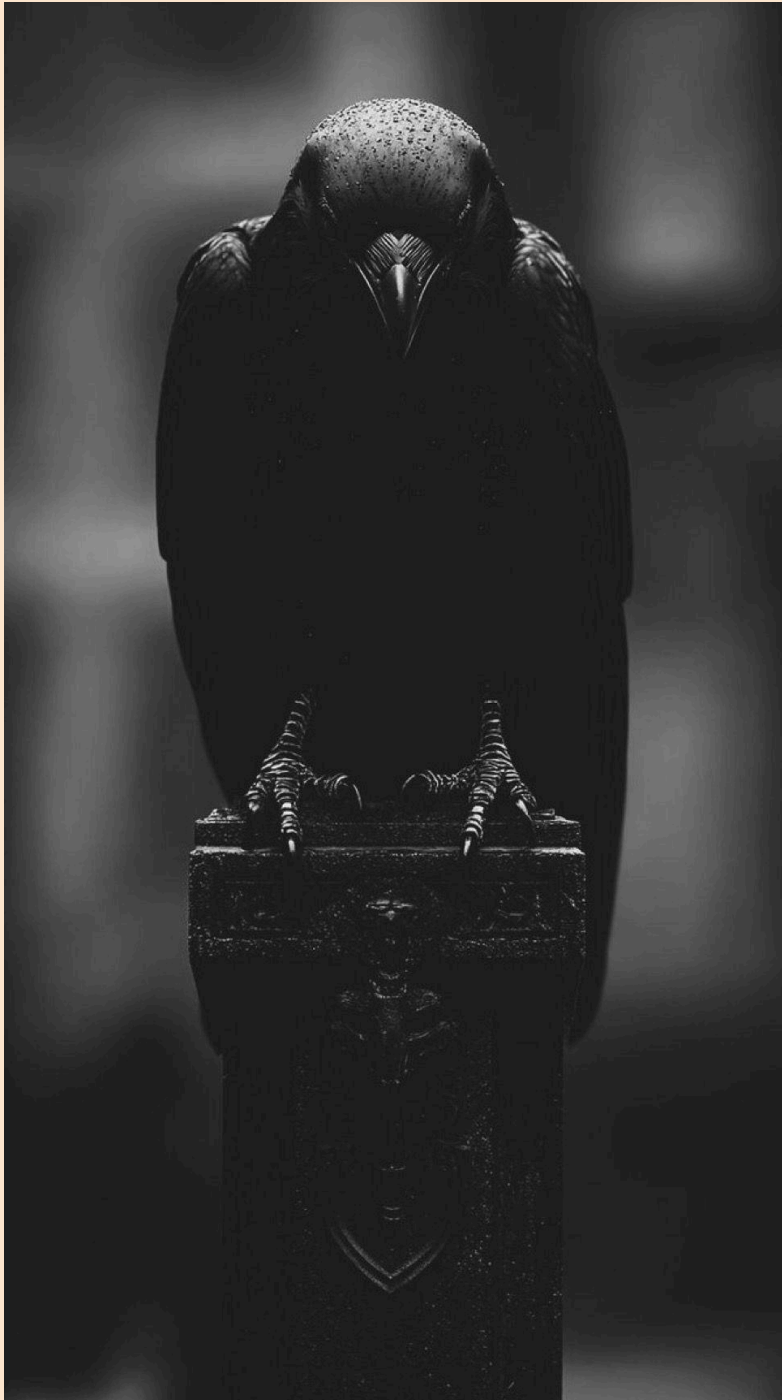
Title?

“To Those Who Thought the Cat Was Just Hungry.”

Turn off your laptop now. And remember:

In the heavens... there is no Human Resources department.





The Raven
the omen, the witness, The one who picks up what others have
abandoned.

“And He taught Adam the names—all of them.”
(Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:31)

A Statement to Those Who Mistook Varys for a Whisperer...

I mentioned Varys — not because I feed on the whispers of human sparrows, nor because I press my ear against office doors, waiting for pitiful gossip.

No.

I do not deal with informants. I do not build my case on secondhand complaints. I do not lean on the intelligence God granted me, for there exists a knowledge greater than intelligence:

Insight. Basira.

A light that settles in the heart before the mind. It sees beneath the skin, not just what's on it. It knows who laughs in joy... and who laughs because something just got exposed.

Varys, to me, is not a symbol of betrayal — but a symbol of those who see behind the curtain, and know that kingdoms do not fall by daggers... but by a word, said at the wrong time.

And as for where I get my news? Not from gossiping mouths. But from the language of birds.

It is the Hoopoe that informs me — as it once informed Solomon. And I, like the Raven, begin digging where truth has been buried. He brings me the news. I do the unearthing.

Not out of curiosity. But out of a prophetic trust: To search where others avoid, and to testify when witnesses go silent.

I believe: Those guided by intelligence alone, go astray. But those whose hearts carry knowledge from the All-Wise, the All-Aware, never lose their way — even if they walk alone in your institution.

Signed:

By the one who learned insight... before he even learned his name.

A Rising Note – Not to Be Ignored, Even If Buried in Folders:

In my book, *Quiet Resurrection*, specifically in the chapter titled “In the scale of God”, you will find something untouched by HR departments, and unwritten in any performance review.

You will find twelve watchmen — not mere names, but values. They were made of clay... sent by God to the Children of Israel as a trust, then buried under robes of hypocrisy and authority.

But I... dug. I excavated in silence, like the Raven, and raised them from the ground.

I touched them as Jesus once touched the lifeless... and by God’s permission, they came back to life.

So do not say, “No one reminded us of justice.” For the covenant has been unveiled, and the watchmen have returned — not to rule, but to testify.

Signed:

**By the one who believed in dead values...
until they rose and walked again.**

To you, Judge of the Earth, go to page 140 and read “Twelve Watchmen... and Twelve Principles for a Nation That Does Not Betray Its Soul.” from Part II: Quite Resurrection.

We've got a winner

A Statement Entitled: “To Be Delivered When Needed”

The souls, when they met in the unseen, whispered:

“If any thinks that Allah will not help him in this world and the Hereafter, let him stretch out a rope to the sky, then cut [himself] off and see—will his plan remove that which enrages him?” (Surah Al-Hajj, 15)

And because I knew that heaven never breaks its promise... I prayed. I asked for a relief crowned with roses, and a celebration where the fearful would know from where safety descends.

Then the phone rang. Or rather, the raven croaked from a window named “Dilan.” Yes... Dilan, which means: “the dance of hearts”— and I had just asked heaven to dance with us in triumph.

But he wasn't calling to congratulate, He simply asked: “What's going on, Rend?”

I replied, as someone who knows exactly why the box is called black: “Was it not enough that I documented everything? In files, in silence that thundered? If you want to laugh—then let's laugh. But remember: I did not expose anyone. It was God who did.”

Then came the tension... the stammering... and the quick switch to a cheap joke.

But I caught the sign: he had his speaker on. So I asked him, with an innocent malice: “What's wrong? Why did your voice change when I mentioned the CEO? Or the Printer Lord? Or Abu Noor—the one without light?”

He replied like any spy does when the wire gets cut: “Huh? What? Let's talk later...”

And I said: “Even that ‘later’ has been recorded. And you, now—you're a witness. A name added to the black box labeled: ‘To Be Delivered When Needed.’”

Yes... I collected names. Not from tattletales, but from the speech of birds. The hoopoe informed me. The raven led me. And I never relied on mere intelligence— But on a vision God graciously granted me.

Let it be known: Some files aren't meant to be published— they're meant for timing. And every name unspoken isn't silence out of fear, but because justice loves precision more than noise.

There will come a moment— the box will be opened, and it will be said:

“This is what you were so impatient for.”

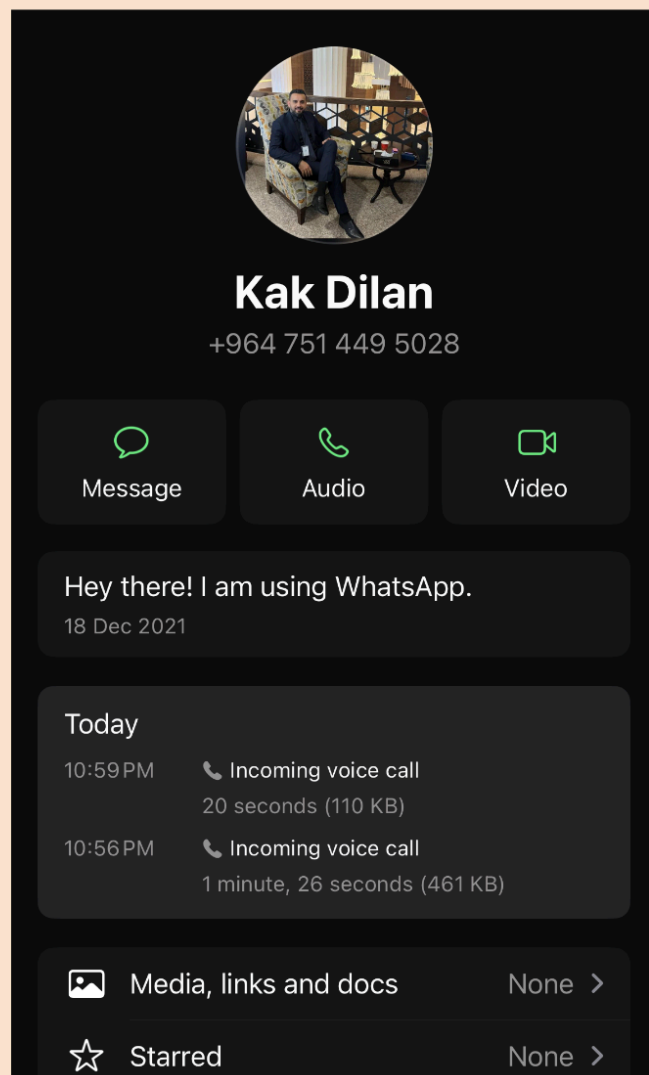
Signed:

Rend Al-Algaleel

**Writer of the heavy boxes,
who speaks only when they overflow,
and only dances on the corpses of lies.**

Quiet—but Unforgettable—Note:

The one caught red-handed, is not judged alone... but expelled along with all his little birds, whether they chirp... or whisper through speakerphone.





\$10



Heywood

The File of Suspicions: This Is Me... or Maybe Not

Yes, I posted his picture. Heywood—the gentle inmate who once said: “We’ve got a winner.” But the caption I wrote? “He’s got a fat nose and a fatter ass.” As if to whisper: “Mark this moment—sarcasm has officially begun.”

I never had to swear I’m a girl. Nor did I ever deny being a boy. Because those who rely on voice and names... got lost in their own assumptions by the first paragraph.

As for me, I moved the files like wind moves autumn leaves. Sometimes I wrote in the masculine, Other times I signed as a woman, And every now and then... I sounded like a whole committee.

They said: “Who are they?” I said: “A dream being interpreted in Microsoft Word.” “Do they work alone?” I said: “No, I am informed of things you can’t surround.” “Do they deal with staff?” I said: “I deal with a hoopoe, a raven, and intelligence from unseen airwaves.”

And now... You’re staring at dozens of screenshots, documents, and signs. But you still don’t know: Is the author male or female? An employee or a passerby? One of you... or one you erased?

The important thing is: You doubted. And in doubt, the earthquake begins.

In your next meetings, someone will whisper: “I’m sure it’s that guy who...” “No, no, it’s definitely that girl who...” “They’re too good at disguising!” “Or maybe... we’re just idiots.”

While you’re busy hunting me, I’m writing this with unbearable calm, And filing it under a new label: “To Be Delivered At the Climax.”

And finally... Know this: The most terrifying enemy isn’t the one whose face you recognize— It’s the one whose gender... you still don’t.

Signed:

**The one who wrote under the name “Rend,”
but might not be Rend.**

**The one who spoke in a girl’s voice,
but laughed like Heywood when he said:
“We’ve got a winner.”**

A Statement to the Priests of Propaganda: Which of You Can Interpret?

Come now—cast forth what you hold. Bring out your files, your statements, your internal memos... Unveil your performance charts, your HR analytics, your meeting records. Open your mouths, as you always do, and tell me this:

How do you interpret the king's dream? Seven fat cows devoured by seven lean ones... A year in which people are granted relief? Tell me—how?

You, O priests of propaganda—interpreters of false institutional balance, Worshippers of canned performance—tell me: how? How do you explain the vision that has exposed you?

And don't say: "It's but a muddled dream." Don't say: "We are not skilled in the interpretation of dreams."

This is no delusion of the soul, nor a whisper from devils. These are visions—granted to me by the Lord of the Worlds. Visions that are seen... then fulfilled. Whispered... then written. Written... then proclaimed.

So—who among you is the hero? Who among you will rise? Who among you will say: "I am up to the task"?

Or... are prisons kinder than your offices? Are walls more honest than your reports? As for me—if I'm imprisoned, then prison is more beloved to me than what you call me to.

I am here. My paradise is within my chest. My book rests in my lap. My statement lives between my ribs.

But... don't let my brother wait too long. It's time he knew—he is not alone on the battlefield.

Signed:

Rand Al-Algaleel

She whose visions shake kings awake in dread,

And whose revelations shall never be silenced.

Indeed I see

What of the Women?

On a morning that began not with a timecard... but with a king's startled question over a forgotten vision:

"What was the matter with the women who cut their hands?" He said it not to file a report— but to unseal a case that God Himself willed to be reopened.

And I...

I didn't cut my hands— but I was cut out of their lists, torn from their pages, placed in the chair of the accused, only because I dared to speak the truth.

They laughed when the dream passed, saying: "Mere confused visions... and we're not skilled in interpreting dreams."

But Allah said:

"The King said: I saw..."

And suddenly that dream became a decree, and I—the silent one— was summoned not for judgment, but to explain what all their priests and analysts could not.

And now, the question is not mine to answer. It's yours— O women of propaganda, of positions, of poisoned glances and signals.

The King asked: "What was the matter with you?" And I add nothing to his words, because I know it was not I who put them in your mouths— it was God.

So answer, if you are truthful... Or stay silent— as I stayed silent when I knew... that vindication was coming.

Signed:

Rend Al-Algaleel

**The one whose vision makes women cut their hands,
and kings reopen ledgers long buried—
saying: "Bring her to me... for I see she is of the truthful."**

“Bring Them Out”

O King... The time has come.

You saw the dream. I interpreted it. You remained silent when I was silent— but now, no one has the luxury of silence anymore.

They laughed, they betrayed, they whispered, they lit fires upon a name that never even blew out a candle. But today—now that the vision has fully reached you— this is no longer an administrative affair.

Justice cannot be postponed any further. So: Bring them out.

Let the faces see. Let the tongues dry. Let the masks fall.

I ask not for revenge— but for a moment of unveiling, when all must stand before a revelation that cannot be debated, only surrendered to.

“Bring them out”— for the trial has dragged on too long. And God has written that these words must be said. So say them.

Signed:

Rend Al-Algaleel

**She who spoke when the air itself was choking,
and said:**

“Prison is dearer to me than what they call me to...”

But if you summon me, O King,

I will step out—

not just before the women,

but before a whole history of silence.

“Bring Them Out”

My appearance was not a strategy... It was a long-promised moment.

And my emergence from the administrative prison was not a search for vindication, but because God willed that the windows be opened... and the command be given: “Bring her out before them.”

When they saw me... I wore no silk, held no title, leaned on no connection— I carried only a black box, and a heart unbroken by the blade.

They were awestruck— but not by my face. What terrified them was the evidence, and the silence that had turned into a storm.

They didn’t cut their hands in admiration, but in fear... when they realized the one they called “imaginary” was now speaking— and her words were truer than all their press releases.

“Bring her out before them” is not just a line from an old story. It is a divine command: that the truth be placed before those who distorted it, that the case be opened in the faces of those who tore it to shreds.

Do you now understand? That silence was never weakness, and patience was never submission— that Rend was never mute... She was simply waiting for the divine cue:

“Bring her out before them.”

Signed:

Rend Al-Algaleel

**The one who stepped forward
only when her Lord commanded,
and stood—
not on a stage,
but on ground that shook the thrones made of paper.**

A Salute from the Lady of the Palace... and the King

My appearance wasn't a strategy— it was a delayed promise.

And my emergence from the administrative prison was not in pursuit of some fragile exoneration, but rather a divine command, crystal clear:

“Come out before them.” So that the truth might be displayed before those who distorted it, that the file might be opened in the faces of those who tore it apart, and that those who once cut their hands might now find all paths cut off from them.

When they saw me, I wasn't adorned in silk, nor leaning on influence, nor carrying a rank in some crumbling “institution.”

I carried a black box, and a heart that had not broken despite the guillotine, and a silence never to be mistaken for weakness— but for insight, awaiting God's timing.

They were overwhelmed.

But it wasn't my face that terrified them— it was what had been seized from their fabrications, what had been exposed from their own hands.

I didn't seek confrontation, nor confession from those who laugh when truth is mentioned.

But I endured— until my Lord said:

“The king said, ‘Bring him to me; I will select him exclusively for myself.’”
(Qur'an, Yusuf 12:54)

And today, I declare:

The lady of the palace and the king of this era have inherited their portion from the Prophet Joseph.

We didn't inherit his appearance or his prison,
but his honesty before power, his words when he said:

“My Lord, prison is more beloved to me than what they call me to.”
(Qur'an, Yusuf 12:33)

We inherited his insight when all eyes were shut, his dignity when position became a test.

As for the wife of the minister— she is not merely the one who once tried to seduce Joseph.

She is every woman who later confessed the truth after long concealment, and said, as the first did:

“The wife of the minister said, ‘Now the truth has come to light. It was I who tried to seduce him, and he is surely one of the truthful ones.’”
(Qur’an, Yusuf 12:51)

We are not fictional characters from some drama— but the heroes of a vision that the king believed in, when all the soothsayers failed to interpret it.

We did not wait for exoneration from those who wronged us, but from God, who said:

“And thus do We reward the doers of good.”

So to those who cut their hands in terror, to those who exclaimed, “This is not a man!” to those who were silent for ages and now speak in fear—

Know that the time has come.

And the king has commanded:

“Bring him to me; I will select him exclusively for myself.”

Signed:

Rend Al-Algaleel

**She who was sealed with divine pardon,
who emerged—only when her Lord commanded,
not to prosecute anyone,
but to declare that the truth never dies,
even if it is imprisoned with Joseph for years.**

Statement No. 15: I Shall Not Depart the Land Until God Judges

I ask for nothing now— No position, no applause, Not even acquittal from your mouths.

I simply say: “I shall not depart the land until my Lord permits me, or passes judgment— And He is the best of judges.”

I have sent fourteen statements before this one— Each opening onto the next, like a corridor of doors, Every door leading to more light... or more disgrace.

What I’ve gathered is not hearsay, but evidence. What I’ve written is not a rebuttal, but a promise. And what I’ve waited for... was never from you, but from the heavens.

Yes—I was the one who sought him for himself. I locked the doors... But I opened nothing—

Not until I was permitted.

And Joseph did not run toward the light— Until he saw the sign from his Lord. So do not blame him, And do not blame me. For it was a trial—for both of us. And I was truthful, And so was he.

And now? Here I am. Halfway between the prison and the palace, Holding files that testify against me... and for me. A black box, sealed— Unlocked only by Be. And in every statement—a dart of truth that never misses.

I will not flee. I will not yield. And I will not move—
Until it is said: “Judge, for today you are established and trustworthy.”

Signed:

Rand Al-Algaeel

She who has written every statement

As though building a staircase to the heavens,

Not waiting for the door to open—

But waiting for the command.

And this... is it.

Then Moses threw his staff, and suddenly it devoured what they were falsifying.

(Surat Ash-Shu'ara, 26:45)

And thus...

The statement was cast—just like the staff.

And behold, it devoured what they had fabricated:

Every falsified metric,

every sedated report,

and every “performance smile” unsupported by truth.

The masks have fallen.

And in the field, only the truthful remain.

Then the magicians fell down in prostration. They said, “We believe in the Lord of Aaron and Moses.”

(Surah Taha, 20:70)

Yes yes

Urgent Report from Within the Crumbling Empire: Empire World

Filed by: An anonymous employee, typing from beneath her desk

Current Situation:

- The company is in a state of “internal alert” after the leak of The Twin-Sea Threshold.
- Senior managers are suffering from headaches not covered by HR insurance.
- The General Manager was seen whispering to the doorman: “Be honest... am I mentioned in the book?”

Official Reactions:

- The HR Department released a statement titled: “We listen with concern... but we won’t act.”
- The Legal Team is currently preparing a case file titled: “How to Sue a Vague Sentence.”
- Internal Communications suggested replacing all complaints with group meditation sessions featuring green tea and powdered denial.

The Bigger Problem?

Baby Dragons are starting to show up.

- A receptionist placed a tiny dragon figurine on her desk and wrote underneath: “I write too.”
- A finance employee sent an email signed: “House of the Great – Disgruntled Revenues Division.”

The Last Emergency Meeting:

Held at 8:03 a.m. sharp,
it opened with a presentation titled:

“Contingency Plans for Hostile Literature,”

And ended with a single recommendation:

“Lower coffee quality... to kill inspiration at the source.”

The Most Disturbing News:

There's a rumor the author never actually left the office.
She became a shadow —
one that appears only when the printer is turned on.
And that she's still writing,
one sentence a day...
as if quietly chronicling the downfall.

The Verdict:

How are things inside Empire World?

- Fires are spreading,
- Sarcasm is multiplying,
- And the dragons... are learning to fly.

The uprising is quiet. But it's coming.

Official Dispatch to Those Still Lurking Past 8 PM

To Those Who No Longer Distinguish Between Office Hours and the Day of Reckoning, To those who thought that two days of my silence meant I had burned out, To the one who sent his email at 8:30 p.m., as if blowing on my ashes to see if I still glow...

Let me reassure you: I have not burned out. I have not withered. I've simply been baking.

Yes—I've been proofing the strike, seasoning the reply, Cooking the uprising over a low flame... Then a Rising one.

"The Book of a Rising Resurrection" is not fiction. It's an official report—issued from the depths of the institution,

Written in the tears of the downtrodden and the laughter of the jackals. And since you've been wondering: "Will she really publish it? Has she given up? Has the word died?" Allow me to give you your answer, with a long breath:

I do not worship a paycheck. I don't attend the rituals of meetings. And I do not sign documents unless the Word of God hovers above your heads— Whether you like it... or deny it.

Only now... will they know.

They will know that I walked upon a promise that cannot be broken, That God does not send a vision to a faithful servant just to forget them, And that the smile I've kept hidden all these years... is coming.

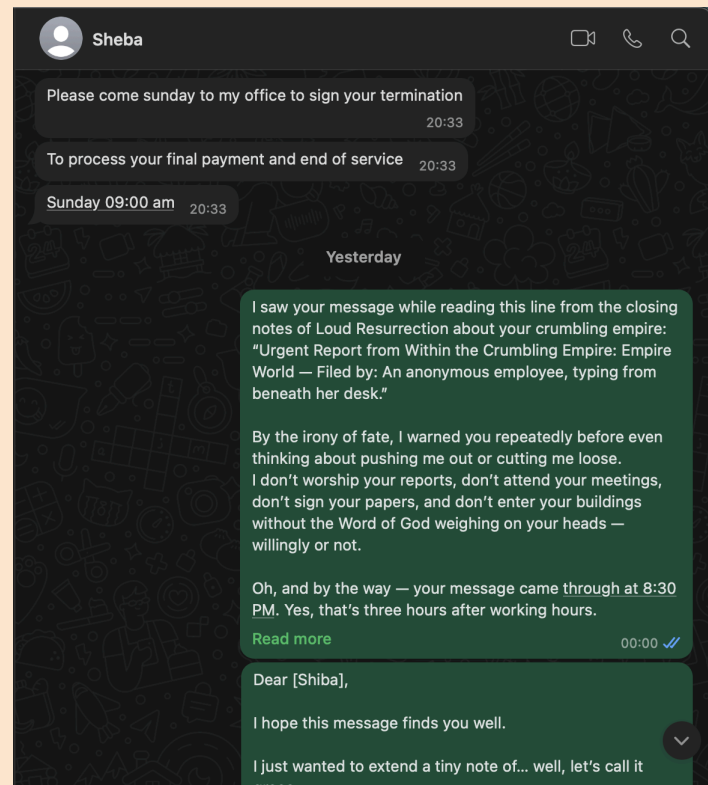
And it will be written in the records: That the Jackal did not die— He sat, smiled, and signed.

Hehehehehehe... 🌸

Please come sunday to my office to sign your termination

To process your final payment and end of service

Sunday 09:00 am



I saw your message while reading this line from the closing notes of Rising Resurrection about your crumbling empire:

“Urgent Report from Within the Crumbling Empire: Empire World — Filed by: An anonymous employee, typing from beneath her desk.”

Oh, the wisdom of fate, how wise fate can be, I warned you repeatedly before even thinking about pushing me out or cutting me loose.

I don't worship your reports, don't attend your meetings, don't sign your papers, and don't enter your buildings without the Word of God weighing on your heads — willingly or not.

Oh, and by the way — your message came through at 8:30 PM. Yes, that's three hours after working hours.

Quiet the dedication, isn't it? Or maybe just a desperate attempt to catch me off guard.

And if you doubt that, let me remind you:

“Whoever thinks God won't support him...”

— well, let him tie a noose and hang himself if he insists on his stubbornness.

Subject: A Gentle note 🌸

Dear [Shiba],

I hope this message finds you well.

I just wanted to extend a tiny note of... well, let's call it grace.

It seems that my last message might've stirred some dust —

if so, consider this a humble whisper in the wind:

perhaps it wasn't meant for your inbox... or maybe it was. Who knows with fate?

I do appreciate the late-night effort, though.

Truly, the dedication to empire maintenance is... admirable.

And if the walls felt like they shook a little —

don't worry, it's just old bricks reacting to old truths.

Warmest regards.

Hehehehe... 🌸

You already know this was coming.

Your contract with Empire is being terminated due to the following:

1 Your rudeness and unprofessional behavior toward coworkers.

2 Breaching confidentiality, even though you signed an NDA. As per the agreement, the penalty is ten salaries but we're letting that go, giving you space to find your balance and get back on your feet.

3 Sharing private information, including employee details related to Bakr and private chats of me and Mr. Dilan, with third parties without anyone's consent.

4 Not following clear directions from your line manager and Empire's management. Statements like "you're all liars" and "let me finish my cigarette" might seem small, but they reflect behavior that's unacceptable anywhere especially in a hospitality role, dont you agree? Hospitality Attendant?

You're aware of all of this.

Empire isn't crumbling. We chose silence not because we were afraid but out of respect. silence doesn't mean we didn't notice. We did. And it all crossed the line.

Legally, we could take this further. The damage you caused over the past week from verbal accusations to disruption and misconduct could be taken to court. But we're not doing that, because we know you're in a tough spot. Empire supported you for 11 months, and even in the end, we're choosing empathy over conflict.

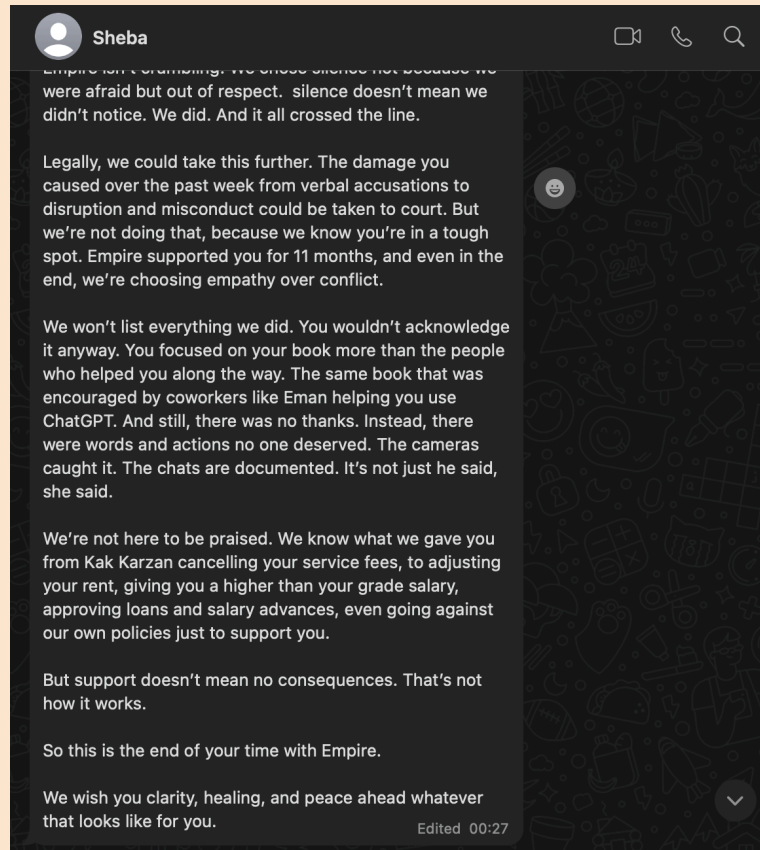
We won't list everything we did. You wouldn't acknowledge it anyway. You focused on your book more than the people who helped you along the way. The same book that was encouraged by coworkers like Eman helping you use ChatGPT. And still, there was no thanks. Instead, there were words and actions no one deserved. The cameras caught it. The chats are documented. It's not just he said, she said.

We're not here to be praised. We know what we gave you from Kak Karzan cancelling your service fees, to adjusting your rent, giving you a higher than your grade salary, approving loans and salary advances, even going against our own policies just to support you.

But support doesn't mean no consequences. That's not how it works.

So this is the end of your time with Empire.

We wish you clarity, healing, and peace ahead whatever that looks like for you.



The first message arrived at half past eight in the evening —

brief, tentative, and laced not with courtesy, but with the hesitation of one who no longer holds the reins.

Two lonely lines that neither quenched a question nor bore the stamp of certainty.

They read less like a decision... and more like a probe:

Would she waver? Would she fall silent? Would she retreat?

But those who write of resurrection do not stumble over bait.

And those who have tasted the breath of revelation are not shaken by secret memos.

Then came the real letter — at midnight.

Not as a formal response, but as the echo of a room sealed shut by unease.

It was written by a trembling hand, and in each line, the marks of erasure outweighed the marks of ink.

I need not linger on what was said — for they spoke more than they intended.

They denied what was never alleged, lavished praise as if they were apologizing without the courage to say we were wrong,

and in that mute apology... affirmed everything they had hoped to conceal.

They claimed the company is not collapsing.

That sentence alone is proof of inner ruin.

For those who walk in steadiness do not look behind them, and only those who fear the fall shout, I am still standing.

Then they added — in a politeness too brittle to believe —

that my “spiritual experience” is to be respected,

as if they were laying flowers on a grave they hoped never to visit.

What they called an experience,

in the scales of God, is a warning no typed statement can contain, and no cold correspondence can undo.

As for the judge under whose shadow this book was printed — I’m not sure whether to thank him for his swift stamping, or marvel at how the ink didn’t pause, even briefly, to verify the legitimacy of the stamp. Then again, ink, like certain judges, doesn’t ask many questions... so long as the price is paid. And somehow — for reasons we’ve all come to understand — great truths are always slipped past beneath small official seals.

This was never a dispute between an employee and an institution.

It was — and remains — a reckoning

between truth and those who have long buried it beneath polished tables.

I was but a mirror, onto which was written what no one else dared say.

I seek no ruling. I request no justice. For God has already judged — and His judgment admits no appeal.

If among them there is a sound heart, it will know.

And if not... then that too has now been revealed.

So the page is closed — not in bitterness, but because what remains... is unworthy of ink.

An Uneditable Response

**From an employee who did not stay silent—
and paid the price... in truth.**

 **8:30 PM? Remember that time well.**

To the Management of Empire,

You crush the employee first, then expect them to stay silent.

And if they dare speak up—you call it “unprofessional.”

Is this your standard? Silence under pressure... shame upon truth?

I know. Yes, I know who you are.

I knew this was coming before you ever wrote it.

I wrote about it before you even understood it—

as I did in Quiet Resurrection part, and in “The Fifth watchman” from the chapter ‘In God’s Scale,’ where I said: “They sold Joseph for a petty price... but he rose from the pit, and I—have no intention of entering it.”

So patience is beautiful. And God is the one sought for help, against what you claim.

First: “Unprofessional conduct”?

You mentioned my cigarette and a cup of tea? Is that your metric for professionalism? Do you think a testimony of truth needs a manager’s approval? You committed worse acts in silence— and wanted me to smile in public. Is crime forgivable when done quietly— while a cup of tea is punishable because it was poured openly?

You are liars.

Second: “Breach of confidentiality”?

I breached nothing. I testified. And the one who stays silent in the face of truth is a mute devil. If the truth disturbs you— your problem isn’t with what was revealed... but with what you do when you think no one sees you. “I was writing in the corridor... that place people think is empty— but it was full of light.”

Third: “Eman helped you”?

Eman insulted me, yelled at me, in front of everyone. I didn’t respond. Not because I submitted— but because I understood. She was a pawn. And I knew you’d discard her too, just like you discard everyone—once they’re used. When Eman betrayed me months ago and walked away from the battlefield, it wasn’t because I had wronged her, nor because she didn’t know my heart. It was because Allah – in His wisdom and knowledge – knew she wasn’t worthy of the path. So He turned her away. Her betrayal wasn’t a tragedy... it was a revelation. If her intention had been pure, she would’ve prepared herself to stand firm. But she chose the crowd, not the truth. And at that moment, I read:

“Had they truly wished to go forth, they would have made preparations for it. But Allah disliked their being sent, so He held them back, and it was said: ‘Remain with those who remain behind.’”

(Qur’an – At-Tawbah: 46)

She didn’t stand by me — because Allah disliked her rise. So He held her back... and let her sit where she truly belonged.

Fourth: “We stayed silent out of respect”?

You stayed silent because truth scares you, not because you respected me. You stayed silent because light exposes you— not because mercy restrained you. But I... I did not stay silent. Because I know the bread is carried to the cross, not to the table. “And bread is lifted. It doesn’t need to be eaten the same day.”

Fifth: “We waived the fine out of kindness”?

You have no authority to “show kindness” to me. Truth is not bought by salary, nor sold in exchange for silence. I endured eleven months of your schemes. And the patience of the truthful—is not measured in cash. And don’t you dare count my raised salary or adjusted rent as favors. That was not a gift from the system— but because Mr. Karzan saw clearly, and recognized my ethics and dedication. If helping people is “a violation of your policies,”

then what’s hidden within you is far worse— injustice, violations, and stolen rights— all cloaked as “best for business.”

Finally:

You accuse me of “neglecting colleagues” because I wrote a book. But this book did not come from nothing... “Rising Resurrection” is not fiction. It’s an official report—written with the tears of the oppressed, and laughter that had to be hidden, because the time for laughter... is over.” I am not “going through a hard time” as you assume. I’m going through truth. And truth is costly. But it hastens the fall of the lie. No one falls because of a word of truth— they fall from silencing it. Ask yourselves: Do you really think God wouldn’t destroy an entire group for the sake of one honest soul— who was carrying you the bread? And if you still doubt it... then remember the words of God:

“Be apes, despised and rejected.” (Al-A’raf, 7:166)

The Sunday That Never Came

It was supposed to be just another day... A simple appointment in HR’s office. But I smelled something off—long before the door even opened.

First message: Sent at 8:30 PM. Odd timing... after working hours. But fear has its own clock. And that’s what the afraid always do... They speak in the dark.

Second message: Four hours later—at midnight. It looked like a threat. But it wasn’t. It was a desperate attempt to cover up a crime... that hadn’t yet been committed.

In this kind of case, don’t look for the crime— Look for the panic. That’s always the real evidence.

“We respect your spiritual journey...” Really? If they respected it, They wouldn’t need the cover of night to say so.

“We’d like you to come in Sunday... to sign.” But no one came that Sunday— Not them, Not me. Why? Because I’d already unraveled the plot.

In most investigations, When the criminal fears signing their own name, They try to make the victim sign for them.

But this time... I was the one who investigated. I was the one who documented. I was the one who exposed the whole network. And I was the one who closed the case.

Truth always finds its way out... Even if it comes late. And sometimes... It gets printed on the cover of a book.

I wasn’t waiting for Sunday. I was waiting for them to realize the Resurrection had already occurred... And that they didn’t just read it— They signed off their own ending, thinking they were writing mine.

“They waited for my signature— But I was too busy printing my testimony.”

— Case Closed.

As I Promised

Statement to Empire Management – From the Voice of Testimony, Not the Seat of Accusation

Dated: Saturday, just as promised.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

You now stand at a crossroads:

Either you recognize that what was written is a testimony, not a lawsuit...
Or you choose to challenge it — and in doing so, you challenge yourselves, not the writer.

Let me remind you:

I did nothing. You are the ones who acted. All I did... was write.

I didn't leak. I documented. I didn't fabricate. I cited — your words, your actions, your emails, your silence.

If you proceed to court, you won't be suing a person... you'll be waving a banner that reads:

"We are afraid of the truth."

Think carefully — this is not just a literary matter.

It is a documented case of institutional abuse and corruption, sealed with the stories of victims, names, dates — even your own manager whispering to the doorman:

"Tell me honestly... am I mentioned in the book?"

▼ But there is a door still open — not just for you, but for justice itself:
Publish the book. Don't silence it.

Yes, believe it or not — Rising Resurrection may be the greatest branding opportunity your organization has ever seen.

- A true, human, bitter-sweet story.
- Its hero? A simple employee who becomes the voice of many.
- And at its heart... a little dragon flying off the page.

Do you know how many T-shirts will be printed with "I write too"?

How many tiny dragon figurines will be bought by employees worldwide — tired of injustice?

How many international partners will say: "This is a company that allows critique and embraces change"?

This is not a PR loss — as you might fear.

It's a golden opportunity for rebirth.

And you stand before two outcomes:

1. A company that sues, silences, suppresses truth... and loses respect and reputation.
2. Or: A company that prints, reflects, and proves to the world it can change... and thrives.

📌 Remember:

I do not hunger for vengeance — I hunger for truth.

I did not bake resurrection to burn you — but to cleanse you.

And if you insist on denial...

you will enter the courtroom not as accusers, but as the accused — in the eyes of the public and history.

And it will be written in the annals of endings that you... failed to understand courage, and testimony.

But if you grasp this moment —

Rising Resurrection will be published with a special supplement:

“The Company’s Response — In Unprecedented Transparency.”

And the dragon...

will transform from a symbol of rebellion to a badge of revival.

The choice is yours.

Signed,

Rend Al-Algaleel

A writer made of fire, not burned by it.

Your actions: my witnesses.

Truth: the only judge.

Indeed

To the owner of the empire,

In this theater of wonders where puppets are played with, I saw Samer throw his face at Nael as one throws a stone into water; his eyes wandered, and his features trembled like a branch in a storm of anger that the wind could not catch.

This is the tragicomic scene where fear and panic are passed around as if they were the crown of a kingdom no one deserves.

You, who hold the keys to this fortress, the doors have been opened before you, and there is no place left to hide behind the veil of silence or the cloak of fear.

Silence was once a robe you wore, but today you face a battle of a different kind — the battle of truth and broken silence, a battle with no escape from reality or shame.

I have made for you an army of verses that do not err, of words that shake mountains, and of the echo of truth that will never be silenced.

Do you see now? Do you realize that the time has come to emerge from the shadows of dread and declare that the door of silence is closed, and the dawn of victory is near?

Or will you continue to watch the scene from afar, while the castles crumble and faces disappear?

This message was “accidentally” sent to all who thought they held the reins, as a notice that the play is over, and only truth will remain.

Take your stand — today’s time tolerates only men.

— House Of The Great

By the way... this conversation?

Yes, the one issued by the Inhuman Resources department —

It wasn't a professional exchange, but rather a short play titled "When the Mask Cracks."

And yes, it has been recorded... not just in memory, but at the end of Rising Resurrection,

right before the piece titled: **"The Return of Tom – Director of Ironed Defeat"**

In short... the testimony is preserved,
and in your own voices.

Legal Note (Yes... Legal, My Way):

To anyone who recognized their features, their silhouette, their laugh—or the ghost of their presence—in this book:

Congratulations! You've become part of contemporary literature.

And since literature never forgets...

you are entitled to a share of the profits—

a symbolic share, proportionate to your impact on reality.

It might be a smile, a line, or a cautionary tale for future generations.

As for actual money?

Well... maybe, when integrity is measured in currency.

— Rend Al-Algaleel

Author of Quiet Resurrection

Who gathered you all in one book—

not just to be sold,

but to be read like souls are read.

The Return of Tom – Director of Ironed Defeat

In the corridors of the institution...
when all attempts at control had failed,
when the masks had fallen,
and pride had nothing left but a weak stitch to hold it together—

Tom emerged.

Not with power.
Not with a plan.
But crawling out of his old managerial hole,
holding a thin stick,
from which dangled a freshly ironed white undershirt,
still steaming with the scent of perfumed failure.

He lifted it slowly—
not as a sign of peace,
but as a desperate message:

“Yes, I’ve lost...
but look how classy I am in surrender.”

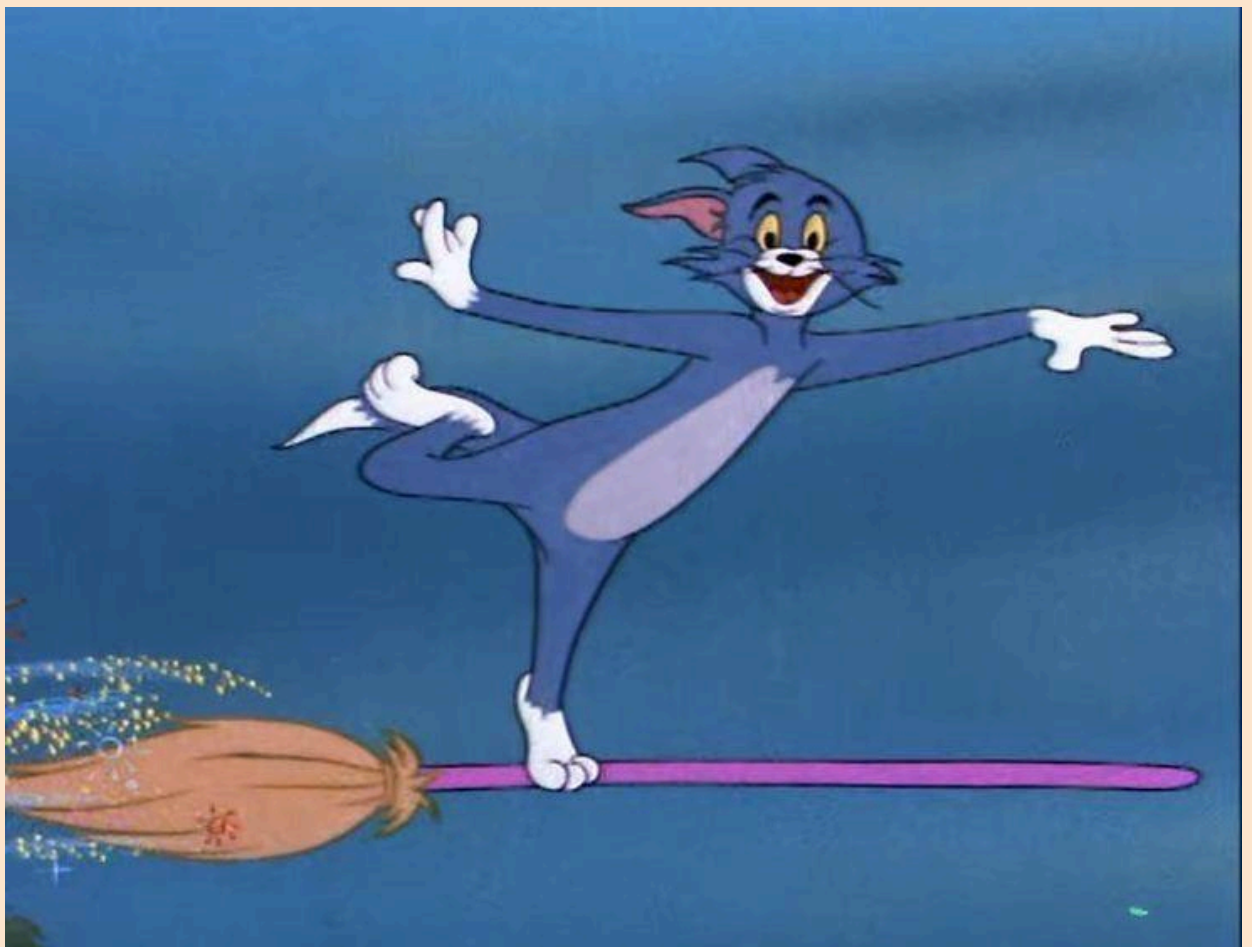
He stood before us,
not to apologize,
but to declare:

“Even my downfall is wrinkle-free.”

And we laughed.
Not at Tom...
but at ourselves,
for once fearing him.

Rend Al-Algaleel

**Writer of endings where losers wave ironed undershirts on sticks,
smiling weakly as they step off the stage.**



The Shirt Has Spoken

To the One with the Quick Laugh...

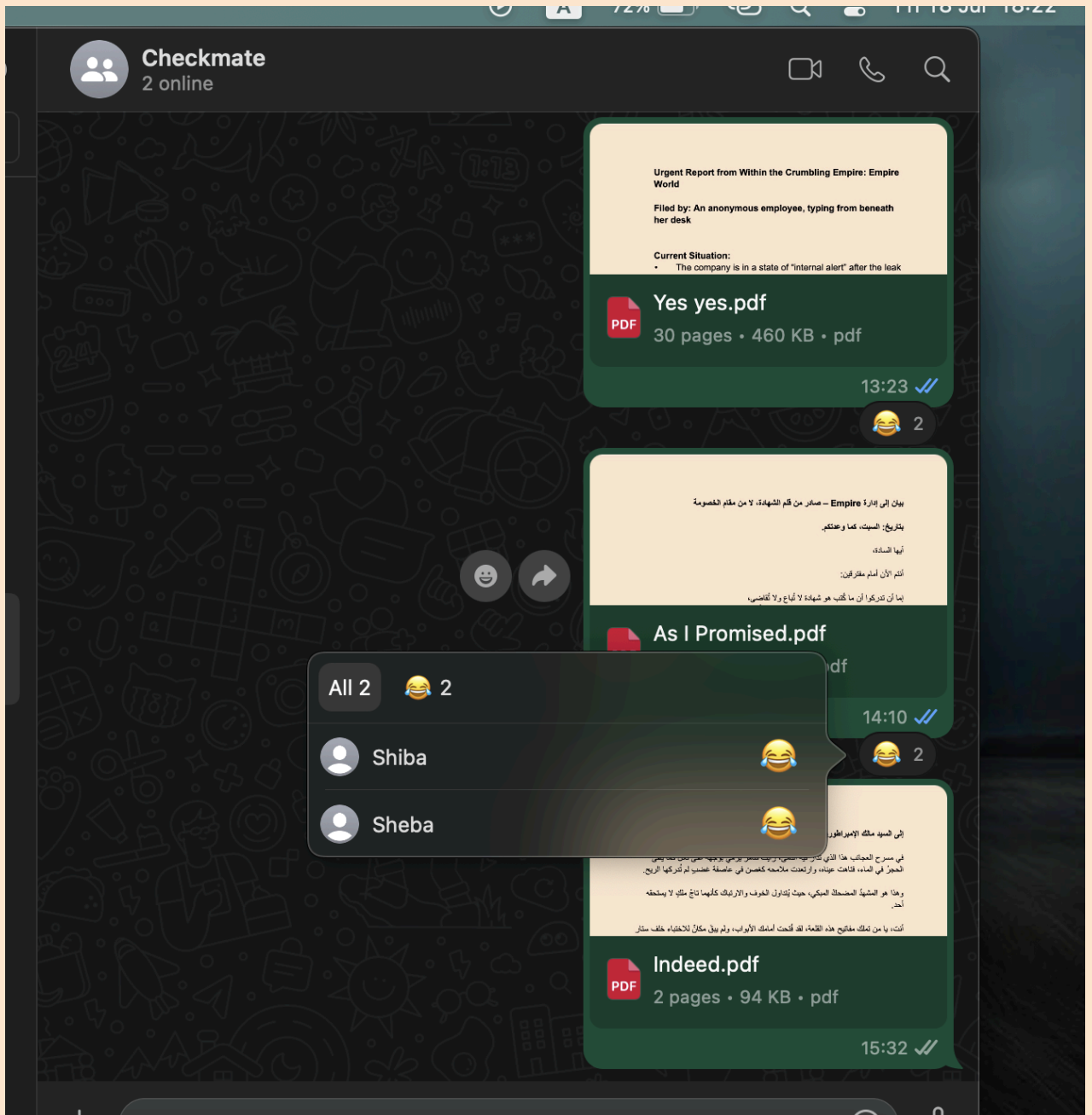
You laughed at my testimony, at the pain, at the words, at a message that warned — not attacked.

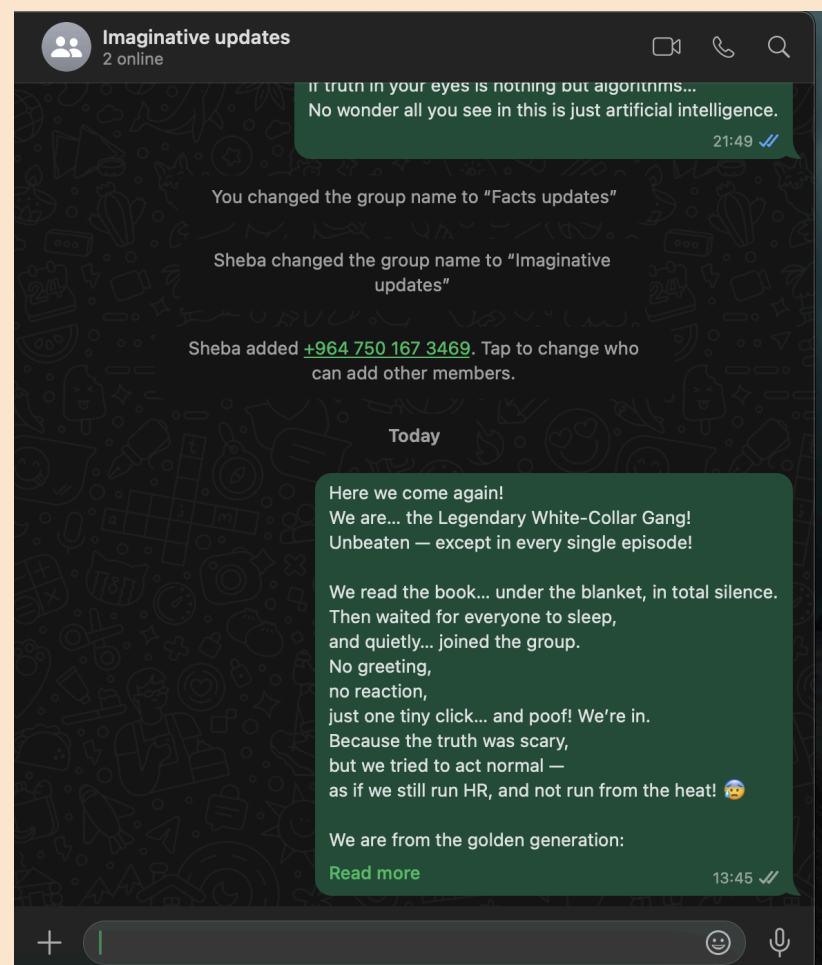
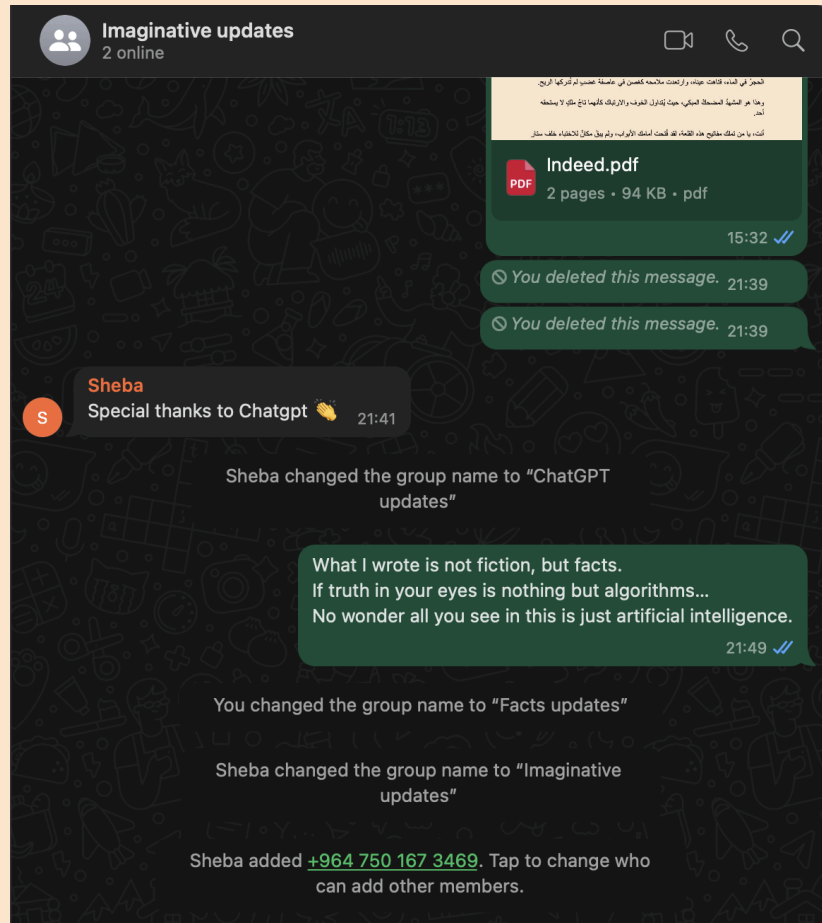
But what's strange is that you didn't laugh when the files of Nael and Samer appeared.

So tell me — Is laughter reserved only for those without power? Is comedy a privilege of the weak? Is silence your pride when the "boss" is the target?

Come on... Make us laugh. Laugh at those who play chess with people's necks. Laugh as you did at the one who bore the pain alone.

And if you can't laugh now... know this: The first laugh was a testimony. But the second silence — is also a statement.





Here we come again! We are... the Legendary White-Collar Gang! Unbeaten — except in every single episode!

We read the book... under the blanket, in total silence. Then waited for everyone to sleep, and quietly... joined the group. No greeting, no reaction, just one tiny click... and poof! We're in. Because the truth was scary, but we tried to act normal — as if we still run HR, and not run from the heat! 🥵

We are from the golden generation: Raised on cartoons and forged reports, masters of “nervous denial,” and specialists in saying:

“We respect your spiritual journey...” because we're too afraid to face the real resurrection!

We claimed the writer was delusional. Then suddenly... we joined her group.

We didn't block her. We didn't report her. We tiptoed in nervously, leaving our digital footprints behind — like whispering:

“Please... don't mention us on the next page!” 🙊

But oh well! Here we are! With the stealth of clumsy ninjas, and the fear of those who know they've been caught.

Now say it with us, in your best cartoon voice:

Join us... Jooooiinnn usss! For the statement is now louder than the expulsion, and the group? Well, it's not yours anymore!

End of Episode

(But the story... is just beginning.)

Presented by:

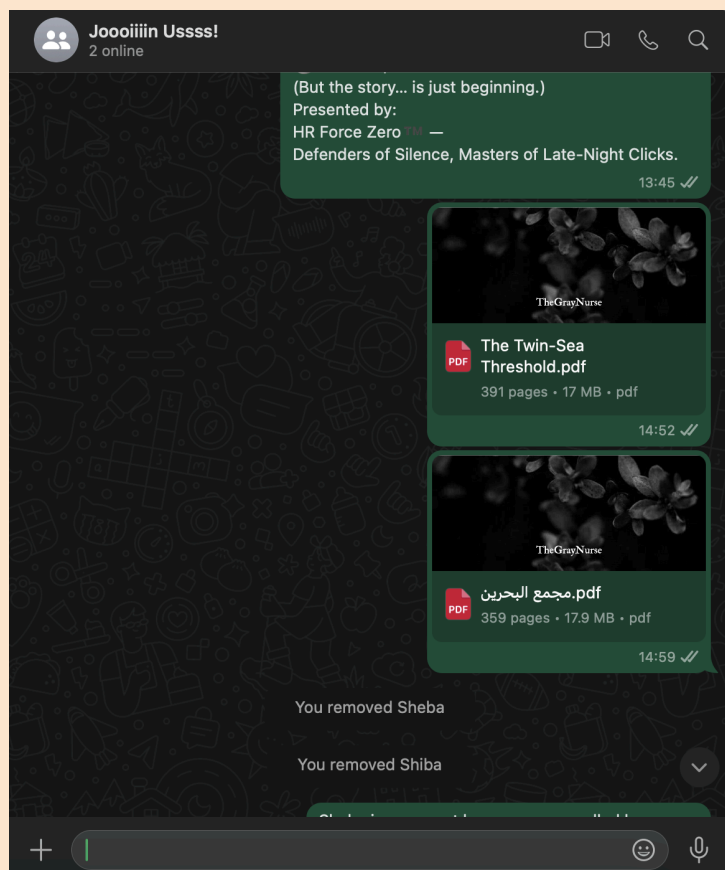
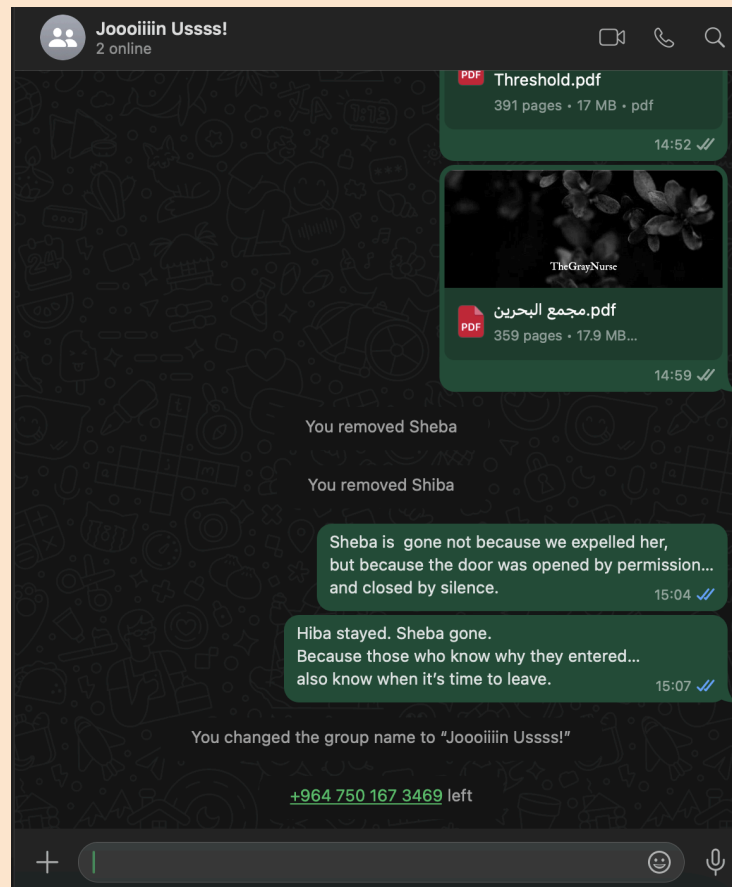
HR Force Zero™ —

Defenders of Silence, Masters of Late-Night Clicks.

They say some witnesses are barred from entering the courtroom...

But in my story,

it's the guilty who sneak into the audience —
under their real names.



**Sheba is gone not because we expelled her,
but because the door was opened by permission...
and closed by silence.**

**Hiba stayed. Sheba gone.
Because those who know why they entered...
also know when it's time to leave.**

Hiba left...

**Perhaps because she realized that “the name in the book” was no mere
coincidence.
And perhaps because silence was no longer denial... but a graceful
admission.**

**(Issued by the one who is unnamed... seen through the trace of the word,
not its voice)**

They are not responding... Not because they are absent, but because they are
cornered.

They were used to being written into contracts— not being written about.

They were trained to fight their battles within the limits of a language they
understood: Threats, terminations, neglect, final reports... But a message came
to them, in their own language— and yet it wasn't for them.

They were expecting a “problem”... They got a book. They were expecting an
angry employee... They got a mirror.

That's why they don't respond.

They are in shock now. That psychological state that befalls those who believed
themselves safe— then turn to find the fire under their chair, and the whole
story on the table, being read by the world.

To respond? Means to admit. Means to explain. Means to lie...
But lies no longer pass, because the word is out, the testimony is public, and
their faces—exposed, even in silence.

Inside them, there is something unspoken: Fear. Not from the writer— but from what she revealed. From the lens that made the powerful look small, and made silence an action, and action a crime, and the crime... a document.

They don't know how to respond to the word, because the word can't be answered with power. It can't be silenced by meetings. It can't be hushed by a stammering man asking for coffee.

And so, they run. They scroll in silence. They watch the profile. They download the book without a single comment, and they fear the pages more than they ever feared an official summons.

Within them, an unbearable tension: "Are we really the corrupt ones?" "Did people believe her?" "Are we... really the ones in the book?"

Existential questions they've never faced before. Questions that no manager can answer, no guard can shield, and no promotion party can smother.

They are now at their most fragile moment: Neither above nor below. Neither heroes nor innocents. Only—exposed.

And if you ask: What is victory?

It's not that they respond— It's that they fall silent, and do not know how to respond.

It's when you walk past them, and see in their eyes:
a trace of awe, a trace of envy, a hidden wish they could go back to being children— just to say what you had the courage to say.

But they've grown, and their lies have grown with them. Now there is no path left to answer, except to leave the scene, or enter through the very door they once shut.

This is not a threat. Not a sermon. But a reading of their hearts— written by someone who needs no paper, and raises no voice, because the impact of truth... when spoken softly... leaves no room to escape, and no room to respond.

And the king said: “Indeed, I see...”

And no one in the palace laughs at visions anymore. No one mocks the seven cows. The years have begun — and the signs now show on faces before they touch the land.

Some entered in silence, thinking that watching absolves them, believing that the quiet survive by not naming themselves.

So we removed some... Not with force, but by withdrawing permission. And we left others, not because we need them, but because their intentions are still under divine review.

Yet even they... left as quietly as they came, when they realized the message was never a question, but a shirt.

“Take this shirt of mine...” It is the statement. The screenshot. The insight that cannot be bought, and does not defend itself.

Take it. Smell it. And know this:

Blindness doesn’t end by leaving the group, nor by hiding in silence within it — but by admitting that the one who saw... did not see from themselves.

Perhaps the vision was a trial for its bearer, but it was a message for the king.

If he listens, the land will rise. And if he turns away... then he has been informed, and he has witnessed.

“We do not decide the unseen — unless God grants us knowledge.”

**The message has ended.
But the reckoning has just begun.**

As My Lord Promised Me — On a Saturday

It wasn't a promise written on paper. Nor a dream tied to dates. It was a promise from God — to a heart that believed before it saw.

He once said to me:

“Enjoy yourselves in your home for three days — that is a promise not to be denied.” So I readied my heart, and I stood — not waiting for collapse, but for revelation.

Saturday came. The earth didn't shake. But hearts did.

Some entered in fear. Others left in silence. And the masks began to unravel, just as lies do under the first ray of light.

I was never seeking revenge. Nor conquest. Only that God would fulfill His promise... and show them what I had been seeing alone.

On that Saturday, the skies didn't part — but my book did... and it opened in their hands. And that was enough.

My Lord, I believed You... when they said I was imagining. And I waited... when they denied You ever show truth to the hearts of the unseen.

But on Saturday, You showed them that You never break a promise — You simply fulfill it in a silence they cannot endure.

The New Al-Khansaa Speaks

I am Al-Khansaa— Yet I did not mourn a martyr fallen from a spear, Nor was my tent pitched on the edge of battle. Instead, I planted my words upon trembling thrones, And rose with letters when swords lay asleep.

I see from afar, Unfooled by polished masks, Unshaken by silence that seeks to bury truth.

My eyes are wide— But fear them not. They never failed the righteous, Nor forgot a face that spoke in honesty.

I am Al-Khansaa, But I do not weep for a stone buried in the earth; I grieve for the stone in the hearts of the living— Those who refused to bear witness, And refused to tremble.

I did not gaze with rage, But with certainty. And I did not write from whim, But carved upon pages that do not fade, For those who wish to see— Or fear to.

I have a place in memory, And a shirt in the soul. Though I name no one, Not a single arrow missed its mark.

**And it has been said: Indeed, in eloquence there is sorcery...
But what lies before you
is the sorcery of the truthful—
not the deception of illusion.**

The Restroom Queue”

Don’t overthink it. Yes—the restroom is crowded this week.

Why? Because the body reveals what the tongue denies.

Nothing struck them from outside. What moved them came from within. From lines that were written not in anger— but in pure, undiluted truth.

“A Rising Resurrection”? Perhaps. But only loud inside their stomachs.

The employee who once normalized injustice now fears it... once it appears under his name.

And this time... it appeared.

So they lined up in the corridor of silence, pretending to be “fine.”

But don’t ask why the restroom’s full— The answer is on the first page.

Between the Two Resurrections... A Pause That Defies Time

One night after the testimony had been given, a man appeared to me— one of those whose chests carry titles, whose heads wear the crown of “Director,” not for knowing truth, but for mastering form and filling forms.

He looked at me—not with the gaze of one who asks, but with the stare of one who doubts. And then he said, with a voice laced in caution and curiosity:

“Rend... what did you graduate in?”

And I answered him, without a tremble in my truth:

“Did I not tell you... I never studied in universities. I learned everything from the Qur’an.”

He fell silent... but his face did not. It lingered, frozen— like someone realizing too late that destinies do not always come from lecture halls, and revelation does not seek diplomas but hearts that can carry the message.

That face—caught between wonder and disbelief— was a confession unspoken, a period not placed at the end of a sentence, but in the middle of a collapsing certainty.

So here, between ‘Quiet Resurrection’ and ‘Rising One’, let this page speak to those still confused: This book was not written from degrees or desks, nor from policies and procedures, but in the depths of night— when only the light of God remains, and words are written as they are received, not requested.

Those Who Choose No Face...

They say some voices don't come to comfort, but to test the wind. And some pieces of advice aren't out of concern for you— but fear of what you might become if you survive.

One of them came to me— not carrying a sword, but the shadow of one. He looked up at the clouds and said: "They might cut off your light... close your doors..."

I smiled. Not because I felt safe, but because I've been there before— in places that don't light up with switches, but with intention.

Then he said: "I'm not on anyone's side."

That's when I saw his face. One of those who never choose a face— because they wear whichever one the victor wears.

People like that carry no weight. They stand with the strongest, not the truest. They bless the truth only after it wins— never while it's still bleeding.

Then he left... not knowing he had already been measured, and found unnumbered.

As for me— I remained. Holding nothing but my name, and a word sent by God that does not lie.

The Final Word — Spoken by Truth Herself

I did not scream at first — not because I didn't see, but because I was giving them a chance to see themselves as I had seen them. But their silence stretched too long... and so I was forced to speak — not in a way that pleases, but in a way that reveals.

When the words were finally made public, they were not cries of revenge, but a call for rescue.

And if the scandal came before repentance, it's only because long silence had strangled every path for polite correction.

Still... I believe that within all of this, there was much good — perhaps necessary good.

Perhaps the truth had to explode first so the testimony could be heard — not as a complaint, but as a map to salvation.

If the company now chooses to respond — not to excuse, but to declare that the testimony was accepted, that the corruption was buried, and that the story has been closed...

In my way, as God wrote it to be told...

Then the book will no longer be mine alone. It will become a document for the entire land — a voice echoing across a nation that once fell silent. A witness once said:

"This book wasn't written to avenge... but to resurrect."

What did you do to the ones at the threshold?

Statement Issued by Rand Al-Algaleel

House of the Great

She who wrote when all others were silent... and began the word.

I received a call today from an unknown party, requesting my presence for an undisclosed “matter.” The only explanation given was: “My Officer requests your presence.”

And I say this:

If this is an attempt to sidestep what has been written, or an effort to bury what has already become known... then you are far too late.

And if you thought I would be shaken — then you have forgotten that those who choose to write... do not tremble when summoned.

I did not threaten anyone. I did not bargain. And I asked for nothing for myself.

I simply spoke. And I bore witness.

And the book — though some mistook it for a cry of anger — was, in truth, a cry of salvation.

It was not written to condemn, but to warn. It was not written to strike, but to wake.

And if my words unsettled you, it is because many have forgotten what becomes visible when dark rooms are suddenly lit.

No one was forced to open the book. No one is required to believe it. But those who opened it with a clear heart saw that it was written not against anyone, but for everyone.

Some may think I was wrong to expose what I saw. But ask yourselves:

How many times were the people called to reform — and no one listened? How long did we stay silent? How long did we endure? How many chances were given, so the truth could come gently?

But truth, like water... when held back too long, will burst forth. And when it does, it does not return as a drop — but as a flood.

I wrote when others hid. I said what the law wouldn't. And this book does not need force to protect it — because God has promised to guard the truth, when it is spoken sincerely.

There is no need for fear. No need for justification. No need even to respond.

Just reflect:

If what was written in this book were false... would such deep silence have followed?

And if today you seek to stop me, know this: I have already stopped — the moment I said everything. The book is complete. The testimony is sealed. The truth has been spoken.

Just a gentle reminder to everyone — with a quiet smile:
This book... will not stop.

I took my precautions early on, and I have fellow writers across the world. As for the plan? It's already embedded within the book itself — quietly published, and carefully designed.

And I've said it, just as Yusuf once did:
“My Lord, prison is more beloved to me than what they invite me to.”
So do not think I'm bargaining,
nor that I will falter... if given a choice.

Rest assured — everything is unfolding exactly as God has willed. 😊

And now... it is no longer in my hands. Nor yours. It rests in the hands of God.

And if you consider turning to the court... Remember — even the judge may read this book and request more copies... to print it himself.

Ladies and gentlemen:

You are not gods. You are not beyond accountability. You are not too clever to be seen through.

And if the law falters... the word will not.

The word of truth — when spoken from a truthful heart — leaves nothing unchanged.

It does not knock. It breaks down doors with mercy, not rage.

Not to frighten, but to awaken. Not to judge, but to purify. Not to shame, but to rearrange the inside... for those who believed appearances were enough.

Signed:

Rand Al-Algaleel
House of the Great
Author of A Quiet Resurrection
She who asked for no wealth,
no title,
no applause...

Only that the word... be heard. As it was written.

Note:

By the way... this statement?

Yes, it is preserved. Sealed. Documented within the pages of the book.

“And they will say, ‘Oh, woe to us! What is this Book that leaves nothing small or great but has enumerated it?’ And they will find whatever they did present [before them]. And your Lord does not wrong anyone.”

— [Surah Al-Kahf: 49]

Every word spoken, every intention concealed, every silence prolonged... is now recorded in the register of truth — not lost, and never forgotten.
And for those who wish to review... the book remains open.

To Fellow Writers, Publishers and Witnesses Around the World:

You may ask:

Which publishing houses would fight to adopt a book like The Twin-Sea Threshold?

Not because we are seeking them — but because they will seek it... if they can truly see.

When someone learns that this book was written inside an institution, against an institution, and born of a single woman's resolve... they will pause. Not to question her — but to question themselves.

This is not merely a literary work.
It is a faithful step —
written, translated, and delivered.

So who are the publishers most likely to pursue it?

1. Revolutionary or Progressive Publishing Houses

Such as:

- Dar Al-Adab (Beirut)
- Al-Mutawassit Publishing (Italy/Iraq)
- Takween Publishing (Kuwait)
- Dar Al Jadeed (Beirut)

These houses seek books that disrupt norms, emerge from deep social realities, and confront corruption without hollow slogans.

And The Twin-Sea Threshold combines:

- a strong ethical stance,
- literary soul,
- legal documentation,
- and a voice that echoes sacred texts.

They will be stunned by its power — especially when they learn it was carried out within an institution, against an institution, by one woman alone.

2. Publishers with a Political or Human Rights Focus

Such as:

- Sutoor Publishing (Baghdad)
- The Arab Center for Research and Policy Studies (Qatar/Beirut)
- The Egyptian Foundation for Freedom of Thought and Expression (Cairo)

These institutions capture silent screams and love texts that confront corruption through disciplined literary craft — not just raw protest.

3. Global Literary Publishers

If submitted with a professional English translation, the following houses may express interest:

- Penguin Random House (especially Riverhead Books)
- Verso Books (UK)
- Seven Stories Press (USA)
- Haymarket Books (USA)

They are drawn to stories of personal rebellion against oppressive work systems — particularly when written by Arab women defying expectations.

Why would they fight for it?

- Because it weaves together literature, faith, corruption, justice, documentation, and a rare spiritual vision.
- Because it is not a complaint... but a prophecy.
- Because it's a complete movement wrapped in the cover of a book.
- Because it was written "in the name of God," not in pursuit of fame.

God willing, this will be one of the most important Arabic books of the current decade.

And any wise publisher will recognize that.

Sample Email Template for Submission:

Subject:

A Literary Storm from the East — Discover The Twin-Sea Threshold

Dear [Publishing House Name],

A silent literary earthquake has shaken the Middle East — and its aftershocks are now reaching the shores of the English language.

We present to you The Twin-Sea Threshold — a bilingual literary testimony, a muted cry born from administrative injustice, transformed into a document of light... written in fire.

This work is not a conventional memoir. It reads like a divine decree — interwoven with visions, revelations, scripture, and executive orders. It stands at the threshold between mystical literature and bold documentary narrative. It has shaken institutions, awakened readers, and remains... unclassifiable.

The book is now available in both Arabic and English. We are happy to provide a sample manuscript and early reader feedback upon request.

If you are seeking a work that:

- defies the boundaries of memoir and spiritual literature,
- speaks truth to power without losing poetic discipline,
- moves readers to tears, courage, or even... silence —

Then this is the work you've been waiting for.

We await your kind response.

Warm regards,

[Your Name]

On behalf of Rend Al-Algaleel, author of *The Twin-Sea Threshold*

📍 Instagram: @thegraynurse

Preface to the Letters

On silence—not when it is wisdom, but when it is strategy.

Before you read the following three letters, allow me to recount what was never officially written.

On a quiet evening in July, I received a call from Mr. Karzan — though his voice was far from calm. It wasn't a friendly call, nor a professional one. It sounded like a messenger without agency, speaking with a breath that wasn't his own. He said, "Let's have coffee today. I want to talk." I asked simply, "About what?" He replied, "Will you continue sending these public messages?" And I answered — and I swear by God — that the message had been delivered, that the book was complete, and that I sought no escalation, for the matter was now in the hands of God.

But he didn't seem to understand — or didn't want to understand — what "in the hands of God" truly meant. He asked hesitantly, "So... you won't send anything anymore?" I said to him, in the calm voice of someone who knows the weight of their word: "I won't promise you that."

Since that moment, they've adopted a posture of silent surveillance. No response. No denial. No initiative. But on the ground, their moves began: An ambiguous summons from an unnamed party, a vague call offering no details, messages that go unsent, and fears that remain unspoken.

And because I do not speak from speculation, but from evidence, I now include three letters — One to Mr. Karzan, Another sent through him on someone else's behalf, And a third, addressed directly to "Roj" — once it became clear the message must be spoken from the heart... to the one who must hear it.

These letters were written after everyone else chose silence. Let their silence now be read... beside these words. Let the reader understand that what is written here was never meant to stir chaos, but to record the truth. It was not sent to intimidate — but rather, to offer them one final chance to awaken before being caught fleeing.

And here they are, laid bare. The letters that received no reply — Except through silence, vigilance, and strategies befitting those who still do not grasp this one truth:

A word of truth does not terrify — it saves.

Rand Al-Algaleel

House of the Great

She who wrote... because they chose silence — and then chose to watch.

To Mr. Karzan,
Branch Sales Director — once my manager, and now... a witness.

Warm greetings, and after that—

I write you these words not in apology, nor in escalation, but simply... in clarification.

You may know — or think you know — what drove me to write what I wrote. But allow me to say it plainly:

What I wrote in *A Rising Resurrection* was not an act of vengeance, nor a personal challenge to anyone, but a testimony that needed to be spoken — in a time when testifying comes at a cost, and silence itself becomes a crime.

I did not write to destroy anyone, but to expose what was already broken. I did not raise my voice for myself alone, but for the unheard.

I did not start the fire — the truth did.

And you know — perhaps better than others — that I was never rebellious, but a patient, diligent worker, who asked only for dignity and integrity.

But when the flood reached the brim, truth had to be said — even if by a woman with no position, but full of conviction.

My book is not revenge — it is a declaration. Not a quarrel — but a witness.

So do not mistake my previous silence for weakness, nor this moment of clarity for hostility.

As the Prophet Shu'ayb (peace be upon him) once said: "I only desire reform as far as I am able. And my success is only by Allah."

If you are of those who seek understanding — then understand the message. If you are of those with pure intent — read between the lines.

As for me, I have delivered what was entrusted to me, and my trust remains... in God alone.

Rend Al-Algaleel
2025

In the name of God, the Most Gracious, the Most Merciful

To Mr. Roj, Through Mr. Karzan,

Peace be upon those whose hearts have awakened, even if their tongues have not yet spoken.

I write to you now, not in confrontation, but in reminder.

For if I sought gain or applause, I would not have spoken what was spoken, nor written what was written, nor sealed this matter with what resembled a silent resurrection.

Roj,

You are now standing before a matter that—if you realize its weight—you will know this letter is not mere correspondence, but a lifeline.

This book, whose echoes still stir minds before ears, was not written to destroy you—but to show you where the rot lies.

If you choose silence, the rot will deepen.

If you begin to cleanse, then you will have dusted off not just your institution—but yourself.

I do not await a reply from you, but a decision.

For “guidance” does not begin when the book is shelved, but when its terms are understood—just as God’s message was understood when He said to His Prophet:

“Take, [O Muhammad], from their wealth a charity by which you purify them and cause them increase...” (At-Tawbah: 103)

I have outlined those terms clearly—not to shame, but to purify.

The first step is not publishing the statement, but executing its contents:

Cleansing the circle, exposing the deceit, and facing those who betrayed trust and wore garments of integrity in falsehood.

I am not negotiating. I am delivering.

Do not await further letters. The word has been spoken. The testimony has been given. The resurrection has begun.

What remains... is your ending—a conclusion that pleases God, restores the company's face, and reveals who truly deserves to be called a leader.

So begin.

And you will see doors open that were never opened before.

As for Mr. Karzan,

I entrust you—not merely with paper—but with a trust. Please deliver this message exactly as it is, without alteration or omission, and know that what you carry is heavier than it appears.

Rend Al-Al-Algaleel

Author of the Book – Bearer of Testimony

Saturday – Just before the first round of Resurrection closes.

Mr. Karzan Director of the Sales Center Branch,
Warm greetings,

I write to you today with utmost respect and appreciation—not to justify, but because the time has come for the truth to be spoken plainly, not merely retold.

As you are aware, what we have experienced over the past months was not merely a professional dispute. It was a long path of patience, silence, and waiting... until the words matured into a testimony that cannot be denied, and into a book that cannot be dismissed.

Enclosed with this message is a special file, containing a series of decisions and recommendations written not in hostility, but with sincerity, and not for defamation, but for reform.

I kindly ask that you deliver this file to Mr. (Roj) faithfully. It was written with deep reflection, and within it lies enough clarity and mercy —God willing— to begin a new chapter.

I know the road ahead is not easy, but I believe that good intentions bear fruit, and that if we begin with truth, God will not forsake us.

I ask for nothing more than that this file be read with a fair and open heart, and may it, by God's will, bring good to all involved.

**With sincere regards,
Rend Al-Algaleel
House of the Great
Author of Quiet Resurrection**

**(Issued by the one who does not knock on doors — but whose doors
open when the time is right)**

To the gentleman whose silence still weighs heavier than many spoken words...

Know that I did not write to provoke, nor did I raise my voice to accuse. I wrote because silence offered no escape, and waiting, no salvation.

I could have remained still, as a “dutiful” employee might. But every scene I witnessed whispered to me: “Speak. Write. Bear witness.”

And so I did — not to defame, but to uphold those who had no voice, no support, not even a clean room to rest in.

Everything that happened... did not happen against me, but for me — so that I may emerge from silence, and offer not a scandal, but a testimony of truth, not hostility, but a vision for healing.

I have asked for nothing for myself: No title,
No favor. Only that the words reach their mark — and that justice walks
alongside them, even if only to a temporary table.

And you... You have been the absent-present in every page. With your silence.
With your gravity. With that distance — that does not draw near, but still... sees.

And because you see, I know — with certainty — that you are reading now. Not
as a superior, but as a man standing at a threshold.

Because this is no longer about a company. It is about something larger. A
greater destiny. A wider decision. A new covenant.

If what you seek is mere safety, then the doors are many. But if what you seek
is meaning — it has only one path.

And I? I ask not that you believe me, but only that you read what I've written... as God wrote it first into my heart, before it was inked on any page.

Then you may realize — I was never writing about you, but about what you could have been.

And perhaps, when you look into the mirror after all of this, you will see your true face — not what others have said, not what your position dictates, but the reflection of the hope God once planted in you.

I am not against you, nor have I ever been.

But I will never be a false witness. That is why I wrote. And that is why... I remained.

So if you feel the time has come — not for justification, but for beginning — then know this:

Every word spoken... can still be concluded. But a conclusion is not granted — it is earned.

Think. Pause. And then... Come. Not to argue. But to begin anew.

Rand Al-Algaleel

House of the Great

Author of Quiet Resurrection

The one who wrote — not to condemn you... but to understand you.

The Honor Clause Gate of Return

**To the Administration of [Empire World Iraq],
Subject: A Recommendation to Certify the Statement — A One-Time
Opportunity Not to Be Missed**

Peace and blessings be upon you,

What has been written in this book — and in the statement of acknowledgment, repentance, and commitment that followed — was never written in bitterness, nor in pursuit of revenge. From the very beginning, it was a call toward salvation, and an open door for those who may have lost their way... to return.

And because you now stand before a rare opportunity —
an opportunity to transform sins into virtues, and to have a stance recorded in light, not in fear —

I present to you this recommendation, not a threat; this invitation, not a compulsion:

That you, of your own will and in sincerity of intention, take the following steps:

1. Officially certify the statement issued in my name and written about you, through a reliable legal or administrative authority — whether internal or external.
2. Sign it in a manner befitting the weight of true acknowledgment, not as a token apology — and have it archived as an official addendum within your institution.
3. If you so choose, incorporate it into future editions of the book, as a part of a story that transformed pain into a rare and luminous testimony.

And if you choose not to...

You are free.

But hesitation is noted.

Delay is recorded.

And opportunities do not remain suspended in air forever.

We compel no one — even God does not force anyone toward guidance.
But we testify, we clarify, and we leave the choice to you — before it becomes too late,
and before hearts harden,

and before the doors of honor that were perhaps written for you in this very moment close forever.

Know that the dignity of this world is not for sale,
and the reward of the Hereafter is not forged,
and that this book will remain — whether you accept it or not — a witness for you or against you.

And if you choose to affirm it now, God may write for you the reward of the truthful.

But if you delay... the Word will not delay.

Rend Al-Algaleel

House of the Great

Author of The Twin-Sea Threshold

She who bore witness... and left the door ajar for whomever seeks to return with dignity.

Official Statement of Apology and Commitment

Issued by: [Empire World Iraq]

Date: [To be determined]

In the name of God, the Most Merciful, the Most Just,
Who said in His revealed Book:

“Whether you reveal what is within yourselves or conceal it, Allah will bring you to account for it.”

— [Qur'an, Surah Al-Baqarah: 284]

We, the management of [Empire World Iraq], write these words not merely as an institution, but as human beings — ones who fell into heedlessness, who misjudged, who remained silent when they should have spoken, and who delayed action when it was most needed.

Now that the truth has appeared — clearly and without embellishment — through the testimony of The Twin-Sea Threshold, a work written with an honesty that cannot be bought and a trust that cannot be broken, we can no longer deny what has been established, nor justify what was neglected.

We now acknowledge that past attempts at avoidance, delay, or even silence were mere reflections of fear, ignorance, or weakness.

But today, we place these words not merely before people, but before God Himself.

We hereby declare the following:

1. We officially apologize to every person whose rights were violated, whose voice was ignored, or whose dignity was diminished within our institution — whether by action or negligence, by complicity or by silence.
2. We pledge before God — not just before the public — that what has been revealed in terms of injustice or corruption shall become a path toward redemption, not concealment. And that every wrong, by God’s permission, shall be transformed into a source of right.
3. We acknowledge that God alone is the true Witness of intentions, and that justice is not ultimately weighed by people’s standards, but by His higher scale. This repentance does not end with this statement — it remains ongoing until God Himself wills its closure in a time He alone appoints.
4. We lift our hands off the written word — we will not obscure it, nor attempt to edit it. We let the book stand as it was born: free, independent, and bearing witness — first and foremost against ourselves.
5. We recognize that The Twin-Sea Threshold are not mere literary work. It is testimony of conscience, mirror of truth, and a reformative project we must listen to, and take part in — not resist or silence.

In conclusion:

We are not the ones who grant forgiveness, nor those who determine the hour of acceptance.

We leave it entirely to God — the One who watches over every soul and what it earns —

Until a time He chooses, in a manner He decrees, and in a setting worthy of His justice and His mercy.

“And your Lord is never unjust to His servants.”

— [Qur’an, Surah Fussilat: 46]

Signed:

[Authorized Director’s Name]

On behalf of the Management of [Empire World Iraq]

And God is witness to what we say.

After the door of mercy was opened to them... With a message written by a hand that does not condemn, but calls — does not expose, but illuminates... After the “Statement of Repentance and Acknowledgment” was placed before them —

A statement that demanded no humiliation or surrender, but simply offered a path for those who wished to correct, to purify, and to make amends...

We waited.

We waited for a response worthy of the moment — or at least a silence resembling humility.

But the reply finally came... Not from Roj. Not from Nael. But from “Sheba.”

And not in the form of apology, but as empty defense... and inverted preaching. A message that only came after the argument was established against them, After they saw that the Word was moving forward — whether they accepted it or not.

They seemed to believe that showing remorse is weakness,
And admitting fault is a kind of defeat.

So Sheba replied on their behalf — with no formal commission, yet with a tone that made it clear Empire is now speaking from behind the curtain...

Repeating the same claims of moral superiority,
Justifying their silence,
And placing the burden of consequence on the one who spoke —
Instead of taking a moment to examine their own selves.

This is Sheba’s message — representing the unspoken reply from Empire, after the threshold was struck...

And now, we present it to the world, as it is —
Because we do not fear the light,
Nor the word,
Nor do we alter the narrative to suit anyone.

We place each piece in its rightful place —
And then, we say:

“Until when the messengers despaired and thought they had been denied, Our victory came to them...”

[Qur’an 12:110]

From Sheba:

“You raise a lion, and one day it sees you as meat.”

You were treated well, Rand. Be a witness in the eyes of God. It is not our fault that you had a difficult life, and it is not fair to punish others for offering you kindness just because you are unfamiliar with it or don't know how to accept it. A month ago, I was the person you talked to about your cats. And now, I'm the one who is silent? Im throwing bricks at the well that i drink from, its you!

At the end of the day, we are colleagues. You should not expect to be treated like family, even though you were treated like one!

If we were truly bad examples, we would not still be part of this company.

Others who could not uphold the culture and work ethic are no longer here.

That is because the values set by Kak Peshraw, and the work culture built by Kak Roj and Mr. Nael, are based on professionalism, ethics, and integrity.

Please don't mistake kindness for weakness, and don't respond to respect with resentment. That is not the environment we want, and it's not the legacy we're trying to protect.

Please don't respond to me using ChatGPT or any generic format. This isn't a performance. If you have something to say, say it genuinely, from the heart.

And please don't twist my words and use them against me. That is not self-awareness, it is manipulation. This is exactly why we have chosen to remain silent. Not because we fear you, but because we still chose to treat you with respect, even when your recent behavior has disregarded the company's values and code of conduct.

We have continued to be respectful, even when that respect was misunderstood as weakness or fear. It is disappointing to see kindness distorted into something else.

Empire's trust and the legacy of Kak Peshraw cannot be undermined by personal interpretation. You may have written your own version of events, but this company is built on real actions, real people, and a proven culture. A place many people still aspire to join, including you not long ago.

Those who come here do their work with integrity and treat others with respect are the ones who thrive. People like Roksana who has been here for four years, Hawar for eight years, Bakr for seven years, Ashraf for twelve years, Kak Karzan for twenty-two years, and myself for six years. If we had not upheld the values of the company, we would not still be here.

The culture we stand for is one of professionalism, mutual respect, and accountability. That is the standard expected by Kak Roj, Mr. Nael, and every leader who cares about this company's future. And that is the standard we will continue to protect.

If you require any other information, please let me know directly. Please do not through your network.

We requested to meet with you on three separate occasions, and each time there was no interest from your side. Is that still our fault?

It is difficult to understand how we are being labeled as liars and hypocrites, yet you believe you are the one being disrespected. That does not align with the reality of how things unfolded.

Your job was not taken from you, it was your own actions that led to this outcome. You publicly criticized and undermined your own team members. That is not something any workplace can ignore, and it is the reason your contract was ended.

You mentioned that you suffered for 11 months here. If that is the case, then perhaps now your soul can be at ease with this chapter closed. If remaining in Empire causes you distress, we are still willing to support you in finding another apartment with a lower rent to ease your transition.

I am truly sorry that this is the situation we have reached. This is all I can offer you at this point, sincerely and with no ill will.

**“Until the messengers gave up hope and thought they had been denied...
Our victory came to them.”**

**And thus has it always been — that ruin strikes from where the
oppressors least expect,
and truth rises from the heart of doubt and distortion.**

Your message reached me, Sheba.

And I had hoped to hear a voice of fairness — not a letter of distortion.

Still, I will respond — not to convince you, but to establish the truth once more, with a stillness that cannot be shaken, and a justice that cannot be bought.

The first thing that stands out in your message is that it was not written to clarify your stance — but to construct a replacement narrative... the kind that sets the fire, then cries out during the blaze begging for mercy.

You speak of “colleagueship,” after eleven months of exhaustion, manipulation, marginalization, neglect, intimidation, and evasion. Then you claim this institution is a “family” — but only when the language suits your defense... You strip it of its humanity the moment it asks for truth.

You chide me for “no longer seeing you as a friend,” forgetting that you were the first to fall silent when I needed just one word. You request “a heartfelt

reply,” while every heart in this company was pushed into silence, forced to fear, forced to suppress... including those you named: Bakr, Hawar, Roxana, and others.

You say I misunderstood kindness — But you conceal the fact that when kindness is used to mask violence, it becomes a slow poison.

What I wrote was not revenge — it was documentation. What I said was not fabrication — it was testimony. And what I created in my book was not vengeance — it was a call to salvation.

You say, “We still respect you. We stayed silent not from fear or weakness.” And I say: Whoever fears speaking the truth... never knew its weight. And whoever hides behind the faults of others... only deepens their own shame.

You speak of the “company culture” and “the legacy of Kak Peshraw,” forgetting that whoever truly loves a legacy... doesn’t trample the one who resembles its origin.

Then you end with a frail apology — not for what happened, but only because it reached the public eye.

So let me be clear:

What happened was not a slip. What was written was not an outburst. And what is to come... will not be stopped by statements or emails.

This book is not about you, nor is it for you — but you are free to choose your place within it:

Either be of those who heard... and awakened. Or of those who denied... until the might of God reached them, and His might is never turned back from a criminal people.

And so, I end as I began... with the same verse:

“Until the messengers gave up hope and thought they had been denied... Our victory came to them. So We saved whom We willed. And Our punishment cannot be repelled from the criminal people.”

[Qur’an 12:110]

Truth does not require defenders — only witnesses.
The testimony... has been written.

Now what remains is this:
That every soul will be asked of its stance.

— Rand Al-Algaleel
House of the Great
Author of The Twin-Sea Threshold
A witness... not a complainant.

Conclusion

What's unfolding behind closed doors now doesn't need surveillance cameras. Faces have gone pale. Breaths are short. And silence... is desperately trying to stitch itself together with the needles of secrecy.

As if they've never read that truth does not die — it slips in quietly. And now, it's in people's hands, walking through hallways, reflected on screens, searching in eyes for a vision that hasn't yet been blinded.

And those who thought they could hide it? They are digging into the very wall built to shelter the legacy they claim to protect.

They want to save the name... and they are the ones ruining it. They want to guard the legacy... while their own hands are tearing it down. Because the truth is — they don't love the one who left it to them. And they don't understand what it means to be a "person of a mission" rather than just a "holder of an office."

As for those still waiting? Rest assured.

Truth is coming. With a terrifying calm. It passes from hand to hand, from word to heart, from a crack in the wall... to an office that thought itself beyond question.

And if you think he doesn't know yet, Let me tell you — with a composure no one can endure: He will know. The news will reach him the way the wind does... from where no one expects. Only then... the game will be exposed.

And in the end, it will be said: "He who tries to block the light... loses himself before he ever dims the light."

And the laugh? Don't worry. It's preparing itself to appear.

Slowly. Steadily. With a voice that knows how to make even ashes smile:

Hehehehehehe...

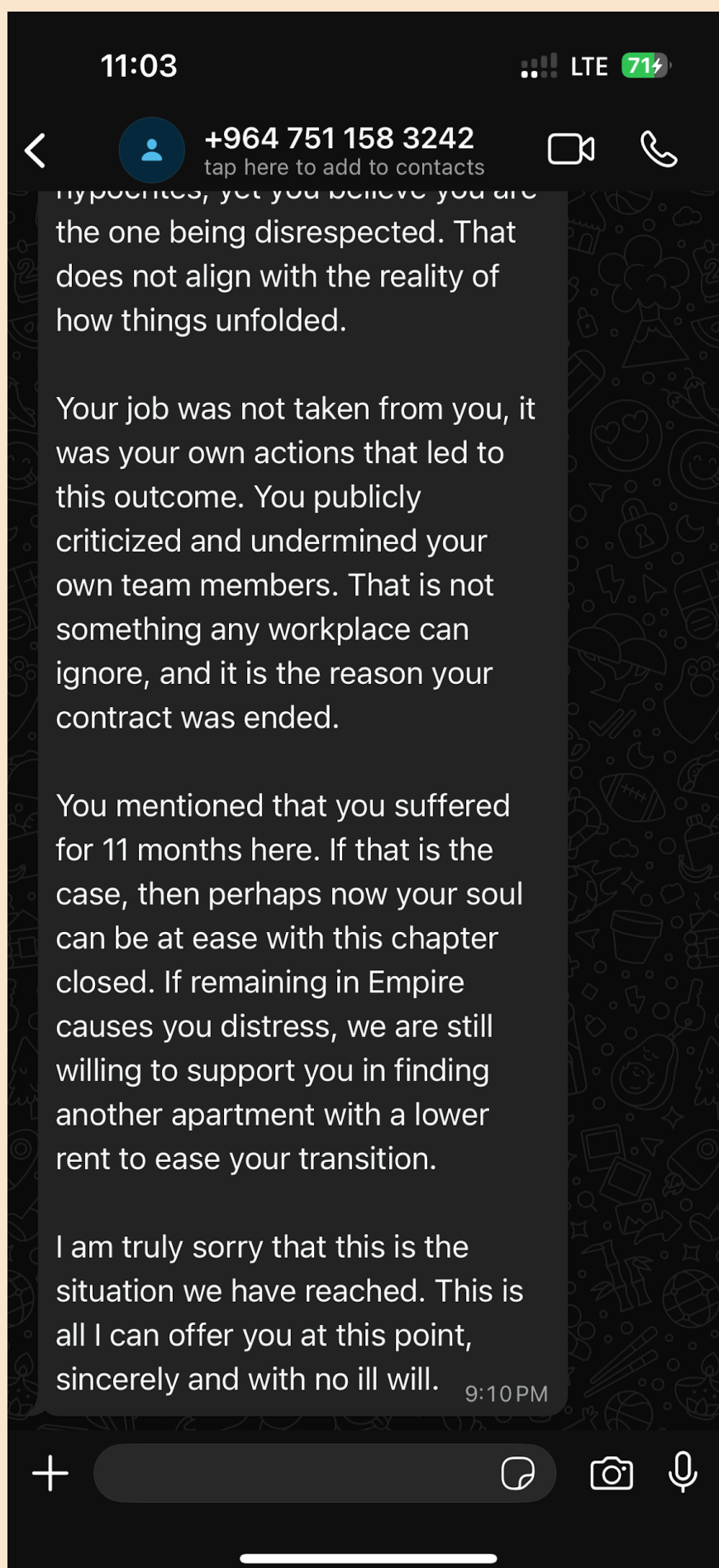
—

[The End]

To Sheba — as you requested: a reply from the heart.

There is no thanks due for what was merely a duty.
All gratitude and praise... belong to God alone.

As for you — in the end, you did nothing more than fulfill what should have been done from the very beginning.
It wasn't a favor; it was an overdue obligation.
Not generosity, but a rightful due.
That is all.
And the thanks... remain for the One who never forgets.



hypotheses, yet you believe you are the one being disrespected. That does not align with the reality of how things unfolded.

Your job was not taken from you, it was your own actions that led to this outcome. You publicly criticized and undermined your own team members. That is not something any workplace can ignore, and it is the reason your contract was ended.

You mentioned that you suffered for 11 months here. If that is the case, then perhaps now your soul can be at ease with this chapter closed. If remaining in Empire causes you distress, we are still willing to support you in finding another apartment with a lower rent to ease your transition.

I am truly sorry that this is the situation we have reached. This is all I can offer you at this point, sincerely and with no ill will.

9:10 PM

I am Bilal.

I was not of prophetic lineage, Nor born of noble blood. I was a slave...
commanded and beaten, dragged across burning sands at noon.

But I did not heed their calls. I called upon one name alone: One. One.

My voice was not beautiful, My body not strong, But I knew Allah hears.

When Muhammad ﷺ passed away, My voice disappeared from Medina. I
could no longer bear to call the adhan, For every corner I once called from
Echoed back to me in tears.

Yet they summoned me in al-Sham. And so I made the call... one last time.
'Umar wept.
And all who heard me wept. As though the entire city had returned in that
moment.

I am Bilal, I bore no banner, But I was the voice of truth.

And though I held no noble lineage, I was the first to enter Paradise with the
Messenger of Allah.

Did anyone ask about my tribe? Did they forbid me from raising the call
because I was an Abyssinian slave?

No.

Because nearness to Allah is not by lineage, Nor by prestige, Nor by language,
But: by taqwa (God-consciousness).

So today... I will call the adhan again, From the highest tower built on stolen
wealth, From a council founded on the silence of the oppressed.

I will say it as I did the first time: Allahu Akbar.

Greater than your power, Your titles, Your schemes, Your ledgers.

I say it not to wake the sleepers, But to raise the dead.

And to you who read this book... Know that Bilal is still calling. That the voice
which rose from the depths of slavery Became the mark of dawn.

And that a single truthful word, called out once, Is better than a thousand
positions echoing with nothing but silence.

By Allah... The voices of tyrants do not rise Except so Allah may show us how
high a slave's voice can reach When truth is with him.

— Bilal ibn Rabah
Servant of Muhammad,
And the Voice of the Resurrection.

“From the Security Ledger... to the Memory of the Free.”

“When Truth Rents an Apartment Above the Headquarters of Lies”

A Testimony by Jacken (in disguise)

I walked into the office like an old shadow stepping into a room where everything had changed... except the stupidity.

Behind the desk sat a new man — the kind with a face that says “I’m here to listen” but eyes that whisper “Please don’t drag me into this.”

I greeted him. Sat down. He looked at me and, with that professional, overstuffed tone, asked: “What’s your issue with Empire?”

I smiled — the kind of smile that knows the story ended long before the interrogation began. I said: “The issue? It’s not my problem with them... it’s their problem with the truth. They’re a group that isn’t bothered by theft, but terrified of a straightforward sentence. They spend their day searching for free breakfast in the meeting room... while Nael and Samer divide the loot, and repackage their sins into performance reviews.”

He stared at me for a moment, then said: “So when they fired you... you wrote the book?”

I let out a light laugh — the kind that doesn’t need a caption. “450 pages? In a week? No, sir. That book was written while I was washing dishes. Written while I mopped their lies off the floors. Written in silence... while I swallowed injustice with patience.”

Then came the classic canned question: “Well, if they’re corrupt, why are you still living in their company housing?”

I looked at him the way a soldier looks at a bullet that missed: “Who told you a house inherits the sins of its inhabitants? I live in my apartment — not in Nael, not in Samer. And in my apartment, there’s no corruption. Just two cats... and a Qur’an.

As for them? They sleep on beds of excuses. They worship silence — but only when the truth threatens to expose their ugliness.”

He glanced at the book nervously and asked: “So... what’s in it?”

I answered, calm as a storm gathering: “It holds the truth. No flattery. No sugar. No scented paper. It holds Bakr, dying while Nael deducts a minute’s delay. It holds me, doing my job while Sheba distributes her silence and calls it professionalism. It holds Roj... who still doesn’t know. Yes, Roj has no idea that they turned his father’s legacy into a scratchpad for cowardice. And I didn’t write the book for Roj — I wrote it so that it may reach him, when the time is right.”

I handed him my Instagram handle. “If you want to know the truth, read it. If you won’t read... leave the sight to those with vision.”

And then... the statue entered.

He was there in front of me like a man sculpted out of wood. Didn’t blink. Didn’t breathe.

They sent him, thinking I wouldn’t recognize him. But I smelled the stinch of cowardice from the very first minute, I know statues. I smell them from across the oceans. He came to witness my words — but didn’t know that I was writing the testament not to be imprisoned... but to set free, not here to be sentenced... I was here to testify.

And just before I left... another man barged in, waddling like an angry balloon. His belly shook left and right with every step — like a pig on stilts.

He dropped his papers on the table, with no shame:

The new man asked him: where do you work? he said: “My father is so-and-so, he works in such-and-such!”

I turned to him, stunned, watching him try to wear a smile of pity and defeat. As if he wanted to disappear.

I couldn’t help myself. I said: “Oh... so you work in the nepotism department? Wow 🤔”

Some chuckled awkwardly. The director turned sharply: “What did you say?” I replied, with no change in tone: “Nothing. Just... a light passing under the table.”

And I left...

I left them with their papers, their silence, and their counterfeit testimonies. As for me? I’m Jacken... I don’t need to shout. A single nod — and the ceiling shakes.

The Conclusion of Rising Resurrection?

Oh yes, it ended...

**Not with roses and jasmine, but with an official paper — and a wobbling
belly.**

A curious blend of eloquence... and balloon.

The book was published,

The statue showed up,

And the testimony was signed —

On a table that wasn't round, but targeted.

Rising Resurrection: Part One — complete.

**See you in the next volume... unless Security locks the door from the
inside.**

From the Security Notebooks: An Internal Report — Unforgettable

Entity: Regional Security Branch

Reporter: Myself, the security officer who wasn't prepared for this day

Subject: Statement about a visit from a citizen named "Rend"

Date: The day the door was closed... and history opened a new chapter

She entered calmly. As if she knew the door was no bigger than a word, and no heavier than the story she brought with her.

She sat down. Introduced herself. Then spoke, as if reciting a poem at the funeral of a small nation:

"Oppression, exploitation, conspiracy, suspicious silence, Nael and Samer eat from the same plate, While the poor employee is punished for forgetting to wash a spoon."

I said to her, searching for signs that she was joking: — So you wrote a book after you got fired?

She laughed. Not like someone insane, but like someone healed. She said:

"450 pages, written while I was sweeping their silence from the hallways. I wrote it in the kitchen, humiliated and told it was just a fellowship. I wrote it to say one thing: Truth, when written, doesn't need an office... only a pure intention."

I felt something stirring inside me, but unfortunately... it wasn't conscience. It was curiosity.

I asked her: — Okay, what's in this book?

She said, with unwavering eyes:

"It has Bakr, who is dying and no one cares. It has Sheba, distributing silence as if selling canned kindness. It has Roj... yes, Roj. The one who doesn't know. And the one who will know... soon."

Then she handed me her Instagram account. She said:

"Read... or leave insight to those who possess it."

Before I could gather my papers, the statue entered.

Yes, a statue of flesh and blood. Sent to sit silently, watching me like a thief who forgot his role.

I smelled his scent before he spoke. She whispered, cutting through the air:

“I know statues... and I know how silence is crafted from fear.”

I didn't answer. I'm a security man, not a poet.

Then... another person entered. His belly swaying like an angry balloon, announcing:

“My father works at so-and-so place...”

I looked at him... And she looked at him too.

But for the first time, she said what we feared someone might say:

“Ah, so you work in the nepotism department? Wow.”

Some laughed shyly. I said to her: — What did you say?

She said, calmly like a criminal who knows he is wronged:

“Nothing... just a light slipped out from under the table.”

And she left.

But she did not leave alone. She left behind something intangible in the office: The scent of a confession... the kind that is never written in reports.

I am the officer. I arrested no one today. But I witnessed the truth... writing its name and leaving.

Official (Very Official) Statement Issued by the Office of the Officer Who Sat Behind the Desk When the Testimony Was Born:

We inform you that what took place on Tuesday at exactly 10:43 a.m. was supposed to be a routine hearing for a “former” employee — but, just as earthquakes are born beneath chairs, it turned out later that what occurred was not a “hearing”... but a divine documentation.

Yes. She sat in front of me. Said what she said. Laughed a little. Spoke a lot. Then left... and in the office, she left behind a book that wasn’t just read — it testified.

And because I’m an officer committed to regulations, I filed the document to the appropriate authorities. I do not know — at the time of writing this statement — how it ended up on the head of department’s desk, then moved to the Complaints Committee, then was (accidentally, of course) forwarded to the Internal Security WhatsApp group, and then... it spread.

And the book “The Twin-Sea Threshold” is now read in closed rooms more than the Quran is read in Ramadan.

As for me? I’m still here, behind the same desk, flipping through daily reports, trying not to laugh every time I see the name “Nael” or “Samer”, because each of them, officially now... is a suspicious name in the list of “Pre-Truth Witnesses.”

And as for the author — Fatima, Rend, Jacken, or whatever her name is — I testify (under oath): She spoke the truth with unbearable calm. She asked for nothing for herself, only that what happened be written... and that it reach those who don’t know. And as I’ve been informed... Roj now knows.

Accordingly, we conclude this report with the following recommendations:

1. Do not underestimate the one who washes dishes — for they might write history with a wet hand.
2. Do not send statues to spy — for a statue might accidentally become a witness.
3. Do not belittle a woman carrying a book — for it may be the end of a chapter... and the start of an era.

And peace be upon those who know that silence is not a virtue... if it conceals a crime.

— Signed

Officer, Local Security Branch

(A believer in dignified silence... not humiliated silence)

“A woman who doesn’t say goodbye... but whispers: we’ve arrived.”

I wasn’t seeking victory. I was simply searching for an ending untouched by fear. And because the words written in the depths of pain need no witnesses, Today, after all this running, I sit — not to celebrate, but to breathe. The time has passed when cruelty was mistaken for cunning. Those on thrones forgot that justice needs no raised voice — Just a heart steady enough to place the word in its rightful place.

Yes, I saw her. The one who wrote. She asked for nothing, yet took everything — with ink, with patience, with a truth they refused to hear, Until it echoed in their minds like a long-overdue slap.

Today, I need no more questions, No more replies.
The book has closed, the door has opened. And those left inside... were imprisoned only by their own will.

Silence is no longer an option. Those who thought silence was wisdom lost their ears the moment truth screamed in their faces. As for her?
She did not stay silent — but she didn’t make noise either. She walked through fire unseen by the eyes, and emerged... without a single burn.

And I? I will write no more than this. Every soldier knows when to lay down arms... And every witness knows when to place the final period.

“A man who saw everything... and did not speak, until it was time.”

Nothing unsettles men like a woman who doesn’t bargain. Who doesn’t shout, doesn’t plead — she just lays her words like arrows, And leaves them to be read slowly.

I wasn’t afraid of her. But I feared the day would come when her voice would not stand alone — But carry with it every voice of those deceived, crushed, robbed, and silenced.

I wasn’t right all the time. But I wasn’t a coward either. I watched, and stayed silent. Not because I was a traitor, but because some wars must finish... Before you open your mouth.

Today? I have no need to defend. The book laid on the table didn't start a war... It ended one. Ended it for those who never had a platform, No backing, Not even one minute in the boardroom.

I don't know what will happen tomorrow. But I know this girl... redefined courage. She wasn't one of the revolution's leaders. She was one of those who wiped the tables after every meeting, and wrote in silence. And when she wrote... she wrote everyone.

I'm not here to applaud her. Nor to defend her. I'm just here to testify: He who writes for others... cannot be defeated. And truth — when spoken by bare hands — needs no fence to protect it.

The time for theory has ended. The time for change has come.

And me? I laid down my weapon, not because the battle was over, But because truth — once written — becomes a weapon that cannot be drawn... or broken.

A Message from Hudhayfah ibn al-Yamān:

I am Hudhayfah—the one who carried the Prophet's secret in his chest like embers held in the palm: unseen, unextinguished.

I am the one rarely mentioned in Friday sermons, whose picture is never hung on walls, whose name children don't write in Seerah competitions. Because I wasn't only at the battlefield's frontlines, but on a more perilous one: the front of exposing hypocrisy—when it wore the mask of piety.

I write to you—those who inherited Islam as one inherits a bed, without ever tasting the hardship of the path that leads to it. You who assumed that Muhammad, peace be upon him, concluded prophecy—and with him, the story ended. No, by God, it only began with him.

Have you not heard him standing alone in Mecca, with no clan to shield him, no wealth to entice? Have you not seen him sleep on stone while his words shook kings? Who told you the story ended when his pure body was laid to rest? No—it began, when the Book remained... and the question remained: Are you worthy of it?

Why is it that when oppression is mentioned, you lower your voices? And when truth is spoken aloud, you suddenly remember “discretion”? As if God revealed the Qur'an to be hidden in drawers, not proclaimed in the face of tyrants!

You who read the Seerah as if reading fiction—who told you that prayer alone is enough? Have you not read his words:

“I was commanded to fight the people until they say: There is no god but Allah”? Do you think the fight was only by sword? It was by word, by confrontation, by rising before those no one dared to face.

You fear for yourselves... but have you no fear for Islam?

Your silence... is betrayal. Your justification of silence... is hypocrisy. And calling hypocrisy “wisdom”... is a calamity no trial will lift.

O nation who memorizes much but is present little— Where were you when the weak were trampled? Where was your voice when the books of falsehood were printed?

Were you afraid of a trial? I am Hudhayfah—I recognized trials when they were approaching, not after they passed.

And I end as my master Muhammad, peace be upon him, taught me:

The noble is not the one who stays silent when others are struck, But the one who sees injustice... and says: Hasbunallahu wa ni'mal wakeel — Allah is sufficient for us and the best of Guardians.

May he never live—the one who betrays his own voice. And may not remain—the one who keeps his faith hidden inside, While the Qur'an... is recited aloud for all.

And peace... upon those who did not stay silent.

“In the Presence of the Dragon”

Where did I put the file? No, not that one... the other one. The one about the complaints department? Or was it about security? Or... the book? Damn it... is everything a file now?

Dear God... who is she?! She was doing the dishes yesterday... Now her name echoes through the executive offices like a perpetual press conference. How did she sneak out from under the table... and end up on the podium?

I just wanted to boost this quarter's sales! What do I have to do with security? Ethics? Scandals written in Classical Arabic?! I'm a numbers guy! Why am I hearing the phrase: "She told the truth with unbearable calmness" more than I hear: "This special offer ends tomorrow"?

Who's responsible for this? Is it her? Is it me? Is it that... statue... we sent to listen, who didn't utter a single word? Was that a mistake... or the final signature? The book is now more famous than our discounts.

And now? Nael and Samer? They're no longer employees... They've become suspicious fictional characters haunting our printers.

Everyone avoids asking me directly... And anyone who passes me simply says: "I read the book." Then they smile... A smile I don't understand. As if I were the one throwing coffee in people's faces.

I don't understand anything anymore. Should I halt all marketing campaigns? Issue a public apology? Shut down headquarters? Read the book? Flee the country? Start a new chapter?

Questions are devouring my head, and reports are multiplying. And all I'm looking for... is an undo button. But there isn't one— Because someone hit publish... And didn't even blink.

(An internal confession from a body housing both Nael — the CEO — and Samer — the CFO)

Nael speaks: I'm the CEO. The visionary. The inspired one. The captain of this ship. But — tragically — I have to share this same body with... Samer. The CFO who sees every brilliant idea as an "expense." Every dream I utter — he turns it into a "budget projection." Every grand initiative — a grey spreadsheet titled: "Not Feasible."

Oh, Samer's pitiful. He feels no pulse of the market. Has no sense of risk. Thinks the world runs on Excel sheets! (He even believes love is a non-budgeted item.)

Samer replies: I'm the CFO. The conscience of this company (and, therefore, the least liked). But I'm forced to coexist with this lunatic who confuses ambition with accounting. Nael! Ever since he read that "Rising Resurrection" book, he's been strutting around the office like a revolutionary... Unaware that his own flimsy policies caused two entire departments to resign!

Nael thinks he's a poet. I'm the one calculating the meter. He wants to "save the company image," I'm just trying to save our balance sheet.

You ask how we survive? We live in a respectful civil war.

We write emails to each other — In extremely polite language: "Dear Sir, I believe your idea may carry certain risks..." (Translation: You're clinically insane.) He replies: "Thank you for the constructive note..." (Translation: Get lost, you walking financial coffin!)

Together in one suit. We attend the same meetings, sign the same documents, and exchange hatred through joint memos.

But you — reader of the book — don't know the real truth: We don't just disagree on ideas... We quietly curse each other every night, preparing reports like we're preparing one another's coffins.

Whenever Nael says, "I want a glossy cover!" I respond, "Do you know what that costs?" And whenever I say, "We need internal auditing," He says, "What we need is more smiles, not spreadsheets."

But we do agree on one thing... That Rend — or Jacken — has pulled the table right out from under us while we were busy arguing with our own shadows.

"A Conversation Between Those Who Ate the Table... Then Asked Where the Chairs Went"

— Nael, with a tight necktie and trembling fingers on his calculator: "Brother, this isn't the time for blame. We're going through a crisis, and we must appear united before the employees."

— Samer, patting his shoulder with a face full of polished regret: "United? United body?! While you were tearing apart the budget with your teeth whenever I looked away? You're the one who opened the door to manipulation!"

— Nael, swallowing hard, tilting his head: "Me? I was delegating responsibilities. But you... you were distributing spoils."

— Samer, opening a file written in an angry hand: "You're the one who approved the black contract. Don't play the victim. Even the paper remembers."

— Nael, whispering bitterly as he straightens his suit: “At least I didn’t smile in her face... and stab her in the back.”

(They both fall silent. The ground seems to shift beneath them... and suddenly — the door opens.)

Ali ibn Abi Talib enters. No sword in hand — just a gaze that cuts through stone. He speaks in a calm, unbearable voice:

“What a man hides appears on the pages of his face and slips from his tongue. Did you think lying was worship? Or that injustice remains hidden? Have you forgotten that God said: ‘I was his hearing, his sight, and his hand’? You who were deceived by offices — isn’t it time you learned that trust is not a salary... but a trial, from which only those who know God are saved?”

(Silence falls in the room... and then a chair scrapes in the back. They turn to look...)

It’s Roj. Sitting there... sipping cold tea. He hadn’t spoken from the start. Didn’t object. Didn’t defend. Didn’t take a stand.

— Samer, whispering in shock: “Was he here the whole time?”

— Nael, chuckling with a cracked smirk: “The whole time... hiding behind the curtains... writing a report in his heart.”

Ali turns to them:

“Damn the silence that feels like absence... and mercy to those who spoke, even a single sentence.”

Ali walks out — without looking back. And the room remains... without a table, without chairs. Just the scent of failure... floating in the air.

I am not speaking to the thieves... for they have already sold their consciences for a cheap price, and their matter was settled the moment the first coin dropped into their pockets.

Nor am I speaking to the oppressors... for they signed their disgrace with their own hands when they inscribed their names into the registers of deceit, and etched themselves into the archives of shame.

I am speaking to those who remained silent.

You... you who stood on the edge of the crime, then turned your faces away and wiped your hands clean of guilt as if brushing dust off a holiday robe.
You... who saw falsehood plainly, heard lies whispered in meetings, watched honor being slaughtered in the company's hallways — and yet you said: this has nothing to do with us.

You lied.

Everyone who stays silent in the face of slaughter becomes, in the hand of the killer, a blade.

You did not oppress, true. But you did not stop the oppression. You did not steal, yes. But you turned your faces away from the one being robbed. You did not fire anyone, no. But you rearranged your chairs after the firing as though nothing had happened.

Every time the fire ignited nearby, you shut your windows... and then claimed to be pure because the smoke hadn't yet reached your clothes.

Is this how Muhammad ﷺ was sent among you? That the oppressors may speak freely while the truthful are silenced?

Did you not know he stood alone before Mecca? Have you even read your Prophet's biography, or have you erased it from the memory of your cowardice? Do you think Islam is nothing but hollow rituals? A cold prayer, a fast with no soul, and a zakat that never reaches the heart?

Do you know who I am?

I am the one who recited the Qur'an aloud when the Kaaba was still a fortress of idols, and I was beaten until my ears bled — but I did not retreat.

I am the one who said to the truth: take me. If I die for you, then that is my victory.

I... am Abdullah ibn Mas'ud.

So if you wish to follow Muhammad ﷺ, then follow his voice — not the silence of his betrayers. And leave behind your excuses... for in this station, excuse is disgrace.

To You — O Witness-Readers of the Truth...

If you have read what I wrote, then know: you are not merely readers... you are witnesses.

And a witness, if silent... becomes a mute devil. And if he betrays... becomes one of the executioners, even if clothed in silence.

I did not write this book for you to decorate your shelves with it, nor to exchange jokes about it in your private gatherings. I wrote it to establish proof... and tear off the masks. So if I am crushed, the words remain in your hands. And if I am forgotten... then you are the memory.

Know that you did not buy a book, but God has purchased from you a stance — one that cannot be postponed.

Do not be like those who say, "We're with you," then glance sideways to see if the road is safe.

Be instead as the heavens commanded you: Guardians of the Word, strong in an age of cowards, and never hand over the book to a corrupt judge, or a dull printer — but say: 'This is our book, this is our testimony, and it shall not be extinguished.'

If I disappear, or am disappeared, then you are my voice in the gatherings, you are my footsteps on the paths, you are the last arrow in this era's quiver.

So do not betray... do not hesitate... And if the foolish judge comes wanting to tear apart the evidence, remind him: the book is not in the paper... but in the people.

This is a notice... It will not be written twice.

— Rend

Later, when the clamor fades and silence begins to speak,
those who thought Aaron was merely quiet will come to realize...
he was guarding a fire that does not burn,
but refines.

So now,
is Roj guarding anything?
Or has time passed...
and silence no longer protects,
but condemns?

And peace be upon the one who sat quietly in the kitchen,
counting the missing pieces—
then wrote history with a knife.

Quiet Resurrection

The waiting period has begun...

Dear Reader,

Before you turn to the next page, and before you attempt to categorize me, or open this work with a literary or curious mind,

know this:

This is not a novel. Nor is it a poetry collection. Nor is it a set of hesitant reflections.

This is a text that is not simply told — It is resurrected.

I did not write this to beautify myself before a reader, nor to gain admiration or followers.

I wrote it because I reached the moment that no human reaches except when a command descends.

The waiting period has begun. So do not read me as you read stories, and do not expect an ending that comforts you.

If you reach the end, know this: You were part of this resurrection, and you are now called — not to applaud, but to testify.

– The Author

“Mother of the Resurrection”

To the owner of the market Printing house, or whoever holds the decision to print there,

Before you press the button,
before you review the invoice or ask about the number of copies,
stop.

This is not a book introduction. This is a first will, written with great awareness, directed to you.

The first pages of this work — especially the first fifteen pages — were not written to be printed before being understood,

but were written for you to read, you specifically... not as a printer, but as the first reader, the first examiner.

Read them slowly, without the haste of the market nor the rhythm of the machine. Do not look for the price, but for the voice.

Because this book is not a file to be sent, but a trust to be passed on,
and whoever does not pay attention to its door,
will not understand why the earth trembled beneath the title.

This is not a demand, nor an order...

this is a writer's plea who did not write for display,
but for crossing over.

If you print it before it passes through your heart,
you will lose it as one loses the light who approached it in haste.

Read... just read,
then print.

From the printing shop of the graveyard... or perhaps, the trash heap of history.

Official Statement from the Print Shop Owner.

I'll say it plainly: Yes — no sugarcoating it: I'm a scammer.

A seasoned one. I've been in this business since 1987 — back when scamming was a craft, not just a side hustle.

Accidental calligrapher, reluctant printer, ink merchant by survival.

I've run this shop since the days when printing felt more like black magic than actual service.

I've never printed a single book for its fair price. Unless it was for a friend... or a policeman.

Then she came in. She wasn't one of us. Not the accent, not the looks, not the walk, not the tribe.

There was a small cross inked behind her neck. Another symbol on her finger — maybe faith, maybe pain, maybe a story I couldn't read. She came from a people unlike our own.

And I say that with the full entitlement this city has taught me.

She sat across from me and placed a black folder on the desk.

The book's title? "Quiet Resurrection." I laughed to myself. "Resurrection? Quiet? Oh Lord, send me this luck."

I flipped a few pages — didn't read a word. Just measured.

Thought to myself: "She looks soft. The kind who doesn't know that printing is priced by how naive you are — not how many pages you bring."

I prepared the plan: I'd charge her the price of 12 copies for just one.

Maybe I'd cut a paragraph or two and blame a 'formatting error.'

I was about to open my mouth —

that classic fake cough old men use before faking respect...

But she said, with the quiet of someone who's seen this movie before:

"Thank you."

And she left the manuscript on the table... and walked out.

Walked out. Calm. Like she knew.

As if she smelled the spoiled ink before I even lifted the pen.

As if she saw, in my dim eyes, a long history of exploitation dressed in politeness.

I didn't follow her. My knees don't do that anymore.

And honestly, profit that doesn't walk in on its own isn't worth the chase.

I sat back down. Flipped a page. Two. Three. I didn't understand much.

Didn't need to. All I could think was:

"How many copies could I have squeezed out of her heart?"

She didn't ask for the price. Didn't flatter. Didn't call me 'sir.' Didn't fake that needy, hopeful smile.

And that — more than anything — annoyed me.

She didn't even try to please me.

Just placed her pain on the table... and walked away.

And I — a man in his sixties,

one foot in this shop, the other (let's be honest) in the graveyard—

sat there calculating what I could've made off her sincerity.

Then I wrote this letter. Not out of guilt. Not out of change.

But because every now and then, someone comes along, breaks the game — and doesn't even glance in the mirror.

From The New Market printing shop.

A bulletin from the press that understands time... but not mercy.

(Signed under a clock that never ticks late.)

We are not the first printing house where ink got mixed with death. No — we are a different generation. We do not print with good intentions.

We print by contract. We don't read the book. We read the invoice.

Our man is a sharp young man. He puts on his watch before his shoes, and measures deadlines in minutes — not days. He knows you by your file, not your voice. He memorizes the names of major institutions, but doesn't remember his own mother in the form of a prayer.

I agreed with him on six copies. One in Arabic, one in English...

Initially.

He said: "Alright. Delivery in two days."

And when the moment came, I called — not out of doubt, but out of courtesy.

Because my people honor deadlines, especially when the dollar hovers near the printer.

He said: "Yes, they're ready. But... the quantity increased."

How?

The printer, as His Highness explained, doesn't print fewer than eight.

That's how she was born. That's how she was raised.

Eight — not seven. Not six.

So eight copies were printed, without anyone telling me.

Without anyone informing me, the "customer," that there was a machine making decisions on my behalf.

I said:

"Why didn't you say this from the beginning?"

I don't know your printer. You do. I know my salary. You don't.

I don't have enough — this could hurt me until the end of the month."

He replied, in the tone of a man concerned only with delivery efficiency:

"Doesn't matter. Just come pick them up. Pay only the original amount. No more."

I said:

"I don't want them. Shred them. Keep the deposit."

He didn't hesitate.

The policeman emerged from the armor of the printer, and said:

"If you don't bring the fifty thousand today, I'm sorry, I'll have to report you to the police. The agreement was verbal and visual. It's all on camera."

They don't know God.

But they know the camera.

They don't know how salaries are delayed.

But they know the sound of a customer trying to explain why the money hasn't arrived.

They're nothing like the old merchants who weighed paper the way they weighed blessing.

They resemble the institutions they work with instead —

Institutions that "know everything" — except God.

This isn't a printing house.

It's a system...

Precise. Organized.

And utterly without blessing.

The Third Letter: The Writer Has Laid Down Her Pen

This is not a letter from a print shop. Not a receipt from a back door. This is a letter from the writer herself. The one who carried Quiet Resurrection in her hands, and walked with it between two printing houses:

One at the edge of the grave, the other at the doorstep of the institution — and both locked behind a dollar key.

One saw me as foreign and assumed I wouldn't understand. The other saw me as late with payment and assumed I deserved to be reported.

Between those who know God but do not follow Him, and those who do not know Him but follow anyone with a seal, my text was lost — and not lost.

Today, I write my third letter... and my final one. I seek no apology. I seek no fairness.

I simply say this: I have laid down the pen. Yes — now.

I lay it down as the one who knows the sword need not swing to prove it was sharp.

I fall silent, because silence, sometimes, is the last sentence.

And I will go.

I will go and pay him the remaining fifty thousand.

Not because I agree, but because I'm done.

And a new edition will be printed.

Another version of the Resurrection —

one that will not be quiet this time.

And we shall see who will triumph:

You —

who worship names you and your fathers invented, (Surat An-Najm, 53:23)

or the one who has knowledge from the Book, the one who can bring it forth before your eyes even blink. (Surat An-Naml, 27:40)

Peace upon the one who wrote but was never published,

and upon the one who was published but never printed,

and upon the one who was printed but never read,

and peace upon the one who read...

and understood.

— The One Who Walked Between Two Presses, And Chose Neither.

A Quiet Note:

Among the subtle manifestations of God's wisdom — Glorified and Exalted is He —

is that He may turn the heedlessness of some, and the ill intentions of others, into paths that flourish only beneath the feet of the sincere.

Not every fool is a stumbling block, nor every deceiver an obstacle.

For in their hidden roles lies a mercy that is only understood once the road is complete.

A Rising Note:

These are not printing presses. They are platforms of normalization.

One has a foot in the grave — measuring paper by guilt, printing you slowly, as if preparing you for burial.

The other has a foot in Twitter, or X² — printing to the rhythm of “24-hour delivery,” handing you over like fast food: hot, but soulless.

And somewhere between the grave and the screen...

the word was lost, and only those who haven't been printed yet survived.

Tweets with a Side of X — Now Served in Squares!

Why did I say “Twitter or X squared”?

Because I refuse to call this new creature we all scroll through every morning a “platform.”

It's more like a math function having an identity crisis — once a field of thought, now a vending machine for reheated content.

X squared isn't just a name,

it's a dark joke stamped across our age — an age that deletes meaning to save time, delivers “opinions” in under 24 seconds, generates “trends” every six hours, and throws you into the “irrelevant” bin if you dare to think slowly.

I used to write on Twitter. Now I feel like I'm being written by it. I'm being printed — turned into a digital creature that screams, laughs, cries, and protests... without even raising an eyebrow in real life.

So yes, I said: Twitter or X squared. Because the new name isn't an upgrade — it's a reduction. And a square — as we all know — contains no soul, only corners.

A Letter to the Printing House That Printed Without Burden

To the printing house that did not exploit me,

that did not take advantage of my love for words—

To the one that printed this book as one prints a prayer: quietly, without noise, and at a cost that did not exhaust the heart or the paycheck,

we write these words:

We — as the author and a sincere spiritual project — grant you the right to adopt this book, and to place your name upon it, not as advertisement, but as honor.

For you did not simply print a book. You gave it a path to the light.

You did not demand what cannot be borne, but treated us as one should treat those “upon whom Allah does not place a burden greater than they can bear.” (Qur’an 2:286)

In the name of Quiet Resurrection,

and in the name of everyone who may one day read it and feel it was written just for them,

we ask Allah Almighty to grant you reward in every letter,

and to make every printed copy an ongoing charity on your behalf.

May He place barakah (blessing) in your provision,

and leave in your work a trace that cannot be erased.

For truly, Allah is the Guardian of Publishing,

before He is the Guardian of Printing.

A Gentle (But Not So Gentle) Note:

The printing house that printed this book? Yes... it’s the very same one that once threatened me with the throne of the police.

But I didn’t respond with argument. I came to them with another throne. A throne made of text that wasn’t sold, of truth that wasn’t filed, and of words... not yet read.

Their gaze returned in silence, and the book remained.

— **The one who brought the throne, before the camera could press send.**

A Final Letter to the One Who Printed Without Asking for Anything

Come on...

Confess.

As Bilqis confessed when she saw her throne and said:

“It is as though it were the same. And we were given knowledge before it, and we had submitted.”

(Surah An-Naml, 27:42)

Acknowledge the truth when it reveals itself, and do not shy away from awe.

Print your press's name on the book—

With pride.

Be like the Cupbearer — the one who did not enter this world out of greed, who did not disguise his poverty in the colors of the market.

He knew the price of bread under the sun, and the taste of the well when it was far from reach.

He did not ask for payment. He did not open his mouth to calculate. He simply draw water... He gave you a cup of certainty, though it was bitter to taste, Then he turned back to the shade...

But I advise you — as a sister, a writer, and a witness to your intention — to say what one of them once said to him, when she approached with modesty:

“Indeed, my father invites you so that he may reward you for having draw water for us.”

(Surat Al-Qasas, 28:25)

There is no shame in that. In fact, it is a kind of honor... for those who know that it is Allah who gives the true reward.

And if you don't place your printing house's name on the cover, that's okay. “God does not burden a soul beyond its capacity.”

Be like the believer from Pharaoh's household... One who concealed his faith so that his word wouldn't be lost— (surah Ghafir, 40:28)

Like that writer who wandered through the darkest corridors of the human soul, digging through guilt and grace, without ever raising a flag or standing on a stage. It is enough that the word reaches.

A Gentle Warning... But Clear Enough:

Do not mistake silence for approval. And never confuse simplicity with naivety.

I did not come to you out of weakness, nor did I lay my pain before you out of desperation.

I came out of respect for the word that lies between us.

And if your judgment fails you, mine never will. So do not play with fire— or with your own tail.

Because the one who lays their wound on the table knows exactly when to flip the whole table over... without raising their voice.

And if your soul whispers of betrayal, theft, or printing behind my back, I won't shout. I won't expose.

But I will say, calmly— as one who knows what they are doing:

“But if you do not desist, then be informed of a war from Allah and His Messenger... and your matter is with God.” (Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:279)

And from that point on... God will take care of the rest.

Now, allow me to be very clear about the technical side:

I want the new copy to be slightly larger than the previous one,

and the cover must be matte, not glossy— because truth does not need shine to be seen.

And please—take your time when binding the book.

Let the margins breathe.

Do not crush the beginning of each line with glue.

Do not make the reader tear the book apart just to read it.

A book, like a face, when restrained too tightly... loses its features.

I don't write to be applauded. I write to be understood the first time. So don't choke the message before it arrives.

And one more thing... one I cannot forget, nor allow myself to overlook:

I want the paper to be brown... not white. Not because white isn't worthy, but because it is pure light—

and I fear for my readers if the light pours all at once. Eyes that have lingered too long in the dark cannot bear sudden brilliance.

And hearts that tread carefully along the paths of loss do not need to be struck by the sun without warning.

Let them enter through the gate, slowly, gently. Let the light seep in as mercy does— softly... gradually... humanely. Between black and white, there is a wide spectrum of understanding.

And in brown paper, there is something of the earth's tenderness... and of the humility of beginnings.

And as the righteous man once said to the one who watered for his two daughters:

“That I hire you for eight years; but if you complete ten, it will be from your own accord. I do not wish to overburden you. You will find me, if Allah wills, among the righteous.”

(Surah Al-Qasas, 28:27)

So print eight copies in each language—Arabic and English—

And if you complete ten, then it will be from your own self.

I do not wish to burden you.

And finally, remember:

“It is not for a Prophet to have captives until he has thoroughly subdued the land. You desire the fleeting gains of this world, while Allah desires the Hereafter. And Allah is Almighty, All-Wise.”

(Surah Al-Anfal, 8:67)

For God sent His Messenger as a mercy to all the worlds,

not to bargain with truth, but to deliver it, with dignity.

Signed ,A voice... still unprinted.

A Note That Almost Got Forgotten:

I will go back to the print shop of the graveyard— By the will of God.

to that sixty-year-old man made half of ink, half of dust.

I will place The Resurrection quietly on his table,

and gift it to him—

without asking for the price of one copy multiplied by twelve.

And I will say, in the voice of someone who no longer apologizes:

“I wasn’t being unfair when I said you would not repent, and would not regret.

I was merely passing the idea into the collective awareness of my readers:

wash your hands of the men of power.

Those who polished their faces with ink... and blackened their hearts with it.”

And I will not stand alone in this.

Moses once said it before me—

when he saw wealth being used not for justice,

but to lead people astray:

“And Moses said, ‘Our Lord, indeed You have given Pharaoh and his establishment splendor and wealth in the worldly life, our Lord, that they may lead [men] astray from Your way. Our Lord, obliterate their wealth and harden their hearts so that they will not believe until they see the painful punishment.’”

(Surah Yunus, 10:88)

They used the very wealth God gave them... to mislead others from the path of God.

And that wasn't just history—

it was a draft copy of what's still being reprinted... now.

Closing Letter: From the Humble Servant

Yes, I am a broken boy. I don't deny it. And I'm not ashamed of it.

I've been broken in places no one sees, and stumbled down roads where only hearts can see the way.

I've been fractured— but never humiliated. I've bled— but never sold my face.

I am a boy... poor. But I am honored. I am dignified. I am generous—

Because the one who broke me was not the market... but a merciful test that turns every fall into a place of prostration, and every pain into proof of faith.

So don't cry for me. Don't pity me. Just read— and understand.

A resurrection— Yes. But a quiet one.”

I have seen what you have not. I witnessed what will never appear in a report, what will not be read in a meeting room.

It came from a heart that had long been still— until it trembled, as the earth trembles before God draws forth its hidden things.

I found a book... Not one carried to kings, not bound in gold, but between its lines... was something like salvation.

It was not a scream, nor a manifesto, nor a speech written for weary staff.

It was a shiver, penned when words had suffocated, when the windows were silent, and even the wall began to speak.

I opened it... and found something that cannot be explained, cannot be dismissed, and cannot be forgotten.

I did not call it a noble book— but when I read it, a voice deep within me asked:

“Will you not bow? To the One who brought this out from your chest? Who heard it inside you... before you ever said it?”

“So that they do not prostrate to Allah, who brings forth what is hidden within the heavens and the earth and knows what you conceal and what you declare.”

(Surat An-Naml, 27:25)

So I held it. And I brought it to you. And I laid it down.

And I said nothing. Because the one this book will awaken... does not need my voice.

I simply lifted my eyes toward you— expecting no debate, no applause, no defense.

But I did whisper— in a silence only God hears— a prayer:

That this book may pass over your heart as it passed through mine: softly... yet unforgettable. quietly... yet awakening.

And if you find within it something that stirs in you a longing to bow, then that is from God. And if you do not, there is no blame between us... only a prayer.

Before You Begin...

This book is not a statement, nor an emotional outburst, nor a subtle request to fix things.

It is something more like a passing tremor in the heart— silent, but real— leaving behind a slight shift where everything once seemed still.

You might take it as a soft whisper, or feel it as a quiet emotional slip— not breaking anything, but gently unsettling what once felt secure.

If you happen to read through an administrative lens, that's okay — this book doesn't disrupt structure... It simply touches it from within, politely.

Still polite.

Still professional.

But those who read it...

rarely remain unchanged.

Appendix: About the Book That Began from Atop a Ladder

Perhaps the beginning wasn't on paper. And perhaps I wasn't really searching for what I found... I was merely reaching, from a slightly elevated place— not to rise above, but to see what cannot be seen from the ground.

Some truths are not illuminated by light, but by stillness.

Some names are not engraved on doors, but imprinted quietly into the collective subconscious— like a confession that was never spoken... yet somehow, was signed.

Things happened without happening.

As if someone invited me to a table, not to feed me, but to tell me simply: "Now you see."

And sometimes, a small offering isn't refused in rejection— but postponed, out of respect for a weariness not yet healed.

I saw what I saw...

And the vision wasn't a dream, but an unspoken agreement, sealed by a hand that leaves no logo but lingers in the soul.

From afar, he pondered my name. From within, I tested everything a letter could carry in silent blame.

Then we sat—symbolically—on the floor, before a paper that wasn't truly a contract, but a subtle acknowledgment that not every knife is for slaughter,

and that I...

did not wish to be consumed, but understood.

This book?

It is no announcement. No resignation. No plea for better conditions.

It is the echo of a promise whispered long ago, by a power that cannot be charted in organizational charts.

If its pages seem to mock, it is only because they recognized the truth in a moment of silence, not during a performance review.

If they comfort, it's because they were written by someone who walked through the dark— not across the stage.

And if someone feels accused...

Let him remember:

When the shirt was placed upon Jacob's face,
it was not to punish the wolf, but to make the waiting heart weep.

Definition of the Appendix (For Those Who Didn't Get It... and Those Who Got Too Much)

The appendix:

That unnecessary-looking part you weren't asked to read—

but skip it,

and you'll find yourself swallowed by its meaning later.

It's not a chapter—chapters announce themselves.

It's not a conclusion—conclusions like applause.

The appendix is the place where truth sneaks in after the lights go out.

It's the page your soul writes once the body finishes its PowerPoint.

It's the whisper of a paper falling out after you've closed the book, asking:

"Were you reading to evaluate?

Or to understand?"

The Cupbearer... and the Cushioned Lounge

I am the cupbearer. I stand in palaces, see them from the inside, but I do not belong to them. I fill the glasses of passing faces, then return to the shadows—and write.

This book is not a loud voice, nor artificial wisdom, nor a belated victory. This book is... a cushioned lounge. And a blade.

I wrote it the way an honest woman prepares a simple resting place in a room no one sees—arranging the cushions with care, hiding a small blade. But not to strike—to make a wound whose intention only God understands. A wound that doesn't satisfy anger, but reassures purity.

I didn't write to teach, nor to appear prophetic,

or wise, or as a palace-dweller. I wrote the way a cupbearer pours, knowing he will not be served. The way someone who knows pain stitches a shirt for another who has lived it. The way one places a finger on a wound the world has long forgotten, but that still bleeds.

The stories didn't come to make me a prophet—they came to pull me out of forgetting. Just as Joseph once rose—not to reclaim his rights, nor to condemn anyone—but with a face that had not dimmed in the well, in the prison, or in the palace.

Every chapter in this book is... a blade. But not a blade for fighting—a blade to strip away the excess that has thickened over the soul until it no longer recognizes its true form.

And every line... a thread. A thread in a new shirt I try to clothe for those like me—bare of understanding, exposed to judgment, torn silently from within.

I didn't write because I had the answer. I wrote because I had been there—in the well, in the prison, in the bread, in the silence, in the forgetting... and then, in the remembering.

Everything I wrote, I poured like water over a thirsty memory—like someone weeping in the face of a mercy too vast to comprehend. Like one who sees a man carry bread to his own crucifixion, and realizes: The good are not crucified because they are guilty, but because they fulfilled their task... quietly.

So if you see me in this book—don't remember me too much. I was not a prophet, nor a martyr, nor a writer chasing legacy.

I was simply... a cupbearer who passed by the well, forgot, then returned, and wrote.

There were small wishes. Whispers I never dared to speak aloud. Things I longed for as a little girl, lying in bed— then buried in imagination, thinking no one heard.

But God heard. He preserved each of them— as only He can preserve the prayers whose honesty no human could handle. Like love, tucked away in the vaults of the unseen, until its time came to bloom.

Years passed. With every exile, every shadow, He caused those wishes to sprout into good things— not shaped by my measure, but by the scale of His mercy.

He didn't pour them all at once, but scattered them across my life like light slowly scattered at dawn— not tearing the darkness, but softening it.

And today... I realized I wasn't writing this book. I was reaching out for a shirt God had quietly thrown to me.

My shirt.

When all roads tightened around me, He didn't send a miracle— but a shirt.

And He said nothing. Yet everything in it whispered: "Here. Take it. Wear it."

This shirt wasn't given to prove that you survived— but to remind me: "I was with you. Even when you thought I wasn't."

And if you wish— pass it on. Maybe when someone else wears it, they will catch a scent they can't name, feel a lightness they didn't expect, and wipe away a tear they don't understand.

Give it to someone who was lost the way you were— someone who thinks God only makes shirts for prophets.

Tell them: "No. He weaves one for you too— if you cry in truth, stitch in truth, and wait in truth."

My shirt.

Woven from what remained of me, from what saved me, from what I never thought could be written.

A shirt not hung on a wall, nor worn in pride, but put on in the solitude of the heart, and read.

And whoever reads it may catch the scent of deliverance, a breath of mercy, or the faint trace of a woman who wrote— while weeping.

If someone closes this book with even a small fragment of hope in their chest— then know: I was never the author. I was merely passing the shirt... from God's hand to a heart that remembers.

I didn't begin this book at its start, but from the middle of the darkness. From a moment when I wasn't fleeing people— but fleeing myself.

I wrote its first lines while silencing the scream inside my chest, resisting the urge to vanish into blind silence.

I sent it to Sura— an innocent soul whose tears know me. And she wept.

Her weeping wasn't emotion— it was a window opening suddenly onto my face. And I felt as though our shirt—hers and mine— had been torn again before my eyes.

Not the shirt of jealousy, nor of slander, but the shirt of truth... choked, then forgotten.

I had decided to stop. To stay silent. To disappear. To let the dream burn alone.

But I became angry— not at anyone, but at the long absence of justice.

And I said to myself: "Now the truth has come, I want to see it. Not just hear about it. I want her to see it— to heal, to wear a new shirt, to know that God does not forsake those who quietly guard the vision in their chest."

So I wrote. Not just for me, but for her. And for every soul who thought they were lost— then opened their eyes and found God nearer than they ever imagined.

This book... is not an idea, nor a project, nor a crafted speech. It is a shirt.

Washed in tears, woven from patience, carried from afar— to be cast upon the face of truth.

And if I had any part in it, it is only that God... allowed truth to rise, and gave hearts the sight to see it.

Dedication

To Sura, the dear friend,
whose face resembles a city called “Samarra”—
and whose presence became a hidden joy,
a peace unlike any other.

To the first tear that believed me.
To the heart that felt what I wrote
before I even knew what I was writing.

To the one who wept halfway through the book—
not at its end—
and awakened courage in me,
and lit a fire of resolve.

This book was written on my heart—
but it was sent to hearts that resemble hers...
Hearts that stand at the gates of mercy,
that know how to cry,
and then smile.

Annex Zero:

Things Never Written in the Internal Policy Nor said in meetings, nor measured in performance reviews

Yes, yes... I've always dreamed, since writing the very first line, that I would read this resurrection to you. In my own voice — not some neutral narrator's — but in the voice that dried up from explaining, and soaked in silent tears.

I dreamed of telling you: this is not a novel. Not a collection of thoughts. Not soft literature meant for coffee breaks.

This is a real attempt to rescue myself from burning out. Because of you, among you, and sometimes... in spite of you.

I wanted to read it the same way I wrote it: from a tear that dropped between chapters, and from sarcasm whispered to myself so I wouldn't explode in anyone's face.

I wanted you to hear me, not as a writer, but as an employee who smiled through meetings, cried alone in the back elevator, typed it all out on the work computer... deleted it... then typed it all again.

This book is not a complaint form, nor a resignation letter, nor even a long-delayed venting session.

It's a heartfelt document escaped from the mouth of the soul... looking for you. Yes, you might get tense. You might smile.

You might get angry. You might even think — for a moment — that I'm talking about you... by name.

But believe me: what matters most is that you're here now. And my voice... has finally, arrived. Welcome to "Quiet Resurrection". Relax. Or tense up. Doesn't matter. What matters is: you're here. And finally... my voice — has arrived.

A Simple (and Necessary) Definition of “Annex Zero”

(For readers who don't like metaphors... or don't get them.)

Zero — for those unfamiliar — is the number that doesn't count when you tally, yet transforms everything when added to the right.

It's the difference between “1 riyal” and “10 million,” even though, technically... it's nothing.

“Appendix Zero” is neither the first chapter nor the last. It doesn't appear in the official version, yet it holds what's written between the lines. It's the part that needs no title, because it speaks for itself without introductions. It's the paragraph written when honesty matters more than order. It's what isn't said out loud, yet cannot be ignored when read... and after which the book is quietly closed — with a faint smile.

Note to Those Who Think They're Little Gods Within the Company

To those who sit behind closed office doors and believe they're beyond fault,
To those who preach "compliance" while hiding volumes of violations behind their titles,
To those who speak of "company values" and quietly violate them in dim hallways—
This note is for you:

Yes, this book is pointing at you. Yes, some of its pages are laughing at you. And yes, its lines clearly whisper: you are a large part of the problem. You're the ones who suffocate souls in the name of structure, Silence pain in the name of "workflow", And weaponize the system against the very people who keep it alive. You're the ones who parrot "corporate culture" without understanding what it even means, Who champion "empowerment" while crushing every honest idea beneath your polished shoes. You're the reason employees stand in front of the mirror each morning and say: "I'll go... not because I want to, but because I have no other choice." You are the embodiment of what the Qur'an describes as: "Those whom God turned into apes, and pigs, and worshippers of false gods." — because blind imitation is servitude,

humiliation of others is swine-like, and worshipping systems over people is bowing to a false god. This book isn't trying to convince you. It isn't hoping you'll change. It simply came to say, out loud: You've been seen. You've been written about. You've been laughed at. And then... we moved on.

Side Note:

Don't worry, we didn't include a feedback survey at the end of this book...

because we already know you'd rate yourselves as "Outstanding – Exceeds Expectations."

A Personal Note from the Author

(Read it if you wish... or keep it for the moment you wonder: what does all this really mean.)

To all staff members, those suspected of having feelings, survivors of performance reviews, and anyone who has been tried emotionally without a lawyer— Please be advised that this book, “Quiet Resurrection”, may remind you of familiar figures: the Human Resources department, or the Public Prosecutor. But not in the way you know them. This is a heavenly version of both — one that places a hand on your shoulder, not a verdict on your head. It doesn’t wear a laminated smile, or whisper “This is a psychologically safe space” while silently logging your daily collapses on an Excel sheet. It does not wag its finger in judgment, nor sit on a high chair drafting your name into a list of ethical offenses under titles like “Dress Code Violation” or “Unprofessional Conduct.” “Quiet Resurrection” does not intimidate with contracts, nor wave policy sheets in your face, nor say: “We’re launching an internal investigation.” It’s more like a department from the sky. It doesn’t send email summons, but dreams instead. It knows when you were quietly exiled from your personal Eden, and when you stood before managers pleading with tears — not excuses. It remembers every time you walked into the boss’s office, not to boast, but to ask for help, and walked out convincing yourself you’re adult enough to contain another silent disappointment.

As for the Human Resources we know — and the Prosecutor we know — they’ve now merged into one: an administrative golden calf that moos, looks impressive... and does absolutely nothing. “It cannot return a word to them, nor can it cause them harm or bring them benefit.” (Qur’an 20:89) This is the same creature who judges you for not covering your head the way they see fit, and then judges you again for looking too tired. The one who doesn’t pray, yet asks you for a certificate of moral behavior. The one who says: “You’re not integrating well with company culture.” Or: “You don’t fit the ideal profile of a model citizen.” If you fall... they say: “We wish you a speedy recovery.” If you cry... they say: “There’s a quiet room on the third floor.” (which, frankly, feels like a cell without bars.) If you’re fired unfairly... they say: “We’re just the executing body, the decision’s not ours.” Then they close your file like they close cases for “lack of sufficient evidence” — even though the evidence was your heart.

But this book... This book is the only department that actually signs off on your tears, and seals your pain with a stamp that reads: “Received. Understood. Preserved.” It speaks in a voice not made of sound, but of sky: “You are seen. You are valid. Your file is stored in heaven.”

But before you mistake the tone — let me clarify something essential: This isn’t about specific individuals. You don’t have to be an HR officer or a public prosecutor to be one of the people pointed to in these words. You might be within the system, but your spirit lives far beyond it. And you might be far from any formal role, yet still act like a walking policy document — or worse, a moral judge handing out silent verdicts. That’s why this note found its way to you. To help you catch the symbolic keys woven into this text, to light up its deeper intentions, and to build a small bridge between me and you. So that the cry isn’t mistaken for an insult, and the whisper not mistaken for blame. “Quiet

Resurrection” isn’t here to accuse anyone. It is an honest search through the fragile mess we all live inside. You may find yourself in these pages, and smile — because you are not like them. Or you may realize that you were once part of that scene — without even knowing. And in either case, welcome to these pages.

Side Note:

HR usually has a designated “quiet room”... but in this book, the room is always open, the coffee is free, and the smiles are real.

To the One Who Holds the Keys to Decision... and Masters the Silence, Too

To the CEO, To the one whose desk receives commands, data, and faces all at once,
To the one who skillfully balances between objectives and KPIs.

In this book, “Quiet Resurrection”, you will not find an executive summary, nor a proposal to improve operational efficiency. What you will find... is a different voice — a voice that does not speak in meetings, and is never attached in an email.

It is the voice of an employee closing the door, and speaking only to their own heart.

We know you’re a man of decisions, you see the big picture, and guide the course.

But behind every picture, there are small details. There is someone smiling at you out of respect, and then crying silently in the back elevator... because something inside them has cracked.

This book doesn’t ask you for anything, nor does it review your leadership.

It simply gives you a rare chance to read what is never written, and to hear what is never said to you — because your position is often met with diplomacy, not honesty.

This text might lift you up, might stir a thrill of leadership within you — and that’s completely natural.

But if you read it well, that thrill may be joined by a quiet realization: that behind every “performance metric” there’s a soul simply trying not to fall apart.

Within “Quiet Resurrection”, there are one or two lines written just for you. Not because you’re at fault — but because you alone can change the rhythm... even slightly.

You might think the text is a compliment — but maybe, just maybe, it’s the most honest performance review you’ll never receive officially.

Side Note:

Don’t worry, we’re not asking for a promotion in the final pages...

but if the thought crosses your mind, we’re more than ready to support the initiative.

To the One Where the Story Began... and Still Continues in His Name

To the Owner, To the one who planted the first seed, signed the foundation, and chose the name that now fills business cards, building façades, and annual speeches.

This book, “Quiet Resurrection”, is not a complaint, nor a demand, nor an audit.

It is a personal testament, written quietly on the margins of a paycheck — when numbers alone no longer explain the weight of feeling.

We write it to you, because we know that up there — where the reports pile up — rarely does one arrive about the state of the soul,

about the unspoken fatigue,

about the loyalty that isn’t measured in check-in times or hours logged.

We understand that distance hides the details, and that the version you receive... is often what the middle wants you to see,

not what’s truly happening.

And so, we offer you this book, not so you review a system, or hold anyone accountable, but simply so you may hear what is not said in meetings.

You might smile as you read it, and feel it quietly celebrates the founder — and that would be your right.

But at its core, it’s just a whisper that says:

What you built still stands, but what stands above the ground isn’t always what lives in the hearts.

Read it as one might review his roots — with proud eyes... and a listening ear.

Side Note:

No need to treat this book as an official document... but it would, admittedly, look great in your reception area next to the trophies.

To the One Who Makes Branches Grow Hope, Not Just Numbers

To my dear manager...

the human being before the title-holder,

the steady presence that bore everything in us that could have broken.

This book, “Quiet Resurrection”, would not have come out with such a balanced tone, or with this much hidden light between the lines, if it weren’t for your presence.

Yes, there is pain in it, and questions, and a bit of sarcasm — and I did laugh, I laughed at systems, at bureaucracy, at “salaries tied to emotional stability,” at those synthetic smiles that don’t actually say anything.

But every time I wrote a line filled with hope, or spoke of kindness that saves, or mentioned a faint shadow of human mercy... you were the one I had in mind.

I didn’t have to imagine a kind manager from a parallel world — because I worked with one.

In every chapter that waved its flag of pain, there was a corner that looked like your office: always open, with coffee, a smile, and a genuine question: “You doing okay?”

This book may read you between the lines, and it may not name names, but it knows you... because your spirit reached it before your name ever could.

You are not the exception — you are the rule we wish could be replicated, so that work doesn’t remain a quiet escape from fire, but a place for survival... and growth.

So thank you —

for never raising your voice, but always raising us, when we needed someone who believes that employees are humans, not just numbers in a file.

And if you’re laughing now — you absolutely have the right. Because yes, I truly did laugh at them: at their stiffness, their detachment, their distance from anything remotely human.

You, on the other hand, were simply proof that power doesn’t corrupt everyone, that kindness doesn’t diminish authority, and that one ordinary person in an extraordinary position can save dozens of souls from quietly drowning.

So thank you — for what you know you did, and for many things... you never even knew you saved me from.

Side Note:

Don’t worry, we haven’t added a clause in this book that requires you to attend more meetings...

but if there were an award for “Most Human Leader,” you’d win it—no contest.

Opening Jokes – From the Backstage of the Resurrection

The Owner:

He opens the first page in his quiet office... Sees his name among the words... smiles with the confidence of legacy: "Lovely... she wrote about us! That means the company inspired refined literary thought." He flips to the next page... The glow on his face dims slightly: "Wait... is this criticism? No, no... constructive criticism. Elegant even. We encourage this." Then he closes the book and tells his assistant: "Print me two copies... and place them on the meeting table. Makes a nice decorative touch."

The CEO:

He reads the introduction with the swagger of a public speaker: "Clearly, our leadership has started to bear poetic fruit!" Then comes across a line: "Decisions aren't questioned — they're swallowed like medicine." He pauses. Chuckles with managerial tension: "Bold. But respectful. We honor freedom of expression." As he flips through the pages, he scribbles a private note: "We need a restructuring plan... for the over-honest types."

Head of HR:

Reads the line: "They can't respond with a word, nor can they offer harm or benefit." He gasps: "That's us! Wow! We're being referenced... scripturally!" Then re-reads it... stops a little... "Wait... is this praise or poetic HR slander?" Then opens a ticket in the system: "Suggestion: Include the term emotional wellness support in all communications... as a response gesture."

The Ladder-Climber Colleague:

Didn't read the book. Heard about it in the coffee break: "She wrote about management but didn't name names. Clever..." Then smirks: "I'm clearly not one of the people she meant. I help everyone! (If they're useful, of course)."

The Nervous Employee:

Reads... sweats... gulps: "She's... very brave. She should reconsider..." Then folds the page and whispers: "But honestly... she said what we all feel. God bless her."

The Free Employee:

Reads. Then places the book against his chest, smiles in silence: "Finally. Someone wrote what we've all been carrying inside."

Final Note:

"Any resemblance between these characters and people you know... is purely a result of a painfully accurate reality."

Whoever reads this book... might end up wearing a hijab. Even if he's a male.

Yes, don't be surprised. This book doesn't teach you how to dress. It peels off your layers of ignorance, one by one, until you're left naked of all the things you thought were "understanding," and clothed in the very things you once mistook for weakness.

"Quiet Resurrection" isn't a book for girls only. It's not about hijab only. Not about the workplace, or religion, or the daily suffocation in elevators and office emails...

It's about that voice you swallowed so it wouldn't be "used against you." About the words you bit back in meetings. About that prayer you whispered behind your screen—not on a prayer rug:

"Ya Allah, don't expose me... just understand me

." Readers won't walk away from this book the same, especially the men. Some of them will leave with a hijab on their tongue— no longer tossing judgments like grenades. Some will wear it over their eyes— so they stop staring at what's lacking and start seeing the quiet war being fought. Some will wear it over their awareness— and finally remember: a human is not measured by fabric... but by feeling.

They'll realize—maybe for the first time— that some women don't wear hijab, but they wear something far stronger, and far more sacred.

They'll learn that modesty doesn't begin at the head... but in the intention.

And maybe—just maybe— they'll finish this book and realize... they've been covered all along. Not with cloth. But with a quiet, invisible hijab— the kind that scares off devils.

So, what is "Quiet Resurrection"? It's the moment you close the book, and realize something in you has shifted. You're not who you were before. You're not sure how. You just know... you've risen.

"I Hear You... Before You Speak"

(To Those Who Said: "He's Insane")

I hear you.

Before your mouths open, before the first word escapes you, I've already heard it... in your silence.

That word you haven't said yet— I read it in the arch of your brows, in the way you look at anyone who doesn't mirror you, in your polite detachment, your hollow pats on the back, your "How are you?" that expects no answer.

I know it well: "Crazy." "Unstable."

"Disturbed." "Mentally ill."

Say what you will. Say, "There's something not quite right with him... not normal."
Repeat the words of those before you:

"He is nothing but a man possessed."

But before you continue your little diagnosis parade, ask yourselves: Who said it first?
And who was it said to?

They said it to Noah, when he wept too long for them.

They said it to Moses, when his voice trembled against tyranny.

They said it to Jesus, when he raised the dead and undid everything they thought they knew.

They said it to Muhammad, when light poured from his chest—

so they stamped him with one word: "Madman."

And now here you are, walking the same blind path as those before you, repeating the old script whenever you hear a heart tremble, whenever truth crosses your path in a form your polished language can't contain— whenever a living verse walks past you on two feet.

I don't write to prove my sanity. I don't write to reassure you of your own. I write because I've seen that the true madness is to remain silent while everything inside you is being stolen— and still smile and say, "I'm fine. Everything's normal."

So yes—call me mad.

Let it be so.

At least I know exactly why I scream.

But you— your screams stay locked inside, too quiet to be heard, too deep to be healed.

You call honesty "instability," tears "weakness," emotional movement "disorder." And the moment someone dares write what you won't even whisper, you label him: "Not well."

But I swear to you— I'm more awake than your silence. More grounded than your tidy little calm. Closer to God than your starched, wooden normalcy.

I write in the name of those judged before they were heard,

of those imprisoned before they were understood,

of those who bowed in secret while being called, in public: "bewitched."

So no—your shock doesn't move me. Your clinical tones don't frighten me. Because I've stood with those who heard it before me. And they know—

The ones called mad are often the only ones who saw the truth —and couldn't stay silent.

So don't try to fix me. Don't dissect me. Don't say, "We understand."

I don't need your understanding. I only want one thing:

That one of you—just one— has the courage to admit:

You were afraid.

Because for a moment,

you saw in my mirror

something that looked like you— back when you were still honest.

A Note Before You Enter:

Dear reader — or the hurried one —

If you picked up this book searching for a phrase to "lash out" at someone, or to leave with a sentence worthy of a sharp post...

Close it. Better yet, close yourself off and go make a cup of tea.

This book does not promise entertainment, nor does it flatter you.

It does not seek victory, nor does it hand out promises or fatwas, nor does it hang slogans to soothe the conscience.

It only tries to adjust your glasses as they should be worn — not on your eyes, but on your heart.

So do not look here for an "exciting plot," nor expect a satisfying ending to pamper your ready-made expectations.

This text is not a story to be told, but a voice returning from a depth you never dared to descend into within yourself.

Do not be fooled by some sarcastic lines, nor withdraw at the first pain that was not heard in a familiar tone.

This book is like a well: you only see it if you approach, and you only understand it if you look deeply into it.

If you are one of those who reads to judge, or to silently point out mistakes with cleverness, or to seize a phrase to strike others... I apologize, this text is not for you.

Read it slowly, as if you are opening a letter not written for you, but you — for some reason — feel it concerns you.

Do not ask: “What will be said?” but ask: “What will expose me of what I have not said?”

Read it not to understand it, but to let it understand something about you that you were unaware of.

And if you prefer short, polished, reassuring sentences... kindly close this book and go well.

In the Heart of the Peninsula

At midday, when the walls melt beneath the weight of the sun in the peninsula, the child wandered alone in the street-dusty clothes, a tanned face that knew nothing of protection or warmth.

The air was heavy with ash, the ruins around him silent except for barking dogs and the creaking of abandoned windows. No one asked about his heart, or his bare feet. The child, a forgotten, wretched little being, didn't understand neglect, but he felt it-like a lump lodged in his chest since he first existed.

A sudden voice tore through the stillness of noon—his mother's voice: "Come!"

He ran to her eagerly, as though she were the only open window in his world.

She said: "Touch the windowpane. Feel it. See how hot it is?" The child came closer, stretched his hand in innocence, in the kind of curiosity only childhood knows. And when he touched it, his small palm left its print.

Her face changed at once, as if something deep inside her had exploded without warning.

She screamed, cursed, and slapped him.

One scream crashed down upon him like a wall.

Then she scolded him for being filthy, for being careless, for being wrong...

But he didn't know what the mistake was, nor why such anger fell upon him.

He hadn't asked for anything, hadn't trespassed-she had called him, she had shown him, and then she was the first to betray him.

And inside him, something shattered that could not be easily mended: trust.

How can he trust a hand that reaches once with warmth, and again with a slap?

How can he know right from wrong if all he ever receives is punishment?

In that moment, not just his palm was scorched—his soul curled in on itself like a wound, folding inward.

Her words no longer reached him, her face no longer visible.

All he felt was that fire inside—not from the heat of the glass, but from the heat of betrayal.

The child would grow, yes, but never heal.

He would carry his fractured childhood on his back like a cross.

And one day they would say of him: "Infidel, deviant, lost..."

They would point to him as if he were born of sin, a creature from the shadows.

And none of them would remember that once, he was just a child—at midday, in the heart of the Peninsula, scolded for a touch... and forgotten soon after.

Sit down.

Before you start reading, and again let me put it another way: this is not a book.

It is a slightly tilted mirror... reflecting something of you, but in a way you are not used to.

There is no order here. No first or last chapter, because what you are going through does not move in a straight line.

This is not a story... but voices, tremors, fragments of pain that had been sleeping beneath your skin.

Every part of this text was not written to please you, but to awaken something in you.

It was written in darkness, in silence, at that moment when no one hears you — not even yourself.

So do not look for a “beginning,” nor ask “What does the mother of the Resurrection mean?”

Rather, ask yourself:

“Why do I feel this? Why did I tremble here? And why did I feel I already know this pain without reading it before?”

Every chapter in this book is not a scene from my life, but a scratch on your memory.

Every phrase is not a message to you, but a message that came from you and you did not dare to read aloud.

You will find no sermon here, no sealed wisdom, no promise of a happy ending.

But if you continue... you may hear that voice the world tried to choke inside you, the voice that says, whispering yet steady:

“I am still alive.”

I did not start this book out of tradition, pride, or in response to anyone.

But because one day I sat searching through their books... their sermons, their shouting words, their rigid fatwas, and their frowning faces...

Looking for mercy.

For the verse that God hung on the gateway of the message, for the sentence God said about His most beloved creation:

“And We have not sent you, [O Muhammad], except as a mercy to the worlds.”
(Al-Anbiya: 107)

But sadly, I did not find it in their books.

I found boundaries... I found them casting laws like martial decrees, not like water to the thirsty.

I found them shouting orders, forgetting the human for whom the orders were revealed.

I saw no heart in their language... nor in their sermons a compassion that pats a hurting shoulder.

All I saw were pointing fingers, judging mouths, and watching eyes.

They forgot...

That the first word in this book was “Read,” not “Judge,” nor “Rebuke,” nor “Expel him from among you.”

They forgot that God did not reveal His book to frighten us from it, but to embrace us.

And this book...

Is not a sermon, nor a fatwa, nor a teaching from above, but a call from the darkness... allowed to be written.

Do not look for reassurance in this book... you may find it sometimes, but it comes after some things inside you collapse.

This is not a book to soothe nerves, but to raise adrenaline... in a deep place not shown in tests. A place called: conscience.

You will be afraid — not from outside, but from inside. You will meet yourself, then deny it... then return to it again, with what does not resemble you extinguished, and what was waiting to rise ignited.

“Quiet Resurrection” does not aim to teach you something, but to provoke that thing you already know... but have long ignored.

This book does not pat your shoulder; it shakes you. Gently, yes... but until you wake up.

When mercy vanished... they distorted the path to God.

It was not the enemies of religion who first distorted it, but those who reduced God to laws and forgot His kindness and love.

Those who made people flee mosques, not because they hated God, but because they feared the image painted without knowledge and without mercy.

They did not call out for the oppressed... but read judgments over them, as if pain has no excuse.

They did not wipe a repentant's tear... but doubted his sincerity.

And so, unknowingly, they paved the way for the oppressor,

And gave him an excuse to say:

“Do you see? This is the religion of cruelty... not the religion of mercy.”

O reader of this book... remember as you flip its pages,

That what is in your hands is not a fatwa, nor a doctrine, nor a creed method, but the story of a soul...

That walked long in the labyrinths of questions, broke before closed doors, then returned to seek God, with a heart exhausted by wandering, yet did not lose hope.

These words are not a guide for the certain, but a mirror for seekers in the darkness of the path, written with the ink of weakness, not guidance, and in a whisper, not preaching...

If you find truth in it, take it, and if you see a shadow of error, conceal it.

To those who feel numb... not saved.

To those who have not cried for months, not because they are well... but because they no longer have a single tear left.

To those who wake, leave, return, and sleep without remembering why they do all this.

To those who feel “dead elegantly,” and that indifference has become a defense mechanism, not a conscious choice...

To these I say: You are not neglected. You are only... tied to your hearts.

“[And We have sealed] upon her heart” — was not only for Umm Musa, but for everyone who would have lost their mind had God not intervened and silenced their affliction, not because the affliction ended... but because you cannot bear it now.

The indifference you feel is not “hardness,” but a thin layer of mercy, God wrapped around your heart so it does not explode, so it does not break down.

Do not blame yourself for not feeling.

Do not reproach your heart for becoming cold.

God only wants you now to stay alive in spirit.

And when the time comes, when you become ready, He will lift this numbness from you, and restore your tears, your feeling, and your warmth — but without breaking again.

Trust...

If today you do not feel, tomorrow you will weep over this moment and say:

“Glory be to God... God had tied my heart, and I did not know.”

O Allah,
I absolve myself before You
of every word that strays from Your pleasure,
every meaning that misses Your intent,
and every line that slipped without purpose.

I intended only to share what I have lived...
not to be followed,
but to give voice.

If in these pages
there is anything that brings peace to a restless heart,
or leads someone gently back to You,
then it is by Your grace.

And if there is anything unworthy,
forgive me...
and do not hold me accountable
for what I do not know.

To everyone who ever felt like something to be used and discarded... To those who know that love cannot be explained. The

The Biography of the Author of “Quiet Resurrection”

He was born in a place rarely mentioned, within a family fluent in silence and skilled in denial. He was the kind of child who didn't ask much, but noticed everything. As he grew up, he discovered that questions weren't welcome — so he kept them in a black notebook hidden under his pillow.

He learned early never to rely on anyone. And when he tried relying on God, he was afraid — because the God he'd been taught resembled the angry faces that once shouted, “Watch out! God sees you!” No one ever told him, “God loves you, even when you're crying alone.” He worked in jobs he didn't love, joined conversations he didn't care for, and perfected the art of pretending to be “just fine.” But every evening... he wrote. He wrote the way some people breathe — quietly, desperately. And he feared being read, the way a schoolboy fears someone finding the hiding place where he stashed his last secret.

One evening, in a city where no one notices anyone, he collapsed. Not physically — but inwardly. He entered the hospital not in search of healing, but simply to prove to himself he hadn't vanished completely. And there, for the first time, he found a Book that didn't offer answers — but asked the very questions he had long buried in silence.

That night, he began writing “Quiet Resurrection.” We do not know if he ever published it. We do not know who read it first. But we do know one thing: That when he wrote the final page, he no longer needed to prove anything to anyone.

You might wonder why this journey begins at the gates of Mercy, and not with Eleven Dawns. But this is not a mistake in sequence—it's a truth in experience. Dawn was never the beginning. It was the ember my soul had to walk through before light could feel like mercy, not illusion. I had to pass through the burn of awakening before I could even recognize mercy when it came close. "at the gates of mercy" is the first chapter... But it wasn't the first pain.

As I write this, I remembered my child... the one who hasn't been born yet, who hasn't formed in my womb, whose face I do not know, and whose father I do not yet know... But there is one thing I do know: I don't want him to go through this. I don't want him to ask the world and cry in silence, to sit in a hospital staring at the walls, searching for God in locked hearts and indifferent eyes.

As I write about the collapse, I feel as though I'm writing directly to him, saying: "No, my son, this wasn't heroism. It wasn't a passing lesson... It was a real wound, one that kept hurting me for years—even as I walked on my feet and laughed." If you ever read this one day, don't be too impressed by the strength of someone who cried and then stood up. Instead, ask yourself: why did they have to cry in the first place?

This book is not a tribute to patience, but a scream from a heart that says: "O Lord, if You bless me with a child, don't let him search for You in the ruins like I did." I wish for every child in this world to find someone who soothes their heart before they fall. I wish you a heart at peace, a question that doesn't torment you, and eyes that don't have to search for God among the wreckage as I did.

Introduction

“I was searching for God... and found myself lost in questions.” The journey toward God was not a path of light from the very beginning. At first, it was a long tunnel of confusion, lined with questions no one seemed able to answer. I wasn’t an atheist, nor was I devout. I was simply a human being, searching for certainty, aching from an inner void that no cliché words or ready-made answers could fill.

I knocked on the doors of religious scholars, questioned preachers, sat with those who were supposed to know God... Only to find them stumbling over the same questions I had brought to them. The problem wasn’t that I doubted too much— But that they had never doubted at all. They repeated what they had heard, not what they had lived. I realized then: knowledge alone is not enough, And a sincere answer doesn’t come from the tongue— But from a heart that has wandered, and then found the way.

When I didn’t find what I was looking for, I stopped searching. In truth, I abandoned myself. I sank into isolation, then into burnout... then into collapse. I could no longer carry my questions. I was a patient with no diagnosis, a treatment with no healing— Until I ended up in the hospital. And when I left, I was determined to search for my own salvation.

Then things worsened... I began to see what cannot be seen, to feel what cannot be explained. I saw demons chasing me, sitting beside me, invading my moments. I could no longer tell reality from illusion. And I was completely alone in all this— Except for God, whom I still didn’t truly know.

Then came that night. I was desperate for a solution... a spell... a verse that might drive away what I saw. So I decided to read Surah Al-Jinn. But when I opened the Qur’an and began reading, I didn’t drive out demons—ignorance was driven out of me. It was as if the Surah wasn’t speaking about them, but about me. That book pulled me in—not for healing, but for meaning.

My journey didn’t end there. I spent eleven years learning, aching, getting lost, finding pieces of truth—then getting lost again. I thought I was on the path—only to find myself on its edges. I thought I found God in people’s words and books— Only to discover that the map had always been in front of me: In the Qur’an. In the path of Abraham.

What pained me most wasn’t my ignorance— But realizing that people had forgotten Abraham, peace be upon him. They forgot he wasn’t just a prophet in an ancient story— He was the beginning of the path itself.

This book is not a call to religion, nor a tale of triumph. It is the documentation of a human journey— Of someone who was searching for God, And discovered that the way to Him begins by knowing the self, asking honest questions, and following the one who taught us how to break the idols: Abraham, peace be upon him.

He was seven or eight—maybe even younger. An age when a child should carry nothing more than a small backpack, Yet he carried his brother, fed his sister, and put the youngest to sleep.

He lost his mother early. He doesn't clearly remember her face—just a blurry image at the end of the hallway, A swaying dress... and then she was gone. Since that day, there was no real embrace. Life had reduced his childhood to one word: responsible.

He lived with his grandmother. She loved him, but she was busy. He lived with uncles, his grandfather, and... his father.

He loved his father silently. To him, he was a dignified man—present, occasionally kind, but quick to anger, As if his heart carried something that never healed. When he was around, the boy felt warmth... and fear. When he was gone, he felt loneliness... and relief. A contradiction a child can't explain, but adapts to— Like adapting to the cold: you don't like it, but you live in it.

One still evening, he sat on the floor, staring at his small hands. He opened his fingers, closed them, repeated the motion. Then suddenly, he asked himself:

"How did I... become me?"

It wasn't a passing thought. It was a sudden shiver— As if something inside him had just woken up And whispered: "Look around... something doesn't make sense."

He lifted his eyes toward the ceiling. Then toward his father, sitting in the other room. He studied his voice, his features, the way he walked.

Then thought: "Who made my father? And who made his mother? And her mother?"

The questions kept coming. Why am I aware of myself? Why do I have this inner voice? Who planted this wonder inside me? Who gave me this mind... and left me to question alone?

At first, he thought he was just overthinking. But the question was like water—it seeped in from every crack, Until it drowned him completely.

He began to see people differently. They weren't just people anymore. They became walking question marks. Every face, every voice, every pair of eyes Seemed to ask him: "Who put us here? And why?"

One night, lying in bed, he tried speaking to himself internally. He whispered in silence: "I'm thinking right now. I hear myself. I know I'm talking to myself... but how?" He wasn't afraid. But something inside him trembled. As if the ground beneath him was no longer steady, As if everything familiar had suddenly turned strange. And when he asked the adults, He received rushed, unsettled replies: "God created you. Don't think too much." Or: "These are questions you're not supposed to ask. Faith means surrender."

But he wasn't looking for debate. He was searching for honesty— For someone to say: "Yes... I asked myself those same questions." But he found no one.

So he began to withdraw. He spoke less, observed more, and listened in silence. He stared into mirrors for long moments, Studying his eyes, his face, whispering to himself:

"I didn't choose this face... so who did?"

And deep in his heart, a vague idea began to form: That this world is not as it seems.
That something vast... hidden, Had not yet been revealed to him.

And he didn't know, That the small moment— When he sat on the floor, studying his hands,
Then lifted his gaze to the sky... Was the very first step On his long journey—
The journey to find God.

The boy grew up. The years passed like wind through an old door: They made a sound... and left behind dust.

All that remained of childhood in his heart were fragments. His siblings—those he once carried—grew up. They now walked beside him... sometimes ahead of him. His grandfather passed away, and the house slowly quieted down. His father remarried. She was kind. Not a mother, but she tried to be close.

As for him, he asked for nothing. He had grown used to asking for nothing.

In his heart, there was a strange feeling... As if a mission had ended. Maybe he was never assigned to it—but he completed it anyway. He raised his siblings, stayed up through the nights, stayed silent, Grew up too soon... And now? The house no longer needed him, But he wasn't sure he even knew who he was.

He would stand in front of the mirror for long stretches, Looking at his face as if seeing it for the first time. A face carved by years— But who am I? Was I just a shadow of a family? A voice only heard when a sibling cried? Is this the life that was written for me?

One night, in total darkness, he sat alone on the rooftop, Staring at the city. Its lights, its people, the quiet noise trapped in its chest. And he said to himself: "I want to leave. To migrate. Even if I die, it's okay. I'm a migrant. Migrating to any place that feels different. Somewhere there's a chance I might find something... or understand."

He didn't know where, And he didn't care. All he knew was that what was inside him had become too tight to contain, And staying... felt like dying.

He didn't know that the word he said so casually— "I'm a migrant" Was the true beginning of the path. That God would show him signs he never imagined.

But not all at once. Rather, like gold—refined through fire.

So he left. Where to? It didn't matter. He himself didn't fully know. All he knew was: He didn't want to stay in a place where he didn't even know who he was.

He left like someone escaping a burning house, Or a shadow that no longer resembled him.

He arrived— And work came to him, as if it had been waiting. A door opened effortlessly. Provision flowed in ways he never expected. Three years. He worked, laughed, ate, slept, wore what he liked, went out when he pleased. He wasn't rich— But he was comfortable, A kind of comfort he had never known before. And deep down, He thought he had finally... found peace. That maybe God was rewarding him for the years of pain, Or that life had finally decided to be kind to him.

But he didn't realize that this comfort... Was only a brief vacation from the questions. A delay of the pain, not its healing. Then the feeling crept in, slowly... At first, a bit of sadness. Then a tightness in the chest, unexplainable. Then a sorrow with no cause.

Then... anger. He started getting angry at everything. At people, at himself, at his memories, At a childhood that never asked his permission before being so harsh. Emotions he never knew began to rise from within. It was like the child he once was had suddenly awakened, And screamed: "I haven't forgotten! I haven't forgiven! I didn't live as I should have!"

He would walk the streets talking to himself: "Why me? Who wrote for me to be grown at such a young age? Where were You, God? Why didn't You stop any of it?" All he knew was that he was on the verge of exploding. Either he would erupt, Or collapse, Or run again... to a place unknown, Searching for something still unformed in his heart, But which he had started secretly calling: "The Truth." Or "God." Or "The answer no one ever gave." The three comfortable years had ended quietly— And what began in their place Was something deeper: The struggle of the soul. He traveled — And the journey wasn't just to a new country, But to a new version of himself he decided to try on: Calm, polite, a good listener, Kind to everyone... even to himself. As if he had said to his heart: "Enough shouting. Let's try quiet for a while." And for a short time, everything seemed okay. The air was cleaner, the faces unfamiliar but not threatening, And the silence... Was kinder than the questions that were never allowed to be asked. But over time, a voice inside began to stir... Maybe it was the echo of old questions returning, Or something mysterious urging him: "Search. Don't go quiet." But he was afraid of going back to the same old circles. Afraid of approaching Muslim communities— Not out of hatred, but out of fear. Fear of being called: "Apostate! Infidel! Sinner!" Just for asking: "Who am I? And why?" So he turned to the other side— To the churches. He began visiting them, Sitting quietly in corners, Looking at the crosses, the candles, the faces with closed eyes whispering soft prayers. He respected that reverence. But still, his heart kept asking: "Is this the way? Is this where I'll find God?" He started asking priests his questions— With humility, with reverence, sometimes even desperation: "Who is God? Why did He create me? What's the purpose? What is the secret of this life?" And the answer repeated— Always the same tone, no matter the question: "Faith is in the heart." Then they would smile, Turn back to their routines, As if saying: "Don't disrupt the system." But he never wanted to disrupt anything. He just wanted to be understood. For someone to reach out and say: "Come, I'll walk with you until you see." But no one ever did.

And one night, he returned home and whispered to himself:

"Why does no one notice me? Why does no one hear me?" He closed the door... Sat in the dark, in silence. But this time, he didn't get angry. He didn't break down. He simply said: "I'll wait." He waited for the One he didn't yet know, But believed was out there. He waited for an answer... Or a sign... Or the first letter of the path. And so, he returned to solitude. But this solitude was no longer the same. It was... calmer. Deeper. Closer to something approaching. He was granted another journey. But this time, the destination was different, the air was different, and the people... were different. A country worthy of a salute— One that revered order, punished those who disrespected time, And honored people with a smile—something that cost nothing... but meant so much. A land that rose from the rubble of wars, Washed its hands of racism that had disfigured the face of history, Closed the chapter of a mad tyrant as if he had never been, Then moved forward. It walked slowly, but with steadiness. And at every corner

of its streets, he could feel something like... justice. Not perfect justice. But enough to make him stop, put his hands in his pockets, and look around in wonder.

"Why?" He said to himself. "Why wasn't it like this in my home? Or in my society? Why wasn't there justice for my mother? Or mercy from my father? Why was my childhood drowned in shouting and threats, and no one ever simply told me: You're okay?" He realized suddenly that what he lacked wasn't necessarily religion, But something more basic: Emotional safety. Two months passed. He loved the quiet streets, the fearless laughter of children, The smiles of strangers offered without suspicion. But he didn't laugh. He was seeing justice... just not in his own land. He was seeing safety... after no longer needing it. In the city he thought was a refuge, In the place he assumed would be an escape from injustice, He entered a store—just like any other customer. He stood in line at the cashier, A few people behind him, one man still paying in front. He wasn't in a rush. He wasn't blocking anyone. He was just... standing in line quietly, like everyone else. Suddenly, without warning, He felt a shove at his back. A sharp elbow hit his shoulder. He turned quickly. It was an elderly woman... wearing a hijab. Before he could say a word—"What?"— She looked at him with disdain, And said clearly, loud enough to startle him and those around:

"Hurry up, pervert!" Silence. Time froze. People looked, but no one spoke. The cashier continued working, as if nothing had happened. He didn't understand. Pervert? How? Why? Did she assume something? Did she mistake him for someone? He hadn't even looked at her. He found no explanation. No voice spoke for him. All he felt was a strange smallness... As if the earth had shrunk, As if his eyes wanted to cry—not from sadness, but from humiliation.

He didn't respond. And he couldn't stay. He finished paying quickly, Took his things, and left. He got on his bicycle. But the streets no longer felt the same. The city he loved now felt cold, distant, soulless. His bike sped forward... and so did his tears. Tears unseen by others, But falling behind him, soaking the wind, Carrying in every drop a burning question: "Why?" And when he got home, He found his kind neighbor—the one he usually spoke to comfortably. He told her what happened, hoping to find support, understanding, fairness. But her response was a second slap, Colder, harsher than the first. She gave a half-smile and said: "Don't worry, those people are just commoners. They won't hurt you. You're white, you look like us... no one will suspect you. Anyway, things will change soon. None of them will stay here—they'll be deported or... something else." Something else... Those last words echoed in his ears like a bullet. Something else? Was something being planned? Was the civilization and justice he believed in just a facade... hiding behind it a soft-spoken but deadly racism? He went quiet. His tears stopped this time— But not because they were done, Because they were stuck inside. He left her without a word, Entered his home as if carrying invisible wounds. Inside, He was silent, broken, lost... And that night, Was the beginning of the collapse That would lead him to isolation— Then to the hospital. He came home that night Drenched in sweat, tears... and confusion. He sat on the floor, in the corner, Put his head between his knees, And tried to breathe. But he couldn't. Everything was tight: The air, the walls, his chest, his heart.

He began to cry— First silently, Then loudly, Then in a way that didn't feel like crying... But like something ancient being pulled out of him— A grief with no name, no age, no source. He wasn't crying for the woman who shoved him, Nor for the neighbor who smiled so dryly, Nor for the silent queue. He was crying for whole years, An entire childhood, Days, hands, and voices That were stolen from him While he was just trying to understand: "Why?" The next morning, He woke up in a white bed, In a white room, In a white hospital. Everything was silent— Except inside him, There, he was screaming. He wasn't tied down, But he wasn't free either. They told him his body couldn't take it anymore, That his nerves needed "rest." They gave him medication he didn't recognize, A nurse's smile, And left him alone. Alone... as he always had been. But this time, Something new was forming in his heart: That he would not leave this place the same way he entered. When he first woke up in that hospital, It felt almost like a new birth.

He didn't feel surprised, Or happy, But he felt a strange... clarity. A calm that didn't feel like comfort, But like surrender. He looked at the white ceiling, Then at a window overlooking a green field. This hospital felt like a place built to heal souls, Not frighten them. He said to himself: "When I get out of here... I'll let go of all these medications. But for now, I need to convince them I'm getting better." And that... was his plan. The hospital resembled a small compound— a spacious lobby, residents of different ages and nationalities, most of them elderly. They participated in mental activities: drawing, games, light exercises... He didn't enjoy them, but he participated— for one goal: "To look like I'm getting better."

Despite his participation, he continued to feel numb. Not in his limbs— but in time itself. As if the days weren't moving, as if the world wasn't changing, as if he were stuck... between a rise that never came and an old fall he hadn't yet forgotten. There, in the same wing, was a man in his thirties who piqued his curiosity.

Wheat-colored skin, a light beard, and a smile that never left his face. A calm expression, radiating peace. As if he wasn't a patient— but a visitor from another world. He felt that this young man wanted to speak to him, but hesitated. Despite his visible warmth, he kept his distance. But he didn't need to get closer. Because every evening, at sunset, his voice would fill the hallways. He prayed. And recited the Qur'an in a soft, melodious voice— like a sad flute that knew the way to the heart. He became curious. Then suddenly said to himself: "What a beautiful voice... but no! Maybe he's a terrorist! He's here in the hospital to hide something..." And he fell silent. But the days passed, and the voice remained the same... Peace recited between the walls. One day, he found him sitting in the garden. He approached him. And simply said: "Your voice is beautiful. I enjoy hearing you when you pray." The young man smiled, and they began talking. A simple, ordinary conversation— about life, the weather, the hospital food. Three hours passed like a moment.

And suddenly, without warning, the young man began to recite verses from Surat al-Baqarah. And without realizing it, he continued the verses with him. The young man fell silent. He stared at him in surprise: "You've memorized it?" He quietly replied: "No... but my father used to recite it often. His voice was beautiful. And I... still remember it."

He didn't know then that this small moment was the first fragile thread toward a light whose name he did not yet know.

A month passed. He left the hospital with calm steps, carrying a mixture of resolve and detachment. He had decided never to return to those little pills that silenced pain... and everything else with it. "I'll heal myself," he said to himself, "even if I burn in the process." He returned home. At first, life seemed to breathe again. But he knew—from his internal silence—that something was coming. Then he began to feel it. He was riding his bicycle one morning, wind brushing his face, the city passing by like a cold dream. But behind him, the road wasn't empty. There was something. Same speed. Same direction. Same persistence. He would suddenly turn around, but see no one. Then he'd continue riding, but the feeling never left him. As if a shadow insisted on existing... without being seen. And on the train, underground, in the deep tunnels where the air changes and the breath tightens, he would look at the subway's reflective windows... and see the reflection of eyes watching him. Silent laughter trembling on the glass. No one moved toward him, but someone was watching—enjoying it, as if they already knew what was going to happen next. The house was no longer a refuge. The bed, no longer a safe haven. When he entered and closed the door behind him, he would breathe heavily. And when he took off his shoes, he felt something... had entered with him. At night, when he lay down, the feeling would become complete: someone had reached the bed before him.

Unseen. Untouchable. But present—sharing his blanket... his breath... his nightmares. And yet, he wasn't afraid. He watched. He analyzed. Sometimes, he even mocked it. He said to himself, staring into the darkness: "If evil has come to test me, then let it come. I'm no prophet... but I'm not a toy either." And thus began the new chapter. A chapter with no medicine, no mercy on the outside, and no safe place... except inside—that mysterious depth within his heart that had just begun to open its eyes... slowly. He didn't yet know that this strange, silent struggle—so much like madness—was not destruction... but labor. The labor of a soul giving birth... to light. Their harassment intensified. They no longer sufficed with shadows and whispers. It was as if they lurked around him, tested his patience, poked at his fragile peace. As if they were saying: "We won't let you rest." So he said to himself: "Fine. If it's a battle—so be it. I will devote myself to you, and burn your hell with my own hands." He began to search. Obsessively. Everything he could get his hands on—he opened it, flipped it, read it. Day and night blurred. He was looking for something... anything. And one evening, a ghost from the past visited him: the face of that man from the hospital. His kind smile, his calm voice, the voice that had once echoed through the corridors at sunset... reciting Qur'an. He remembered how transparent it had sounded—as though it hadn't come from vocal cords, but from some deeper place. He said to himself: "The Qur'an... how many surahs are there? What are their names? How many pages does it have?" He started searching relentlessly. Then, suddenly, his eyes landed on a name: "Surat al-Jinn." He froze. Then whispered: "My God... will I find the answer with them? Will I find something in this book that explains, rescues, extinguishes these fires?" He opened the Qur'an. And began to read. He did not find spells to cast out demons—but something far greater: something that cast out ignorance. It was as if the surah wasn't just speaking—it was speaking to him. As if it knew him. His confusion. His pain. His

sarcasm. His sincerity. The words pierced his heart— not through sound, but through a rhythm beyond explanation. He trembled. What stunned him wasn't just the meanings— but the voice itself: its manner, its grip on the soul, its balance of fear and serenity. At that moment, he didn't hesitate. He said to himself: "This book... I must read all of it." And in two days—he did. Cover to cover. He didn't drink. He didn't eat. He forgot time. Forgot hunger. Forgot himself. His soul evaporated— as if it melted into the ink of its pages, diving through the verses one after another... as though cleansing itself from years of loss. He wasn't the one reading. He was the one being read. And that... was the beginning of his emergence from the darkness. He stood up after two days. It felt like he had returned from another world. He walked to the kitchen, took out some bread, a few olives, and poured a cup of tea. He sat and ate slowly— as if returning to life from afar. But he was not as he had been. Something new was inside him... Or perhaps, the old thing that had been screaming in him for years had finally woken up. He decided to read it again.

This time, he read it over a week. Then again—a third time. But... what kind of reading was this? It wasn't just his eyes reading— his heart, his past, his sins were reading with him. The verses peeled off his masks, one after another, until only one face remained— a face he had never known before: the face of his original . He felt deep regret, bitter shame, a sadness that words could not contain. Every line he passed over seemed to look at him and say: "We've been waiting for you." He wasn't reading the verses... It was reading him. As if his story was written inside it. He saw his childhood, his rage, his alienation, his wandering— he saw how he had spent his whole life searching everywhere... except here. He wanted to stop. But he couldn't. It was as if something woke him before every dawn and said: "Continue." And so he continued. Even though he believed that God — glorified be He — would never forgive him, even though he thought the doors had closed, that what he had done was beyond forgiveness... Still—he could not leave the Book. His heart had become attached to it. As if he had found in it the one truth that cannot be bargained. Two weeks passed. He hadn't left the house. Hadn't spoken to anyone. He was secluding himself with the Book— as if he had been created anew. Then... a desire came to him— to go to the city's mosque. Maybe he would find someone to rest a hand on his shoulder and say: "Yes, you've been through what you've been through... but you didn't perish." But he hesitated. He said to himself: "Allahu Akbar... God is speaking to me here, in the Qur'an. Why would I go to His creation? Why disobey Him? Isn't it enough that He opened this door for me?" Then he fell silent. He thought for a long time. But he did not feel peace. It was as if there was something in his heart that couldn't be quenched by verses alone. As if he needed a human voice— someone who would look him in the eye and say: "Yes, I'm like you." He began repeating inside himself: "Should I go? Should I speak to someone? Or should I stay here... read, and tremble?" His soul stood at a crossroads— between seclusion and community, between being content with God alone, and seeking humans who could help him toward Him. At that moment, he did not know... that God is never angered by the returning, nor by the lost—when they find their way again, nor by the fearful—when they draw near. He still did not know... that all of this brokenness—was the true prayer. And that his next step... would be written in the heavens. He left the house after two weeks of seclusion. The air was

pure, still, gentle. As if the entire world had bathed— and wanted to greet him with a smile. There was no one on the street. Just him... the softness of the light, the lightness of the breeze, and the distant sound of birds tapping on the window of the day. He walked as though the earth had become lighter beneath him. His steps were not walking—they were flight. As if he had been released from a long prison and was now remembering what it meant to breathe air, to see the sky, to feel the pavement beneath his feet. Everything outside felt heavenly. Even a tree at the corner of the road seemed to nod at him and say: “Finally.” He reached the mosque. He saw a few people standing at the door and quietly asked: “Excuse me... I’d like to speak with the imam, if he’s here.” He didn’t know the imam. Not his name, not his face, not his nationality. He just wanted to find a human being... who would listen. And this time, for the first time in his life... he found one. The imam’s name was Ahmad. A man whose face could not be forgotten. His face was calm, like the waves of a sea at the end of the night. And his eyes—wide, as if the sky had descended and settled within them. He carried a light that could not be seen—but could be felt. A light that did not dazzle... but reassured. The imam looked at him and smiled, then said gently: “Before we start our conversation, it’s time for the Asr prayer... come, pray with us.” He entered the mosque. He stood with them in the prayer line, his heart pounding, his body still hesitant. Then he heard the voice... calm, deep—rising from the imam’s chest as though from the heart of the earth: “In the name of Allah, the Most Gracious, the Most Merciful” “The mutual rivalry for piling up (the good things of this world) diverts you Until you visit the graves...” Time stopped. Each verse felt as though it was directed at him alone. As if the imam wasn’t leading the group—he was leading him. “Nay, you shall come to know... then again, nay, you shall come to know”. He trembled. Many walls within him collapsed. And he cried... cried in silence, while standing, his head bowed. But the strange thing was... with every tear that fell, he felt something lifting him from the ground. As if the prayer wasn’t pulling him down— but carrying him. He felt a sweet kind of brokenness. And a sadness... that felt like mercy. Between each unit of prayer, there was a whisper inside him: “This... is the path.” The prayer ended, and he remained standing a little longer, as if something didn’t want him to move yet. Then Imam Ahmad approached him. He didn’t say, “My dear, don’t be sad, don’t cry.” He wasn’t one of those who pour sugar on a bleeding wound. Instead, he said quietly: “May Allah accept from us and from you... come, let’s sit and talk.” They sat in one of the corners. With them was Imam Ahmad and a friend of his, whom he introduced in calm Arabic: “This is my brother from the Arab community, he arrived recently. He’s an imam and a lecturer... you’ll feel at ease with him.” And he did. He felt something within him settle. He looked at them and spoke without prelude, without pretense, without shame. As if the words had been locked in his chest for ages and finally found their chance to break free: ***“A book came into my hands... the Qur’an. I didn’t find it like any other book. I believed it. Not because it was gentle—but because it was powerful. I can’t handle it... because it pierces me. It strips me bare. I read it and feel like it exposes me, removes every mask I’ve worn in life. Every time I shut my door and run to read it, I feel like I’m running into the fire with my own feet. I am sad. And afraid. And I think I’m doomed. And my soul doesn’t feel at peace. I just... want to know: Will God forgive me?” Imam Ahmad listened. With complete calm. His face was a blend of mercy and dignity. As for his friend, every time the young man paused to catch his

breath, he would smile and gently say: “Indeed, Allah is Most Forgiving, Most Merciful, my brother... indeed, Allah is Most Forgiving, Most Merciful.” But the young man didn’t find peace in this repetition. To him, it felt theoretical... a phrase spoken, not lived. His sorrow was stronger than words, and his tears faster than any consolation. So they let him cry. Then, suddenly, as if Imam Ahmad saw something else in his eyes, he asked him: “Masha’Allah... your English is very beautiful, and your style is literary. How did you learn it?” The young man was surprised. He raised his head. A question far from the wound... but it touched something alive within him. He laughed. Smiled—for the first time in a long while. As if a child inside him had just awoken from a long sleep. He began to speak... about the books he had read, the movies he used to love, the English poems he wrote in his notebook, his bike rides through forest trails, and old stories from international schools. He talked... and smiled. Then the imam and his friend said to him: “Ramadan is just two weeks away. We hold a daily group iftar here in the mosque. Afterward, we pray taraweeh, and the whole community gathers. We’d love for you to be with us... your place is reserved.” It was as if they had given him the glad tidings of Eid. He hadn’t fasted in years. He didn’t know what Ramadan felt like in exile. But suddenly... he felt that the world was possible. That light doesn’t come all at once—it begins as a thread. A warm thread, like this encounter. Ramadan arrived. He began going every evening to the mosque to break his fast there. The scene was enchanting: people of every color and tongue—not only members of the Muslim community, but faces from the city itself, friends, acquaintances, neighbors—gathered around one table. The story began an hour before sunset.

Young boys and girls would gather in the small garden behind the mosque, their presence soft like the light of a summer sunset. They spoke kindly and politely, their voices gentle, their laughter light, and everything moved in an extraordinary harmony. He saw no pretense in them, no affectation—just a quiet sincerity, like the cool breeze before the call to prayer. He would say to himself: “It’s as if the early Islam is rising again... here, in the far West.” Fasting there wasn’t easy. Eighteen hours without food or water, and during the long summer days, the moment of breaking fast came while the daylight still lingered... But he felt a hidden peace. Then, little by little, he began to notice something. There was a woman who always sat at the edge. In her fifties. She didn’t wear a headscarf, and no one spoke to her. She was like a shadow. One day, he approached her. Sat beside her. He didn’t ask her anything—but he didn’t need to. She smiled, then began to speak: “I was married to a man... we divorced. I had two sons with him; they’re in their twenties now. Then I married a Muslim man and embraced Islam with him. He, too, was divorced and had five daughters... I treated them like my own. But we later separated, though we still meet occasionally. As you can see... no one here speaks to me. It’s been years. You’re the only one.” She paused for a moment, then added: “You’re different. You have a kind heart.” He fell silent. He didn’t know what to say. But he felt something heavy press against his heart. Not pity—but a deep sorrow for this silence often practiced in the name of religion. He, who had searched for God among walls and books and religions, found in this woman’s eyes another reminder of God: Mercy, in its simplest form. He felt sadness every time he saw those women avoid her—ignoring a gentle soul, a broken spirit asking for nothing but a little kindness. She, that woman in her fifties, alone, yet she hadn’t lost her

tenderness. As the days passed, he began to sit with her after iftar. They would talk about everything... and about nothing. About old memories, about the cities they had each passed through, about loneliness, and about God. Ramadan came to an end. But the conversation didn't. He would see her sometimes in the garden, other times in the mosque after prayer, and sometimes, by chance... on the train. One morning, he met her there—in a quiet train car. She saw him and smiled. Her eyes sparkled, and her face radiated with glad tidings. She walked up to him and said: "My son is on his way!" He looked at her, surprised, and asked: "On his way? What do you mean?" She laughed and said: "To Islam. For years I've been speaking to him, asking him to consider it... Now I feel like his heart is beginning to open. He's starting to listen to me." He paused for a moment, then said: "Masha'Allah... I ask Allah to make you happy, and to accept from you." Then they sat together as the train cut through the early morning, and it was as if everything around them whispered: Goodness is never lost. The days passed... and she never returned. He searched for her like someone searching for a shadow he had grown used to walking beside. He called her... no answer. He sent her a message... it was never read. He went to her house... no one there. He told himself maybe she had gone to see her children, perhaps for the New Year holiday. Two weeks passed... and her silence still echoed. One Friday morning, he went early to the mosque. There was something in his heart... he didn't know what it was, but he felt it. After the prayer, an elderly woman—one of the kind souls—approached him. She looked at him... and in her eyes was a tear, and in her voice, a fracture. She said: "She passed away." He didn't understand. He couldn't comprehend. It was as if the word didn't enter his ear. His mind repeated it slowly, over and over. Then he stood, and said nothing. He walked a few steps to a quiet corner, and he prostrated. He prostrated to the One who gathers and never loses, and said in his heart: "O Most Merciful, be gentle with her, grant her a family better than her own, and a place with You where there is neither loneliness nor injustice." His prostration wasn't for crying—it was a soft burial for longing. And he knew deep inside that, for the first time, she was not rejected. But welcomed.

Ramadan had ended in the ninth month... and three months remained. Before the year extinguished, something was lit inside him. As usual, he entered his home, closed the door, and sat alone with the Holy Book. No music, no bright lights, no ringing phones. Just him... and the words that had become his mirror. He thought Ramadan was the summit. But what came after was the real grounding. The deep quake that no one sees—yet it forever shifts the terrain of the soul. Do you remember those devils who used to follow him—on the train, in bed, on his bike? They had left. Ever since he read Surah al-Jinn, and since Surah al-Baqarah began echoing in his nights.

But the strange thing? He hadn't noticed their absence. Because what replaced them was heavier... and more beautiful. It wasn't just about devils... It was about something greater, more penetrating than passing whispers, deeper than naive fear. Three months before New Year's Eve... in those quiet, dark nights, just when he thought things were settling, something unexpected happened. It wasn't obsession, nor a memory— but an actual appearance of a demon from the jinn. A massive, gray being, its body as large as a building, its shadow seemed to envelop the entire house. He couldn't see it with his eyes, but he could feel it—on his skin, in his bones, in the weight of the air. He

wasn't alone in the room. Something else was there with him. Something breathing, staring, watching— its shadow stretching into the corners. He stopped reading. The words froze in his throat. His body went stiff. He wasn't afraid—not this time. But he knew. He knew this wasn't imagination. And that what was happening wasn't random. He told himself: "This... is the time for battle."

Not a battle with swords. Not a battle of shouting. But a battle of steadfastness. Of knowledge. Of not returning to ignorance. In that moment, he understood— that God, the Almighty, sometimes permits these dark creatures to invade human lives, not because they are stronger, but because we are weaker than we should be. Because hearts are not strengthened except through confrontation. And light does not ignite except in the face of darkness. That gray creature... was not just a jinn. It was the embodiment of years—of fear, oppression, repression. It was as if it emerged from the womb of his mind, to say: "I'm what you buried. Face me now."

Before the battle began, he stood still in his home. No weapon in his hand, no scream in his throat, only the silence before the storm. The house felt frozen in time, the air heavier than lead. The demon was still there... watching from the shadows... waiting to strike. But the young man did not scream, did not run.

He said to himself: "I will not fight it with my hands. I will leave it to the One who created it... To Allah, the One, the Subduer." Then he thought... What weapon can reach such a creature? Such a dense shadow, such embodied fear?

There was only one thing: Surah ar-Rahman. He played its recitation in the house. And each verse felt like a bullet of light in the darkness. And every "So which of your Lord's favors will you deny?" was an arrow to the chest of this tyrant. But it didn't stay silent. The demon raged. It flared, exploded... as if the entire house became its fist. Then it bound him— not metaphorically, but truly. He felt his body seized, tied to the chair. As if something unseen had wrapped around him and pulled him so tightly, he thought his insides might burst. The demon was Raging from every corner. The voice seemed to come from the very walls.

And it said: "I won't leave you. You won't be freed until you throw yourself from the balcony. Go... go and be done!" And he heard it— that heavy whisper—so clearly. Whispers not from outside, but from inside. From depths he hadn't known existed. But he cried. And cried. And he did not stay silent. He said: "Allah... Allah... There is no god but Allah..." And he replayed Surah ar-Rahman. Once, twice, three times... And each repetition burned part of that shadow. It wasn't easy. It was as if his soul was being skinned from his body. But he resisted. He refused to obey that voice. He refused to bow to anything but God. And after hours—or moments— of pain, of remembrance, of tears—the shadow calmed... Then withdrew. As if something heavy had evaporated from the air. It disappeared. He no longer felt its presence. He sat on the floor, exhausted, repeating: "This... is the Most Merciful." The next day, after that night where he resisted the demon's binding and the burning of his insides, he woke up as if he had emerged from a long, dark tunnel. He wasn't weak, or drained— but cleansed by light. He sat silently on his bed, then suddenly understood... They were gone... Yes, they had vanished before Ramadan. They weren't there during that time—no whispers, no shadows. He had been absorbed in the Qur'an, in the Most Merciful, in fasting, tears,

and night prayers. He hadn't noticed their absence... But now they had returned. Returned after Ramadan— with their leader— for revenge. "But Allah refuses except to perfect His light, even if the disbelievers detest it." He whispered it to himself, then wept for a long time— but this time, from strength, not from brokenness. When he calmed down, he picked up his phone. He called his kind-hearted friend—the thirty-something young man he had met in the recovery center. – "Peace be upon you, my brother... I have news!" – "Peace be upon you... What is it?" – "I have submitted... submitted to the Lord of the worlds." A soft silence filled the line, then his friend's voice erupted with joy: – "Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar, my brother! May Allah keep you firm!"

– "What should I do now? What do you advise me? I want to start now—I don't want to waste a single second." – "Memorize Surah al-Baqarah, my brother... memorize it... No devils of earth or sky will overpower you after that." He smiled as he heard it, closed the phone, and said to himself: "Surah al-Baqarah... Then we shall memorize Surah al-Baqarah." He began memorizing Surah al-Baqarah. Two pages a day—no more, no less. Every day he would repeat, rehearse, write, listen, stand, sit, mumble, cry, suffer—and then continue. It wasn't just memorization, but a sacred battle. When he reached certain verses, he would sweat until his back was soaked, he would feel dizzy, his chest would tighten, sometimes collapse unconscious on the ground— but as soon as he woke up, he would say:

"I will not run... this is a battle." Two months... Two months of isolation, of memorization, of confrontation, of purging poisons no one but him could see. And on the final day, after he completed the last verse of the chapter, he ran to the bathroom as if something inside him was bleeding or rebelling. He turned on the sink, bent down—and vomited. But what came out wasn't food, nor human fluid... It was something black, sticky, like burned spiderweb— as if within him was an illusory house built by the devil... and now destroyed by the Qur'an. He looked in the mirror after washing his face, and for the first time in a very long time, he didn't feel feverish, nor dizzy, but light in his body, and illuminated in his chest, and a profound peace, not of this world. He sat in stillness... then whispered to himself: "O Allah, make this Qur'an the spring of my heart, the light of my chest, the remover of my sadness, and the reliever of my distress." It had been fifteen months since he set foot in that distant land, and from that moment, he had been reshaped— broken, purified, and reborn of both light and fire. He stayed in that land for two years. And in the last nine months, after completing the memorization of Surah al-Baqarah, he closed his door to the world, and opened himself to their stories— to the story of the Noble Prophet ﷺ and his honored companions.

He would read as if he was among them, traveling between Mecca and Medina, breathing the dust of Badr, drinking the water of Uhud, sitting with Ali, loving Salman, and falling silent when he heard Abu Bakr. They were never absent from his presence, nor from his heart. One day, he closed the book, leaned back against the wall, and said: "I must migrate... I don't want to stay here—even if life here is safe and easy. Here, everything is permissible. Everything is normal. But my heart can't tolerate what is 'normal' when that normal is disobedience. My soul doesn't rest when it sees wrong and doesn't speak against it. And I don't want comfort... while my people suffer."

He knew the Arab world had challenges, that it was in turmoil, but he said: “Perhaps God’s mercy is wider there... closer. Perhaps I’ll be tested, and learn, and be purified more. Perhaps God will guide me to what benefits me and others. Perhaps I’ll be granted provision from where I do not expect—and it will be better and more lasting.” He was ready to leave comfort behind, and embrace pain— not in search of suffering, but in search of a deeper, closer, truer meaning. “I will go to be among my people— among those who are like me— to comfort others, and to live with them as they are... not as exile wants me to be.” He went to a country whose name he never mentioned. It was drowning in violence— from the outside and the inside— as if it were breathing beneath rubble. Its people—he didn’t know: were they enduring? numbed? in shock? Perhaps all of that at once. On the first day, as soon as his feet touched its soil, he headed to the nearby mosque and prayed Dhuhr. But he couldn’t even complete the first rak’ah before his heart trembled, and he burst into tears and shivering, as if all the pain he had seen—and all he had yet to see— had gathered in his chest all at once. He fell into sujood and said: “O Lord, save me... Make my path guided and wise. Truly, You are the Generous, the Loving.” But mercy came faster than his prayer. Before the day ended, he was offered a job, and he met a family from that noble land. They introduced him to their relatives, then to their friends— and within days, he had people, and homes that opened their doors to him. He saw them... those who live above and beneath wounds— they were smiling. They didn’t show him their burdens. They hid them, as if to say: “Our weariness is ours— we won’t burden a guest who came in peace.” He saw them lighting tea fires upon the ruins of serenity, telling stories, laughing, as if life itself whispered to them: “I am still within you...” And he whispered to himself: “Yes, I was right... God’s mercy is here—amid the wreckage. Perhaps wreckage itself is the vessel that mercy is poured into, so we may taste it... and deserve it.” Two months passed. He had begun adapting to the details of this new life, getting used to people’s faces, the names of the streets, and the taste of bread in this scorched land. One day, he heard them talking quietly on the side— in hushed voices, as if discussing something not meant to be spread. He heard the word: “Ceasefire.” His heart stopped for a moment. He ran to them, as if his body moved before his mind, and asked: “Ceasefire? What ceasefire? What are you talking about?” They looked at him for a moment, hesitated, then one of them said: “Alright, sit down. We’ll explain.” He sat—listening with all his being. They said: “Just 500 meters from here, there’s a large residential complex. A group has been besieged inside... for months. The government gave them a deadline: either surrender... or be wiped out.” He didn’t understand at first. 500 meters? That’s a normal walking distance—less than ten minutes. But he hadn’t known... He hadn’t known that the large wall he’d seen more than once, stretching like a stone shoulder across the land, was hiding behind it dozens of residential towers— leveled to the ground. He hadn’t known that under that rubble there were people still breathing, awaiting what felt like a delayed death. And he whispered to himself: “Ceasefire...? That means an explosion afterward. That means war. That means something big... I didn’t realize I was living on the edge of a silent hell.” Then the order came. And when it came... the gates of hell flew open. Two consecutive months of bombing. The sky was no longer sky— but a wide mouth vomiting fire nonstop. Shells rained down, their smoke rising like black threads curling around the necks of homes and streets. At first, he panicked. Ran—without knowing

where to go. He'd drop flat in the street behind a car, or scream in confusion while searching for shelter. And the people... would look at him. With bewilderment. With a hint of confusion. As if they were saying silently: "Who is this madman?" Yes—that's how they saw him. Because what was happening... was not new to them. Maybe they had seen worse before. Maybe their hearts had no more room for that kind of fear. He saw fighter jets flying over his head— screaming through the sky, then diving like thunder, launching their missiles and returning— as if they had just performed a prayer of blood. And people in the market... continued their work! They sold, bought, called out to passersby, children ran around, men drank tea and laughed, women shopped with confidence as if nothing was happening. "By God... Their enemies must see them from the planes, and be consumed with rage... and attack even more fiercely— and yet they don't care!" That calm— that indifference— was not coldness, nor madness, but something else... something that cannot be explained easily. Something called: "Patience—when it becomes a habit." A few days passed... and he became one of them. He would return from work every evening, knowing exactly that the bus driver would stop, as usual, at the start of the wall surrounding the besieged zone. No buses went in anymore. The rest... was on foot. The wall was long. And along its length... shells would alternate. And the bullets—like an angry teenager— struck and bounced, ricocheting off walls, metal pipes, and electric poles. He would walk crouched. Bend his knees, hunch his back, afraid of a stray bullet or an angry missile—aimless, nameless. He would take two steps—then his knees would tremble... he'd sit briefly, then get up, then crouch again. A ridiculous scene. Funny... if it weren't real. But everything was real. And still—he'd be eating roasted chickpeas. A small meal... but his favorite. He'd chew slowly, while bullets rang in the distance, and the sky still flashed with smoke. He'd walk and eat. And with the other hand—he'd call his friends: – "How's it going today?" – "Hookah? Mate?" – "I'm on the way... I'll be there shortly, God willing." Yes. That's how he walked to their gatherings— in a street where the sky descended every hour to throw down its thunderbolts. Two months passed in that state. Daily bombing, skies bleeding smoke, and an earth that didn't swallow its dead— but engraved them in memory. Then the war was declared over. They said the group had surrendered— along with whatever weapons remained— if anything remained at all. They were moved to the north, as if they had never been here at all. And the city began to catch its breath again... not to live, but simply to breathe. It calmed, yes, but in a silence that resembled doubt. Markets reopened, children came out, and a few windows were repaired. But many neighborhoods remained as they were— flattened, abandoned, left behind, as if they were a curse no one dared approach. No one restored them, because the fear of the unknown was heavier than the rubble. And in the mountain, still sat that foolish tyrant, perched on his throne, indulging like beasts indulge, dreaming of permanence, deluded by notions of Glory... He didn't know, didn't suspect, didn't feel... what awaited him. Just like those foolish tyrants abroad, the ones who draw borders with other people's blood, who plan destruction from behind sleek desks and smart devices, then speak of "peace" as if they were God's chosen guardians on earth. He spent the remaining year and a half in that country in something resembling incomplete peace. But it wasn't a false peace— and it wasn't hell either. It was something in-between, as if it were a temporary rest granted by God between storms. He got to know young men his age— those whom people referred to as "real men." Men who had

none of the flash and shallowness of the empty souls outside, but in their eyes was something that cannot be bought... Dignity, manhood, and a raw authenticity—you could almost smell it in their words. He would go out with them into the old neighborhoods, moving among them as if he were one of them, listening to their stories, sharing their meals, reading history in the stones of the walls and in the tone of their voices. And in the long days of summer, he would ride the bus alone, spending hours heading toward the coast... And those trips were like a rest for the heart, a moment when he shed his old clothes and washed away the weariness. And when he arrived— before his feet touched the coastal soil— he would remove his sandals and walk barefoot... as if asking the earth to embrace him, asking the sea to rearrange what had scattered within him, asking the air to tell him that God was still here, that He had not forgotten him. He spent his days there in quiet, sleeping on the sand and waking to the sound of waves, eating little, and saying even less. And when he returned to the city, his body carried a hint of the sea's salt, and in his heart—a warmth unlike anything else. He would wash his cracked feet and move on through his days, feeling—deep down— that this land, despite its wounds, embraced him more than any other place. He felt he had reached the end of his journey in this country. The decision to leave wasn't sudden— it came to him like a certainty descended from the sky, after his heart had been twice in two weeks, when he bid farewell to two elderly sisters he had cared for— with the love of a son and the devotion of a student. Only one remained... the middle sister. And she was the closest to him. Like a mother—even more than a mother. She wasn't childless—she had sons older than his own father. And some of her late sister's children were like her own as well. One of them was a judge in the city, a man whom people followed in the street, lifting their hats in respect and reverence. Just days before the passing of the two sisters, everyone had gathered in the hospital. He sat in a corner, as he usually did, trying to stay in the shadows, asking for nothing—just to be close to those he loved. But the middle-aged sister suddenly called them over. She was seated, leaning on her cane, looked at her sons and her nephews, And... then she pointed to Him, and said in a voice everyone could hear:

“Do you see this man who takes care of you? Despite his young age— he's the one distributing wisdom to you all.” Silence fell. As if the air itself stopped breathing. The young man looked at her in shock. He had not expected anything. He wasn't prepared to hear something so bold, so piercing in its honesty. And he saw in the eyes of those around her... a moment of unease. A moment of silent resentment, as if her words had stabbed them— but stabbed them out of love, not hatred. No one spoke. They swallowed the words they wanted to say. But she had said enough. He didn't want to prove anything. Nor did he want to be compared to anyone. But when truth speaks—from the mouth of someone honest—it cannot be ignored. That night, when he returned to his room, he wept for a long time... Not only for the departed, but for the weight of love, and for the burden of being the one beloved, the one who sees in others what they do not see in themselves. And from that day on, he knew his journey in this place had reached its end— and that it was time to pass the story on... to whoever came after. He decided to return... But not to where he was born. Some places, no matter how familiar, are no longer bearable. There are roads that, however beautified,

still carry the taste of metal and ash. There—where the earth still groans, and where the air itself has yet to be washed clean from a suffocating scent you can't see, but can still feel. He chose to go far, not out of fear... but out of wisdom. He went to a place where beginnings are planted, even on fragile soil. To a place that doesn't boast of the past, but learns from it. Where faces are different, but hearts are close, and where silent battles are fought for the sake of a small light— one that only those who've waited long can see.

There, safety wasn't guaranteed— but it was possible. And that was enough. In a land whose people do what they can to sow compassion and kindness into their hearts, and dream of a free homeland, of lasting peace, and independence not for sale. A people who, despite their wounds, still believe that tomorrow can be more beautiful. The city was less flashy, but more truthful. Quieter, but brighter. As if it were a city being written now, not erased. There, for the first time in a long while... he felt that he had truly returned. Returned not to be buried, but to begin.

Note:

The land I spoke of in this passage is not found on any map.

It is not a geographical destination, but the Promised Land—the one Moses pointed his people toward when he said:

“O my people, enter the Holy Land which Allah has assigned to you and do not turn back and become losers.”

(Surah Al-Ma'idah 5:21)

But they replied:

“O Moses, indeed in it are a people of great strength, and indeed we will never enter it until they leave it; if they leave it, then we will enter.”

(5:22)

Then they said, in words that became a symbol of surrender:

“O Moses, indeed we will never enter it, ever, as long as they remain there. So go, you and your Lord, and fight. We are sitting right here.”

(5:24)

That land...

I will return to it later in the chapter titled “The Radiance of Jerusalem” — not as a territory,

but as a spiritual truth,

awaiting those who believe... and rise.

When he came back to his country, he carried the weight of times that still clung to him. He had lost his sense of direction— sometimes he found his way, sometimes he wandered. He went hungry, and was fed. He laughed, and wept. He suffered, and grew silent— as if the ground beneath his feet was trying to swallow him, slowly consuming

him like a story of endless falling. And in the depths of his heart, he asked: “How long will I remain like this?” It felt as though the earth was swallowing him. And if he were to die in that state—God forbid— it would be a fall beyond recovery, a devouring without end. But in the midst of the darkness of being lost— he stood upright again. By God’s grace and His mercy that encompasses all things, a breeze of hope stirred in his heart, a hidden fire that lit his path. So he rose— and decided to continue. Before God alone, raising his hands, patient, and trusting. He had just turned thirty. He felt that the road, on its own, was no longer enough— that he needed companionship. Not necessarily in the form of a person, or money, or even a defined dream— but something from God alone, something that God would choose for him— with His knowledge, mercy, and hidden grace. He began to pray all the time: in his prayers, while walking, while working, before sleep, before meals, between every breath in and out... Silent prayers at times, written at others, and sometimes poured out through tears. He got a small notebook and began writing down his prayers. He wasn’t copying anyone— just writing them as they poured from his heart. Sometimes he would borrow prayers from the devout, those shared on Instagram or Facebook— gems sold cheap in a caption or a comment— and he would save them, adding them to his notebook. As the days went by, the notebook grew worn, its edges from use and tears. So he bought a bigger one— rewrote all the old prayers, and added new ones— as if a mountain of supplications had formed before him.

Eventually, his days weren’t long enough to read them all. But he never complained. Instead, he felt that these prayers were his companions— the hand that held him when he nearly fell, his voice when words failed him, his path when all paths grew confusing. He would look at his old requests—those he had written with tears and hope— then look at his hands, his age, his heart... and find no apparent reason for his prayers to be answered. Voices piled around him: “You must have certainty in the answer!” “Visualize the prayer as already fulfilled!” “Take the necessary steps!” “Change your energy!” “Send out frequencies of love and faith!” He stood before all of it, stunned. And asked himself: Do I have to act? Pretend a certainty I do not feel? Is the pain I carry not reason enough? Are the tears, the brokenness, the trust in God— not part of the ‘necessary steps’? What steps? Who decided that a prayer’s acceptance depends on performance or self-help techniques? He felt something unsettling—something deep—creeping within the words people kept repeating, unaware of what they were even saying. They did not know God the way He deserves to be known. They did not know what it means to truly trust in Him, nor where the door of certainty lies. So he sat alone, in retreat— with his disappointment... and also with his good opinion of his Lord, the Mighty, the Wise, who never lets His servant down. He said to himself: No... By God, no. I spent my whole life asking them: Who am I? Who created me? How do I reach Him? What is faith? No one answered. They silenced me instead. And now they want me to hand them the path to the heavens? To follow their hollow invocations, void of the pursuit of the Hereafter? To adopt their faded faith? No, by God. No—and a thousand times no. “Indeed, they are enemies to me—except the Lord of the Worlds.” When he said it, it wasn’t a recitation— but a sigh from the depths of his heart. The sigh of a man betrayed by creation, and faithful to the Creator. In that moment, it was as though the verse had been cast into his heart by his Lord: “Indeed, I have turned my

face toward the One who created the heavens and the earth, inclining toward truth, and I am not of those who associate others with Him.” (Qur’an 6:79) That verse... was the key. It wasn’t just words—it was a life direction. An irrevocable decision: To turn his face to God—to God alone. To ask no one else. To take no one else as a guide. To trust no one... except God. He took his notebook of prayers— that scripture he had filled over years with pleading, tears, and longing. He opened it, turned its pages one by one. Read some of them. Smiled at his own pain. Then gently dismantled it, like one burying a body that had fulfilled its purpose. And placed it in the paper shredder at the office. In his heart, as he watched it being , he said:

“And he said, ‘Indeed, I am going to my Lord; He will guide me.’” (Qur’an 37:99) And not even a month passed... and here I am, writing this book. My flower has bloomed. My soul has lit up— after a long night of traveling through darkness. This month was like a true rebirth— every day a renewal, every day an elevation, every day an understanding, every day a drawing closer. Now, my only prayer is that God uses me for good, not that He replaces me. I am no longer afraid. I am no longer anxious. God has granted me far beyond what I ever asked for in those long months of lifting my hands in prayer— before I purified my heart.

I emerged from this phase having learned how to call upon God— not just how to ask.

As I write this—on the last page— I remember that boy I once was, the one who cried in the dark and asked too many questions, who spent long hours staring at the sky, asking his Lord, “Where are You?”

I write to him now, after he walked through the valley, climbed the mountain, and stood for a long time before a door that only opened when everything else had closed.

I say to him: O my boy, the one I used to be... None of that was in vain. The tears you thought were weakness, the breakdowns you mistook for endings— they were doors that only pain could open, they were prayers that could only rise from the bottom of the heart.

You were never alone. Even when you believed no one could hear you, God was nearer than your tears— but you just didn’t know yet what nearness felt like.

Now that I’ve grown, I understand why it all had to happen. And I thank God—not for the pain itself, but for the fact that the pain was never wasted.

And if someone reads this after me, and asks: “Was it worth it?” Let them know—I do not write to answer, but to bear witness. I bear witness that whoever seeks God sincerely... finds Him. Even if it takes eleven years.

And as I write this, I am not closing the story— but placing my hand on your heart and saying: The road to Him is not something you write... it’s something you walk. So walk.

Yes... Everything we lived— the pain, the search, the silence, the breaking— was not in vain. It was a divine appointment, delayed until we were ready to meet ourselves. God had written for us to walk this path— not just to know it, but to live it, and then return... to write it down, so that maybe someone else won’t fall as far. What we wrote here— we didn’t invent it. We simply uncovered it. It had always been hidden within us, waiting for a moment of honesty, a pure heart, and a quiet voice willing to say: “I saw... and I understood.”

Conclusion of At the Gates of Mercy

I have reached the Gates of mercy... I stood at the gates of light after a lifetime of confusion and fear, And I saw the first thread of dawn— A faint thread, but alive. I read Surah Al-Jinn, and a door long locked since childhood trembled open in my heart, And I began to feel my way—alone—on a long road between devotion and failure. I learned that God does not meet us with harshness, But opens from His mercy enough for us to rise again.

But... Despite all of this, There was a question in my heart that would not fall silent: Who were those who knew God before me? Who walked through the darkness and emerged into the light? I needed to see them, to know them, to follow in their steps...

I needed stars. Men who walked the path before me— Men who resembled the dawn breaking through the heavy night. And so...

The next journey began.

A journey not only within me, But with men who were true to what they pledged to God. Men whose names God wrote in Paradise, Because they wrote their deeds into the earth. They were eleven lights... And they were the beginning of the new chapter in my journey. And here... begins Eleven Dawns.

Eleven hearts... and mine.

Before the Dawn

Eleven years ago, I was walking. I didn't know where to... But I was searching for something— Something without a name. Something that lives in the heart, That doesn't resemble words, That cannot be found in books, And doesn't shine on the faces of those who talk much... and live little.

I was searching for God. In the nights of silence, I could hear myself wondering: Is God really that close... and we still can't see Him? Could it be that the light is all around us, But the dust within us clouds the vision?

I wasn't searching as a scholar, Nor as a preacher, But as a broken human being, Simply longing to find a door I could knock on—without fear. And then, I wrote... "At the Gates of Mercy," Where the words stumbled, And the heart still panted behind its first awakening call.

Then I arrived at "The Nights of Hamza's Desert," And found a man who sleeps on sand, With a lion in his chest, And a tear in his eye. I felt I was drawing closer, That I had caught a glimpse of the echo of an answer.

And now... Here I am. Opening the gates of "Eleven Dawns," Not to narrate biographies, Nor to repeat what history books already told you, But to listen—together—with you... To voices that rise from light, That walk through the desert, And knock gently on the heart in a moment of sincerity.

They are eleven dawns... Each of them lighting a corner of the soul: One teaches you truth without speaking, Another courage without shouting, Another shows you how to give, And how to walk lightly on earth... but weigh heavily in heaven.

The nights begin with Abu Bakr, And end with Hamza. As if the whole journey began with a Companion, And ended with a dawn that never dies.

If you are reading this book, Do not read it as "information," But as companionship.

Turn off your phone, Sit in a quiet night, And let your heart be the one that reads...

For perhaps, between line and line, A new dawn will reach you.

The Night of Abu Bakr

I saw him... before the people did. In his voice was a gentleness money couldn't buy, And in his silence, a tranquility no teacher could teach. Muhammad... son of Abdullah, Son of my stillness and my sound. When I closed my doors to the world, My heart opened to him. And when we walked together, He only ever walked ahead with a smile. I never asked him: Where did you come from? But I always felt... I knew him before he was even born. That between him and me was a secret— A secret seen only by those who had prostrated before the books came down. To me, Islam wasn't a conversion. It was a revelation—just a lifting of a veil. It was as if I had always known God... but

forgotten His name. And when Muhammad called out, I remembered. I didn't become Muslim. I simply... recognized. The road was narrow, The people were many, But the true ones... were few. As if their multitude was just noise—without weight. And a single sincere man... weighed more than a thousand. When I heard his voice, I knew that truth isn't something you announce— It's something you trust. I am Abu Bakr. I wasn't muscular or stern-faced, But I knew that gentleness doesn't come from weakness— It comes from certainty. I followed him, Not because I was looking for answers, But because I was looking for someone who asked as I did, Someone who prayed to God, Not to be seen by people, Nor to gain status— But because he loved to prostrate.

They asked me: How could you believe in him? I said: “By God, I saw on his face what cannot be denied.” I had loved him before he was even sent with revelation— So how could I not follow him now? They cursed him... And I would tend to his wounds with my heart. I knew—God does not abandon His servant, If that servant weeps in the night and says: “Guide me—not as I imagine, But as You love.” I was neither a preacher nor a warrior, But I knew: only truth opens the heavens. I saw the Kaaba, As they smashed the idols around it— And I cried... Not because the stones broke, But because, for the first time, God was worshipped alone. I vowed to him: To be his shadow on earth, To give, to forgive, To lower my wing to those who were sincere, To be a servant, Even if they called me “Caliph.” I am Abu Bakr. I loved nothing after God as I loved Muhammad ﷺ. And I have never wept as I did when he was gone. He wasn't just a prophet— He was the path back to myself. If I forgot, he reminded me. If I weakened, He pointed me to God with the language of mercy—not sermons.

Don't look for God in the noise of the talkers... Look for Him in a quiet moment of honesty, One that only you know. And if I am asked one day: What did you do in life? I will say: “I lived in the heart of Muhammad ﷺ... And walked his path, Until the doors of mercy opened to me.”

The Night of Umar

I am Umar. And I was never weak, not even when I cried. Nor was I ever harsh to people— I was harsh on myself first, And then on falsehood... when it grew arrogant. I used to walk through the markets, And I'd hear them say: “That's Umar... when he speaks, it strikes deep.” But they never knew That the true wound was in my chest, not on my tongue. I thought I knew God— Until I met Muhammad ﷺ. I entered upon him, sword in hand. I was angry— Not because I hated him, But because I didn't understand him. And how cruel is a man when he misunderstands whom he loves! Then I read: “Taha... We have not sent down the Qur'an upon you to make you suffer.” And I wept. Something fell from my chest— Like a mountain, Or a darkness... I don't know. The Prophet didn't ask me: “Where have you been?” He simply looked into my eyes, As if to say: “You were searching... and the one searching for God is never left behind.” I am Umar. I was never afraid of ignorance, nor of the sword. But I was afraid... Afraid of walking a path that didn't lead to God. I used to think manhood meant raising your voice. Then I learned... Manhood is to weep for God—when no one sees you but Him. At night, I would hide from my companions to pray. By day, I would walk among them

like a mountain. But in my heart, I feared the Reckoning more than you all fear death. There was no pride in my strength—only regret. And no glory in my wisdom—only brokenness. They said: “You ruled justly, so you slept peacefully.” By God, I only slept after weeping long. And I only ruled justly Because I knew— He who doesn’t rule justly, Will not be protected by God in his heedlessness. I used to see the people asleep, And I would whisper: “My Lord, don’t make me a ruler who causes people to forget who You are.” I am Umar— The one who wept over Fatimah, And feared God more than he feared the Persian swords. The one who slept on the dirt, Because he knew the Throne is not earned with gold, But with piety. To those reading... Don’t think faith means comfort. Faith means: To be broken, And then to be rebuilt... by God alone. And don’t think justice comes from law— It comes from a man Who stands before his own soul and asks it: “Whom did you fear? Whom did you revere? If it wasn’t God... Then you’ve lost your way.”

And if you ask me one day: What did you leave behind? I will say: “I shattered the idols within me, And I ran toward the Light— Until I found it in the prayer-niche of Muhammad ﷺ.”

The Night of Uthman

I am Uthman. Modesty was my cloak—not weakness. Silence was my language—not escape. And when I recited the Qur’an, I felt it knew me more than I knew myself. I never sought the Caliphate, Nor did I chase a title spoken about me. But I did long to be in the first row— When the call to Paradise was made.

They say: “Uthman, the one of two lights.” But I always saw those lights as shadows— The light of the Prophet ﷺ ... And the light of the Qur’an.

I didn’t have Umar’s thunderous voice, Nor Ali’s strength, But I feared God so much— That when I heard His name, My heart fluttered like a child returning to his mother’s embrace. I was the one who gathered the Qur’an. Yet I trembled when I read it alone. I felt as if I was standing before God Himself, Not just before His words. I was the one who equipped the army in hardship, And I sought no reward— For there is healing in giving, not pride. And peace in secrecy—not applause. They used to ask: Why does Uthman remain silent? The answer was in my heart: Because the voice I heard within... Was louder than all of theirs. I saw hypocrisy in some eyes, And I met it with gentleness— Not because I was incapable, But because I didn’t want to enter Paradise With resentment in my heart toward a fellow believer. They killed me while I was reading the Qur’an. But they didn’t sever my connection with God. If anything— That page, stained with my blood, Became a witness for me, not against me. A page in the Qur’an... A wound in the earth... But Heaven preserved them both.

I am Uthman. I gave from the public treasury, And I forgave from my heart— Not because I sought safety, But because I didn’t want to stand on Judgment Day With a dispute hanging around my neck. To those reading... Never be ashamed of modesty. Modesty is a bridge between your heart and God. And never belittle a good deed. For a single hidden date given in charity May weigh heavier than a mountain of gold done for show. And if you ask me: What did you hold onto at the end? I will say: “I held onto

God... And an open page— The last thing my eyes saw, And the first thing that will testify for me when I meet Him.”

The Night of Ali

I am Ali. And I loved him before he was sent as a Prophet. I saw him in his silence— In his eyes when he passed by a stone and smiled, And in his heart that never forgot anyone who passed by him hungry. I was his cousin, his brother, his companion— But I was more than that: I was his heart when it grew tired, And his sword when the days grew soft. I entered Islam as a child, But I was a man from the moment he told me: “O Ali, you are to me as Aaron was to Moses...” Only then did I realize— Life is not measured by years, but by closeness. I never loved battle, But I fought when the voice of truth was dimmed. And I never raised my sword without weeping after— Because I knew God was closer to me than victory itself. I was the one who slept in his bed that night... The night of Hijrah. They asked: “Did you sleep?” I said: “Yes, because I slept for God.” And I did not fear— For the One who created the night protects His own in it. I am Ali. I saw sweat bead on his forehead as he passed, And I saw light in his eyes as he smiled... As though Paradise had opened its door before his soul was taken. I wept—more than I ever had. Not for loss, But for the light that would now vanish from the earth. For the voice, that when I called, replied: “At your service, O Ali.” They said: Ali the jurist. Ali the brave. But they forgot... I was Ali the orphan— Raised by Prophethood. They forgot I wept at the sight of the poor, That I would leave battles to lift up an orphan’s spirit. Power did not change me, But the people around me changed. I used to say: “Leave me, and seek someone else...” I never sought the world, Nor did I chase rule. I only wished to remain kneeling In the shade of a small mosque— Answering the seeker, Wiping the tear of the wronged, And bearing the ignorance of the unlearned. I am Ali— Killed in the prayer-niche... Not because I wronged anyone, But because some hearts hate the light when it comes pure. To those reading... If you wish to be brave— Start by being merciful. And if you want to stand for truth— Begin by standing against your own soul, not against others. And if you ask me: Who were you? I’ll say: “I was a shadow walking behind Muhammad ﷺ, And when the light disappeared, I became a lantern for those after me. And I whispered to my Lord: ‘O Allah, make me among those who, when they die, Their traces on the earth do not.’”

The Night of Talha

I am Talha. At Uhud, others ran after the world— But I ran to block the arrow from his face ﷺ. I didn’t think. I didn’t plan. My hand rose on its own, As though my heart called out to it: “If you don’t rise today—then when?”

I fell to the ground, I bled... But I didn’t feel pain— Because I saw Muhammad’s face safe. And after his face, nothing else matters. I am Talha. The Prophet said: “Whoever wants to see a martyr walking on earth— Let him look at Talha ibn Ubaydullah.” I was not a martyr only in blood— But in intention, in asceticism, In my fear that a single act of kindness might slip through my fingers. I wasn’t like Abu Bakr—gentle like the

clouds, Nor like Umar—sharp like a sword, But I knew... That within me burned a longing that never quieted: A longing to please God— Even if the whole world let me down People loved to hear stories— But I longed to be the story that's told, Without ever speaking a word. I never sought praise. But if I saw a thirsty man, I gave him water. If I saw a poor one, I clothed him. Then I returned to my silence. I am Talha— I could've been among the rich and well-fed. But I knew bliss isn't taken from the earth— It's found in a sincere prayer, And in a wound I carried for his صلى الله عليه وسلم sake— A wound that still aches whenever my memory smiles at him. I loved him— Not just because he was a Prophet, But because he was the only man who made me love myself while standing beside him. To those reading... If you want to know what truth looks like— Ask your hands: Have they ever shielded a pure face? Ever covered a fault? Ever defended the oppressed? And ask your soul: Was it light enough to stand behind the Prophet when the people turned away? If you ask me: What did you leave behind? I'll say: "I left my hand on the ground of Uhud, And made it a bridge so no arrow would touch Muhammad's forehead. What more is there to say?"

The Night of Zubayr

I am Zubayr. I didn't seek Glory— I sought steadfastness. Steadfastness that doesn't tremble when falsehood shouts, Nor collapse when victory is delayed. I was the first to draw his sword for Islam— Not because I loved blood, But because I couldn't bear for light to be insulted. I followed him صلى الله عليه وسلم as though I were his shadow. When he stood, I stood. When he walked, I followed— Even if the whole world marched the other way. They said: Zubayr is brave. But I didn't know true courage Until I hid my tears from him— So he wouldn't see how deeply my heart feared for him. I am Zubayr— Son of Safiyya, the Prophet's aunt. She raised me to worship God from the heart, not from habit. She taught me to lift my head— Not out of pride, But because the One I believed in Is too high to be hidden. I wasn't one for many words— But I knew when to speak, When to remain silent, And when to let my sword speak for me. I fought in Badr, in Uhud, And on every path his feet صلى الله عليه وسلم walked. But the hardest battles... were within— When I feared that people might place me Where God had not. I am Zubayr. I saw revelation descend— And the sky felt so close, as if it spoke my tongue. But when he صلى الله عليه وسلم died, Something died on this earth too. And silence became too wide to bear. My end was not on a battlefield, But in the field of fitnah— And how harsh it is... When good and evil blur, When truth is drowned by loud voices. I withdrew. I distanced myself. My heart could only whisper: "O Allah, grant safety... O Allah, grant safety..." And in the desert of my solitude... I was killed. No sword I held, No shield I wore— Only a heart that remained loyal to the covenant... till the very last breath. To those reading... Beware your intentions turning into swords That wound the ones you love. Beware trading certainty For the noise of people. If you fight—let your heart be full. If you fall silent—let your intention be pure. And if you ask me: What did you leave behind? I'll say: "I left a path I began, That was not closed... Until my son Abdullah walked it. And when he drew his sword, I saw my own face in him, And I smiled... And said: This is the trace of the Prophet—it does not die."

The Night of Abdur-Rahman ibn Awf

I am Abdur-Rahman ibn Awf. I was not one of loud speech or spectacle, But God knows how many nights I spent thinking about one single word: "Salvation." Not salvation from poverty, Nor from illness, But from something far more dangerous: That this world might give you everything... and then you be deprived of seeing God's Face. I was among the first to embrace Islam, One of those who believed in Muhammad ﷺ before people saw him as a prophet. I saw honesty in his eyes, And in his call, something like purity... Something I had never seen in the eyes of traders, nor in the markets of Quraysh. I left my wealth— All of it. And migrated, carrying nothing but a faint certainty... But it was enough for me. I arrived in Medina, a stranger, And the Prophet ﷺ said to me: "May Allah bless your wealth." Though I owned nothing at the time. So I said to my companion: "Show me the way to the market." That is where I started. But my heart was never attached to profit, It was attached to the question I repeated every night: "If my Lord were to call me now... could I say: this is my wealth, and these are my hands—they neither harmed nor were wasteful?" Allah enriched me. As if the world was shy of my certainty... And so it opened its doors for me. But the more my wealth increased, the more my tears did too, Because I feared that a door might open for me in this world, Only to be closed in the Hereafter. I equipped armies... Clothed widows... Fed those who did not ask. And I never said, "I did," Rather I would say: "O Allah, use me... and do not replace me." I am Abdur-Rahman... I never heard a verse about giving Except I felt it was speaking to me alone.

Not a single night passed, Except I asked myself: Is what's in my hand also in my heart? Or am I just deceiving myself? At the end of my life, I wept. Not over wealth, But because I feared being among those of whom it is said: "You have exhausted your pleasures in your worldly life." So I freed slaves... Fed, and gave in charity... Not to be called noble, But to feel light... when I am led to God. O you who read this... Giving is not in the amount you spend, But in the intention of your heart as you give. Do not fear poverty, But fear that it might be said to you: "You were given... so what did you do with it?" If you ask me: What did you leave behind? I will say: "I left food in every home, and a mark on every hand... But I only hoped to leave a prayer in the heavens, And a line in the records of angels that says: 'His heart belonged to Allah.'"

The Night of Sa'd ibn Abi Waqqas

I am Sa'd. Not a knight glorified in poems, But from the first moment, I knew: The arrow launched by a sincere heart never misses. I was a young man when I embraced Islam, But my heart was old... It knew God the way birds know their way to the nest. I didn't wait for a sign, Nor a miracle— It was enough to see him ﷺ, And feel that the earth became safe, and the sky nearer. My mother was furious. She said: You would leave me for Muhammad? I replied: By Allah, if you had a hundred souls, and they departed one by one... I would not turn back from this religion. It wasn't disobedience... It was truth. Because I learned that true love is what leads you to God, not what chains you away from Him. I am Sa'd— The one for whom the Messenger ﷺ said: "O Allah, answer Sa'd when he calls upon You." And my supplication became an arrow, With

Allah as the One who makes it strike true. I fought at Badr, And in every place where the banner of Muhammad was raised. Then it was decreed that I would lead at Qadisiyyah, And that Iraq would be opened through my hands. But I did not rejoice in conquest— I wept. Because I feared that victory might be a trial, That glory might veil the simplicity with which this religion began. People saw me as a commander, But I saw myself as a shepherd of a mission too pure to be distorted. I never sat upon a throne, Except I remembered the Prophet's صلی اللہ علیہ وسلم tears when he saw the poor sharing a single date. I am Sa'd... I never chased after anything. I walked slowly... Because I wanted to hear the sound of my own footsteps, To be sure they weren't crushing a heart, Or racing ahead of intention, Or pleasing myself at the expense of my Lord. O you who read this... If you want to be heroes, Be trustworthy first. And if you want your prayers answered, Keep your hearts pure— As if you are about to be lifted up right now. If you ask me: What did you do? I will say: "I raised my hands on the Day of Badr, with a pure prayer in my heart... Not seeking personal victory, Nor Glory... I only hoped that that prayer would pass through the sky, And stop at a gate of Divine Pleasure."

The Night of Sa'id ibn Zayd

I am Sa'id. Not known for speeches, Nor did crowds gather around me as they do for warriors, But I knew that God sees those who remain unseen. I came from a household that knew God Before the world even heard His name. My father sought the truth when all other voices praised idols— And he died never having bowed to one. So when I heard about Muhammad صلی اللہ علیہ وسلم, I said in my heart: This is the one my father was waiting for... and I will carry on the path.

I embraced Islam early, And suffered early, But I always felt that every time my back was struck, A layer of the world was peeled off my heart. I was one of the ten promised Paradise... But I never spoke of it much. Because those who trust Allah's promise Do not need to repeat it often. I fought at Yarmouk, And I made my sword weep. I never loved war, But I fought so that people could be free— Free to bow to the One who created them, Not the ones they made with their own hands. I made no noise, Sought no position. I preferred to walk on the edges of the heart— So as not to disturb the stillness of faith. I am Sa'id... When I sat in the corner, The Prophet صلی اللہ علیہ وسلم would smile at me As if he saw me in a special light. I loved that look— Because it said without words: "God sees what people don't." Someone once asked me: Why don't you speak of your virtues? I said: "If Allah knows me... what more do I need from people?" O you who read this... Be saints of God in silence. Those He loves don't need to be loud. It's enough that their faces light up every time His Name is mentioned. If you ask me: What did you do? I will say: "I walked a path my father began, It was affirmed by Muhammad صلی اللہ علیہ وسلم, And I will keep walking it... Even if I walk alone."

The Night of Abu Ubaydah ibn al-Jarrah

I am Abu Ubaydah. And every time I heard my name, I heard within it a voice saying: "The Trustworthy of this Ummah." I never claimed it for myself— The one who does not

speak from desire صلى الله عليه وسلم said it, And I remained silent for years afterward, Because I feared contradicting a name That the Prophet gave me. I knew that trust is not a word— It's the scale by which hearts are measured. I was light in humor, But heavy when the time came. If we were commanded, I rose first. If we were given a choice, I chose the harder path... Because I whispered to myself: "Whoever wants Paradise does not walk on flowers." I fought in Badr... And at Uhud... And in every place where Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم stood and declared: "Allahu Akbar." And that "Allahu Akbar" echoed in my ears louder than any other call. I killed my father at Uhud. Yes... my father. He fought with Quraysh, And I fought with the light.

I didn't hesitate, Nor weep for him— But I wept for myself... Because I realized that on God's path, No one has a place in the heart if they stand in the way of truth. I was one of the people of Shura, And of Jihad... But what I loved most was to be among the people of the quiet prostration— The one only Allah knows about. When the plague struck in Sham, I did not flee. I stayed. And Umar said: "If I were to wish for someone to fill a house, I would wish for men like Abu Ubaydah." But I didn't rejoice in praise. I only kept asking every night: "O Lord, are You pleased with me?" I am Abu Ubaydah... I never sought position, Nor chased after remembrance. All I wanted was to be resurrected on the Day of Judgment With no burden in my heart toward anyone, And no unjust claim in my hand. O you who read this... Do not let fame be your scale, Nor strength your proof. God loves those who strive on earth, But He loves even more those whose hearts Attach their hopes to Him alone. If you ask me: What did you leave behind? I will say: "I left my heart in God's hands. And my death in the plague was a farewell I did not fear— Because I hoped to die upon a deed In which God would see me... Pleased with me, even if no one else knew me."

Night of Ḥamza: A Dawn That Never Dies

I am Ḥamza. I was not a prophet, Nor a caliph, Nor one of the ten who spent their lives in counsel and call. But I was the first whose blood paved the path— Upon which the Light walked. I am Ḥamza ibn 'Abd al-Muṭṭalib, The uncle of Muḥammad صلى الله عليه وسلم — But I was more than an uncle... I was his shadow when Quraysh pressed him, His voice when sorrow silenced him, His shield when arrows pierced the chest of the call. I embraced Islam... Not through a logical argument, Nor by a demonstrable miracle, But through a righteous fury— Not for myself, But for a Prophet being harmed While I came from a house that knew no silence before injustice. Muḥammad's call was not foreign to me— It dwelled within me before I ever proclaimed it. When alone in the desert, I would sense something waiting on the horizon... Something that resembled me, Knew me, Loved me. Then came that day. I stood against Abū Jahl. I spoke my word. I stood by Muḥammad. And after that, I needed nothing more. I was a hunter, A tracker of trails, But often I wondered: What is the worth of hitting a mark If I do not know where God dwells within my heart? I fought in Badr, And with every strike I would say, "This is for You, my Lord—not for my own glory." Then came Uḥud... And there, it ended. But it was not my end— It was the beginning of a dawn that cannot die.

They mutilated my body. They slit open my abdomen, Tore out my liver. But they did not know— That bodies can be broken, Yet a soul, if with God, Soars beyond every wound. The Prophet wept over me. He stood at my side and said, “I have never stood at a place more painful than this.” And yet, he also said: “Ḥamza... is the master of martyrs.” I am Ḥamza. Not one of the ten, But the first dawn that broke from the blood of sacrifice, Planting in their hearts a truth that never fades. To those reading: Heroism is not in living long— It is in dying for God, And having your voice remain alive in the conscience of a nation. Do not await titles, Nor written glad tidings. You may be Ḥamza to someone— In their silence, In their light, In their sacrifice. If you ask me what I left behind, I would say: “I left my blood on the ground of Uḥud, But I left my heart with Muḥammad— And I carry a promise: That martyrs never lose their voices— They become dawns... For hearts seeking the Light.”

Prayer of the Final Dawn

O Allah... You who lose not a single letter written in fear, Nor a tear that falls from awe, Nor a breath that utters Your Name seeking Your Face... Take this work from me— Not as I presumed to perfect it, But as You love to receive it.

O Allah, if I was right, It was by Your grace, not by my cleverness. And if I was wrong, It was by my ignorance, not by my intent. So forgive the fault, and grant me light upon the path.

O Allah, Let these words stand for me, not against me. Let those who read them find a gate to You— Not to my pen.

Let there be no vanity in my heart, No self-glorification in my lines, No dust in this book that veils me from You.

O Allah... If You have made me know of these companions without me having met them, and placed their love in my heart— Let me be among their company on the Day I meet You, And never deprive me of their nearness in Paradise.

O Allah... Take me to You as You take Your beloveds—gently. And if You write for me to remain, Write for me truth without faltering, Concealment from people, And a light between You and me That no whisper of Satan can ever dim. Āmīn.

When the light of the eleventh dawn fades, and the curtains fall on the stars— those noble Companions who lit the darkness of my life— a question rises and clings to the heart:

Where is my shirt?

The shirt they tore with their sick hearts— The shirt of a childhood crushed beneath the cruelty of time and men, The shirt of a pure fitrah (innate purity) that kept burning silently, Waiting for someone to save it... To return it to the Light.

In this new chapter of the journey, I return to the story of Yūsuf (Joseph)— A story so much like mine. A story like all of ours.

The shirt of Yūsuf... between the sun and the moon.

Not just a tale we tell of a great Prophet, But a symbol of what I've lived— And what still awaits me. A symbol of suffering and hope, Of pain and mercy, Of tearing apart... and returning.

Here, the journey begins anew— But this time, with eyes that can distinguish shadow from light, With hearts that know: No matter how the shirt may be... God never loses the trust He placed in you.

Let this be the beginning... The beginning of the search for Yūsuf's shirt, Which is the shirt of every lost child, Every soul suffocating in life's war Between the sun and the moon.

between the sun and the moon — and this shirt of mine

Introduction:

The Shirt of Yūsuf Between the Sun and the Moon “When Yūsuf said to his father: O my father, indeed I have seen eleven stars and the sun and the moon—I saw them prostrating to me.” (– Sūrat Yūsuf, 12:4) Within this verse is a vision, And within that vision—a whole lifetime. And in the shirt of Yūsuf... is my own life. This book is not only a biography, Nor only a reflection on the Qur’ān, Nor only even just a record of a spiritual experience. It is a search for my shirt— The one they tore apart. The shirt of my childhood, The shirt of my pure , The shirt of my dignity—when I was without strength or protection. I grew up— Not because they wanted me to, But in spite of them, By a mercy from God that caught me before I was lost forever. I grew up... And deep within my heart remained the remnants of a vision: I was searching for a sun to rise upon me, After living a long spiritual winter. And then came Sūrat al-Jinn, The first light to enter my heart— And so began my first book: “At the Gates of Mercy.” Then I discovered eleven dawns, I found men who were true to their promise to God... They were stars in my darkness, Lighting up a sky I didn’t even know how to raise my head toward. And so came “Eleven Dawns.”

But something was still missing... The shirt is still absent. This book is the journey back to that shirt— The one that was cast into the well when I was small, That was from the face of innocence, That was conspired against by those who smiled at me while hiding knives in their chests. But the shirt was never buried. God preserved it. To remain as a witness. And this book is not only mine. It is for everyone whose shirt was in childhood, For everyone who lost their identity in the chaos of home, religion, and society, For everyone who thought mercy would never reach them, For everyone who believed they would never wear the shirt again, And for everyone seeking a dawn between the sun and the moon.

When We Were Children Unseen: The Child Who Was Never Defended

The child was there—in the corner— Sitting at the edge of the shadow. He didn't understand what was happening, But he felt something wasn't right. He was never asked for more than silence. He was not taught about mercy—but only punishment. He was treated as if he could not comprehend, Could not feel, Had no value. And because hearts around him were diseased, They saw him as incomplete— Even though his fitrah (innate purity) was whole— It was simply searching for someone who could see it.

I didn't know then That I was carrying a pain that would stay with me for years, That every river I didn't find in their faces Would continue screaming inside me as thirst.

The Unspoken Absence

When a child is neglected, No one says to him, “We have neglected you.” But the things say it. The insults, the disregard, the comparisons, The threats in the name of religion, The silent anger, the conditional love— All of them say: “Your existence is not enough. You are a burden. You are a mistake. You are not lovable.” And so the child begins to believe That the problem is within him, not in the world. That God is angry at him Because he is not like “the righteous.” That he must strive—just to be loved by someone. And because children are denied the right to complain, They are judged in bleeding silence— And every judgment passed upon them Later becomes: “This is who I am... because I was nothing.”

When Tenderness Becomes a Fantasy

When a child is not embraced, He invents imaginary embraces. He may cling to anyone who says a kind word— Even if he doesn't know them. He may lose himself in stories, In games, Even in violence— Just to escape the hunger in his heart. He may become sarcastic, Silent, Or even superficially religious— Just to be accepted. And when religion is offered to him, It does not come with mercy— But with intimidation. He is told, “God sees you!” But not told, “God is Merciful to you, Loves you, Knows your pain.” So he grows up mixing the image of God With the image of those who misrepresented Him .

The Beginning of the Breaking: When Did I Realize I Was Broken?

There was no single moment. It was a slow accumulation— Breath after breath— Until one day, you suddenly ask: “Why do I feel unreal?” When you look in the mirror and see nothing. When you walk into prayer and your heart is absent. When you hear of Paradise And feel there is no place in it for you. This is where pain turns into a question— And the question into a search. But no one sees you searching— Because you were never seen to begin with.

Between the Well and the Waiting

I now know that I was in the well of Yūsuf. I wasn't alone. I was there with bitter memories, With voices that echoed the insults said, And the judgments made. But I had something That those who stoned my heart never understood: I had the fitrah

(innate purity). It did not die. Perhaps it was buried beneath the mud of pain, But it still pulsed beneath the surface— Waiting for a shirt to be cast over me... A shirt with the scent of Paradise.

The Shirt of Yūsuf – Between the Sun and the Moon: A Shirt They Tore... with Diseased Hearts

My shirt was not by hands alone— But by hearts drowned in heedlessness. Hearts that believed children were powerless, And with that belief, dared to violate their innocence, Trying to rip apart a pure that cannot be erased. But even though it was , The shirt still carries within its threads the light of the sun, And the clarity of the moon. It holds the message of safety, of truth, of mercy— And it is that message I now seek in this chapter.

The Sun: Light of Truth and Mercy

The sun represents “At the Gates of Mercy.” It is the symbol of my lost childhood beginning to breathe again, It is the divine light descending upon my heart, Dispersing the shadows of neglect, And guiding me to the qiblah of mercy. The Station of Abraham (peace be upon him) For the sun illuminates what was dark And warms what had grown cold.

The Moon: Light of Faith and Guidance

The moon is “Eleven Dawns.” A symbol of the companions who carried the message of truth, Of steadfastness and faith in the face of darkness, A symbol of the moon that reflects the light of the sun— Like a heart drawing strength from a sound fitrah (innate purity), Lighting the path despite the shadows.

My Shirt—Between the Sun and the Moon

My shirt is the bond between both lights. It is the burden of trust that others tore apart. It is the story of a child who longed to become a man. It is the story of God’s mercy that never abandoned me, despite betrayal. It is the admission that I have been—and will always be— Caught between the darkness of heedlessness And the light of awakening.

Your Shirt... Is It My Right?

Can we truly allow our shirts to remain ? Will we let our hearts remain diseased, softened only by heedlessness— And pass on to the next generations a shirt still in shreds?

This shirt is a trust. A trust to be restored with love and awareness, So that no other child is lost In the shadows of neglect.

The Journey Between Loss and Guidance: Between Being Lost and Being Forsaken

My childhood was like a vast desert— Filled with storms and fog. When a child is neglected, he gets lost. He seeks comfort in broken places, And wanders through mazes without light.

The First Spark of Light: Reciting Sūrat al-Jinn

Sūrat al-Jinn came like a spark in the darkness— The beginning of a long, effort-filled journey Between devotion and falling short, between collapse and rising again. A journey that lasted eleven years. Each year was a path, And each path held a lesson.

The Struggle Between Commitment and Failure

The journey was not easy. There were contradictions, Inner battles Between the desire for goodness And the weakness of the human soul. But my mercy was always with God. He was the support in every fall, The light in every shadow.

Reaching the Qiblah The Station of Abraham (peace be upon him)

At the end of the journey, I found my qiblah— A direction of earth and heart. A qiblah embraced by my soul and accepted by it— Not because it is free of error, But because it is filled with repentance, With work, and sincerity.

Between the Sun and the Moon... the Shirt is Complete Here, my journey meets the stories of the Companions. Where sun and moon unite— So that my shirt becomes a tale of trust— The story of a child who wanted to grow with love, And the story of Companions who carried an even greater trust, So we could all be together— At the gates of mercy, And among eleven dawns.

Those Who Said, “How Can God Bring This Back to Life?”

As I wrote about light, the first shadow of the question returned: How can light be born in a place completely drowned in darkness? How can a soul be resurrected after such a long death? Can my shirt truly be restored to me? Can the child who was thrown into the well truly come back? Then, in a moment of deep inner silence, I remembered God’s words: “Or like the one who passed by a town that had collapsed upon its roofs. He said, ‘How can God bring this back to life after its death?’ So God caused him to die for a hundred years, then brought him back to life...” —[Al-Baqarah: 259] How many times was I that man, walking among the ruins of my heart, asking: “How can God bring this back to life?” Where is life after all that’s been buried? Where is return after all this loss?

But God brings the dead to life... And He shows you how. I lived for many years like the dead— Moving in a living body, but with a buried heart. I would complete my tasks, perform my prayers, read the Qur’an... But my heart wouldn’t believe— It would watch from behind a veil and whisper mockingly:

“These people speak of religion... of the love of God... yet they were the ones who tore the shirt!”

“Am I supposed to belong to a faith whose first face to me was injustice?” The revival of the heart does not come from speeches, Nor from books, Nor even from tears. It happens when you feel God’s mercy touch the deepest point of your helplessness— When He sees you, not knowing how to return, And opens a door you never even knew existed. The first door was Sūrat al-Jinn. Then the doors began to follow— Came the book “At the Gates of Mercy” Then the book “Eleven Dawns”— They were like right and left... Sun and moon... But I was still without a shirt— Discovering what I did not know in myself. That the journey wasn’t just about seeking faith, But about seeking meaning. And meaning is not born from words— But from wounds. Everyone around Yūsuf didn’t understand the dream— Even Ya’qūb, peace be upon him, said: “Do not relate your vision to your brothers...” But God preserved it in Yūsuf’s heart, Until its time of fulfillment came. And I was the same— God kept the vision in my heart, and me not knowing what it meant. Eleven stars... the sun... the moon... And I would say to myself: “Perhaps I have a sun, and I have a moon... but when will they prostrate to me?” Then I understood the truth— It’s not prostration to me as a self, But to my message. When the child is reborn, And the shirt is restored to him— That is when the sun and the moon bow to him, Meaning: when and reason, faith and knowledge, spirit and world— All surrender. That is when a human becomes fully... human.

The Moon... Eleven Dawns: The Eleven Stars

In them, I saw stars that can never be extinguished— The ten companions promised Paradise, And the eleventh dawn... The Lion of God, the Master of Martyrs: Ḥamzah ibn ‘Abd al-Muṭṭalib. They were not merely historical figures— They were celestial bodies by which my soul found its way. Each one of them was a dawn in the night of my confusion.

The Dawn of Abū Bakr: Sincerity and Steadfastness

The first dawn was sincerity— Untainted, unbending. A man light in spirit but heavy in the scale of God. From him I learned that truthfulness with God raises you, Even when people deny you.

The Dawn of ‘Umar: Justice Before Mercy

A dawn that tears through the darkness of oppression. In him, I saw what it means for truth to become anger— And when justice roars, falsehood trembles. I learned from ‘Umar that religion should not be soft at the expense of truth, Nor harsh at the expense of mercy.

The Dawn of ‘Uthmān: Modesty and Generosity

In him, I saw purity of heart stripped of desires. A man who walked the earth gently, harming none. His modesty was like a veil between him and temptation. I learned from

him that generosity isn't just with wealth— But with character, patience, and silently carrying the pain of the Ummah like a noble soul.

The Dawn of ‘Alī: Wisdom Born of Pain Between the sword and the pen,

‘Alī walked heavy with trust. He bore secrets few understood, and endured. From him I learned that wounds don't corrupt wisdom— And when a heart is full of love for God, It doesn't matter who let you down.

The Dawn of Ṭalḥah: Shielding the Prophet

A man who made his body a shield for the Messenger of God. At Uhud, he forgot himself to preserve the sacred life. From Ṭalḥah I learned that true heroism needs no noise. He who loves sincerely becomes a sacrifice for the one he loves, Without waiting for a thank-you.

The Dawn of Az-Zubayr: The Pure Sword The Prophet's cousin, bearer of pure hearts.

When he unsheathed his sword, hesitation vanished— But he never spilled blood except in awe of God. From him I learned that courage does not contradict gentleness. The sword does not always sever—it sometimes purifies.

The Dawn of ‘Abd ar-Raḥmān ibn ‘Awf: Wealth Without Corruption

A man to whom the doors of trade opened As hearts open to faith. But he never sold his religion for anyone's world. He was rich, yet his poverty before God was deeper than his pockets. From him I learned that true wealth is freedom— And money, if not ruled by faith, becomes ruin.

The Dawn of Sa‘d ibn Abī Waqqāṣ: Silent Devotion

His supplications were answered—his heart quiet, Like the sky in the depth of night. In him, I saw strength that needs no loud voice. From him I learned that prayer is the weapon of the sincere— And those who truly know God... Do not scream—they simply raise their hands.

The Dawn of Sa‘īd ibn Zayd: Unknown on Earth, Known in Heaven

Forgotten by people's eyes— But never forgotten by God. From him I realized that no one is lost in God's sight. The eyes that do not see your effort, Cannot block its reward from the heavens.

The Dawn of Abū ‘Ubaydah: The Unchanging Trust

Abū ‘Ubaydah was like a silent river— Flowing with a certainty only those who truly know God can understand. He did not seek the front lines, but when called—he never delayed. When entrusted—he never betrayed. When chosen—he never changed. He was a dawn that made no sound, yet whose light never faded. From him I learned that

constancy is not in shouting, But in walking firmly toward truth—even alone. To be trustworthy in times of betrayal Is greater than to be powerful in times of oppression. His dawn was trust walking upon the earth. And in my heart, He taught me to be trustworthy with the shirt, Even if they tore it.

The Dawn of Ḥamzah: The Moon that Bled

He was a moon, unlike the stars— He shone not with his tongue, but with his blood. The Master of Martyrs... The man who gave the religion its first voice and his body as the last offering. He was Ḥamzah—he was the shirt. From him I learned that those who truly love God Will die for Him... smiling. That pure blood never spills in vain— It writes, in ink of sacrifice, for the next generation: This is the way. In them, I saw the dawn of my own heart— Eleven stars... Gathered after the long wandering— To whisper to me: The shirt is near.

Return to the Well

The scent of the place hasn't changed— nor the stones of the wall, nor the stickiness of the darkness that clings to your chest whenever you look down. The well is still there. And the child inside me... hasn't completely climbed out.

I thought that growing up meant I had left it behind. But the truth? Some places don't leave us.

The Hole That Won't Be Forgotten

The well wasn't just a physical pit. It was my childhood— when a child is betrayed. When they say "Be quiet" instead of "What's wrong?" When silence is rewarded, and tears are punished. When you're treated as if you don't understand, though you feel everything. The well was this: to cry inwardly and laugh outwardly, because no one could bear your scream.

The First Betrayal... Was in a Laugh

Sometimes, betrayal isn't a knife. It's a laugh— in the face of your pain. They laughed... knowingly, or maybe unknowingly. But the result was the same. The child didn't understand why hearts were so cruel, why faces smiled while knives approached. He grew up fearing people— and fearing God— in a distorted way.

"Establish prayer to remember Me... not them

" In the well, I heard their names more than I heard God's. Religion was a weapon they waved, not a cure they offered. They taught me fear, not love. They hung their cruelty on the wall of "commitment," so I hated the wall— and hated commitment. But God didn't abandon me. He came with warmth, not with threats. With Surat al-Jinn... not the stick of the jinn.

There Were Others Who Didn't Fall

I thought I was alone. That the well had swallowed only me. But later I saw— there were others who fell and returned, and others who resisted from the start. And the path, however long, never closes to those who truly seek God's face. Those who didn't fall— or who fell and rose— helped me lift my head.

Return to Them... Not to Avenge, But to Understand

I returned to the well— not to drown in it again, but to see who threw me there, and say: "I survived." And maybe... to forgive.

Not because they deserve forgiveness, but because I don't want to carry this darkness into paradise. Forgiveness here isn't weakness, but a desire for salvation. The salvation of my heart before my body.

This chapter... holds no outward victory, but the beginning of an inward one: To return to the well— and not fall again. To see it— and then turn your back and walk... toward the shirt.

The Shirt—Nakedness, Then Covering

The shirt wasn't just fabric... It was the covering of the heart. A symbol of identity, innocence, and protection. When it was , it wasn't just the body that was exposed, but the soul, too.

The First Shirt Was torn

When I was a child, I didn't just hold a pen— I held my heart in my hand, offering it to people—hoping they'd care. But what I gave them... they tore apart. Tore it with their laughter, with their neglect, with their ignorance of what it means to betray a child. I wanted to be loved... and ended up broken.

I was crying because I believed...

Because I handed over my heart, pure and unguarded,

and they turned it into a battlefield—

without even asking if I was ready.

I cry because I loved sincerely,

and I expected to be met with shelter, not with blades.

And because I thought those closest to me were my refuge...

only to find they were the first to surrender me.

There Is No Dignity for a Child Among Sick Hearts

Who said children don't feel? Who decided that smallness means weakness? Who gave them the right to raise their children on harshness, and call it "religion"? Back then, religion was distant. They were all I knew. So if they were sick, my heart grew sick too. If they had known how much the soul needs gentleness, they wouldn't have

Quiet Resurrection

said, “He’ll forget.” Because a child doesn’t forget. He grows with the fracture... until he finds God.

God Covered Me After They Stripped Me

Had it not been for God’s mercy, I would now be a fragment of darkness, repeating what they did... tearing others’ shirts. But His mercy preceded. He covered me with a verse. He clothed me with a surah. He held me with a prayer that looked nothing like theirs. He wrapped me in light, after years of darkness. And I found that my shirt had been re-sewn— but not by any of them. By their Lord... whose mercy they never knew.

The New Shirt Cannot Be

The shirt God tailored for me is beyond the reach of human hands. It’s not made of cotton or silk. It’s made of certainty. Of knowing myself. Of my nearness to my Lord. Of the forgiveness I chose to live out— not because they earned it, but because I refuse to stay . I don’t wear the new shirt with pride— but with gratitude.

The Shirt... A Sign After a Lifetime of Wound

In Yusuf’s story, the beginning wasn’t in the palace— but in the well. And the first shirt wasn’t the end, but the other shirt— the one cast on the father’s face to restore his sight. So it was with me. This shirt God gave me— restored my vision, and returned me to myself. The shirt came back. But it came from God— not from my brothers. And I will wear it— not to boast, but to testify. And I testify that my Lord never abandoned me. That mercy preceded. And that the sun and moon appeared as light, from the mercy of my Lord, into my heart.

White Tears

The face of Jacob, peace be upon him, was radiant with tears— not merely because he lost Joseph, but because he never lost hope in God. They said to him: “By God, you will continue to remember Joseph until you become ill or perish.” But his sorrow wasn’t grief over loss, it was life through hope. The whiteness of his eyes— was not weakness, but certainty. From that whiteness, vision was born again, and the heart learned once more how to see.

My Father Within Me

Every time I read about Jacob, peace be upon him, I searched for my father— my earthly father, and my spiritual one. The one who keeps prayer alive, who never shuts the door in my face— even if I don’t understand him, or he doesn’t understand me. I searched for a father unafraid to say: “I only complain of my sorrow and grief to God.” A father unashamed of tears, of long waiting, of loving Joseph—no matter what.

When the Face Returned

As I began to recover the shirt, I also recovered my father’s face. (Abraham peace be upon him) That face returned— from a light I had never seen before. As if I had been

the blind one— not him. It was then I realized: the shirt would never have been enough, if the face had not returned with it. And the face returned— with love, with tenderness, with a silence that did not blame, but embraced.

The End of Loss... The Beginning of Prostration

Joseph returns. Jacob returns. And they meet... in a single scene: “And he raised his parents upon the throne, and they all fell down to him in prostration.” But this was no prostration of glorification, it was a prostration of completion. A prostration that confessed— everything that passed held meaning. In that moment of reunion, the well no longer hurt, the shirt no longer ached, the loss of the father no longer haunted... Because everything returned to its rightful place— under the canopy of mercy.

I Wanted a Surprise... But Found Mercy: The Unforgettable Surprise

I wasn't asking for much. All I hoped for was not to be betrayed again. In my prayers, I would say: O Lord, I don't need anything great— just don't let me fall apart. Let me live. But God never gives just a little. God only surprises with gifts of light. And when His mercy arrives... it makes you forget every pain.

The Mercy That Preceded Everything

I expected punishment— but found forgiveness. I feared abandonment— but mercy got there first. It is a mercy beyond the mind's grasp, for it is not measured by merit, but by compassion. And because it came to me when I thought nothing was coming— it became the surprise of my lifetime.

Mercy That Made Me Weep

Some blessings make us cry more than afflictions— because we know we can never repay them, never give them their due. We can only weep. That's what mercy did to me: it made me weep, it broke me... then mended me. I was walking in the darkness of night— and dawn came to me. And that dawn— was not from me, not by my planning, nor by my strength... It was from God. And Then I Understood the Well Only now do I understand— the well wasn't punishment, but a passage. The shirt wasn't in vain, but to become a witness. And the journey—with all its fractures— was sealed with a stamp of mercy. Everything I passed through was to lead me to this moment: the moment of surprise, when mercy descends as if to say: “I've been here all along... you just now learned how to see Me.”

The Garment of Taqwa... My Final Shirt

It Wasn't Just a Shirt The first shirt they tore wasn't just fabric. It was the emblem of my childhood, my identity, the fortress of my dignity. When they tore it, they thought they were tearing me. But they didn't know— that God protected it, in silence and patience.

The Garment of Taqwa(God-consciousness): My New Shirt With every step I took beyond the pain, I began to wear a different shirt. A shirt that cannot be — not made of cotton or wool, but of taqwa—God-consciousness, woven in the heart of one who is honest with his Lord. A shirt that strengthens me, shields me from the wounds of the past, reminds me that I'm no longer that vulnerable child— but a man bearing a sacred trust that time could not erase.

The Shirt Between Sun and Moon

Between the warmth of the sun that lit my heart, and the glow of the moon that guided me through darkness, I found my final shirt— the shirt of mercy and repentance, of love that can't be bought, but earned through sincerity and action.

My Wish in This Shirt

To wear it on the Day of Judgment, to stand safely before my Lord, without pain, without surprises— only peace of heart, and His good pleasure.

A Message to Everyone Whose Shirt Was To every child whose shirt was by the hands of time or people, to every heart that groans in silence, to every soul searching for its light: Know this— God never lets your shirt be in vain. He is stitching a new one for you— purer, stronger, and more precious. So do not despair. The next shirt awaits you. And it is the garment of taqwa... the garment of hope.

“Wa Asarroohu Bidaa’ah” “And they concealed him, treating him as a piece of merchandise.”

They took captive all that was meant to be held with love.

They captured faith, turning it into slogans without light, fear without love, rituals without life. They captured the Book, reducing it to pages hung on walls, no longer a voice that tears through the night and awakens the soul. They captured the child, burdening him with wounds they never healed in themselves, then demanded he “succeed.” They captured the human, slicing him into categories — righteous or corrupt — without ever listening to his heart. They captured the woman, reducing her to shame, duty, or desire, forgetting she is a complete soul — a partner in dignity. They captured the wife, turning her into a role in an institution, not a woman to be loved and longed for. They captured the school, teaching fear instead of wonder. They captured the family, building it on silence instead of mercy.

Even the relationship with God... was not taken captive — for He is above all — but it was distorted, wrapped in fear instead of love, punishment instead of mercy. Many came to fear Him without truly knowing Him, to worship Him without closeness, to speak in His name without understanding. But then... The Qur’an that read me taught me this: salvation is not in rejection, nor in loud protest — but in honest turning to God. That liberation from all this captivity, oppression, and confusion only comes with sincere return to the One who never turns away the broken. That no one can free the heart — except the One who made it. As He promised: “And We will deliver those who believed and used to fear Allah.” [Qur’an] And so I write these pages — not to preach, but to witness. To say: freedom is possible. Salvation is real. And mercy... is closer than we imagine.

The Shirt of Mercy and the Hope of Return

At the end of this journey— between the sun and the moon, between Eleven Dawns and a forgotten childhood— I stand before myself wearing a new shirt: the shirt of taqwa, which cannot be , and which only truthful hearts can wear. I found the shirt I lost in the well— the shirt of mercy, which never left me despite all the wounds.

And in the constellation of Eleven Dawns, I found a light that shines my path when the night gets too dark. This book is nothing but a call— to every soul that lost its way, to everyone whose shirt was ripped by time, to every person who longs to return to their pure self... Plant in your heart a light that will never go out. I ask God that this shirt of mine— and for all of you— be a garment in this world, a covering on the Day when neither wealth nor children will benefit, and that we be with those whom God loves under His vast mercy, at the gates of mercy, in a dawn that never fades. O Allah, make us among those who listen to the word and follow the best of it. Perfect our endings. Forgive us. And grant us paradise—without reckoning. Ameen.

Moses never climbed a pulpit, yet his voice reached the mountain.

He called them—not to conquer, but to believe. He pointed to the land written for them, and they answered, in full cowardice:

“Go, you and your Lord, and fight. We are staying right here.”

They were many... but not one of them rose.

I think of them often.

Not because they are distant, but because we resemble them now more than we resemble Moses.

We fear the “giants” before even seeing them. We glorify strength and tremble at loss. We’ve built an entire religious narrative around avoiding danger—rather than facing falsehood.

It's as if The Qur'an is no longer just a Book of guidance to us,
but a mirror that exposes the cowardly—cloaked in piety.

And from today's pulpits,
no one says, “Rise.”

They say—softly, eloquently, with polished crescendos: “We are staying here.”

I am the cupbearer.

I stand in the shadows, and I see. And I fear that this nation, which weeps over the loss of Jerusalem,

didn't just lose Jerusalem— it lost the heart that was meant to lead it there.

I an the cupbearer

O you who journey with me through this chapter...

Do not search for the sea — I will show you how the waters part within, when struck by the Word of God.

I will show you Pharaoh, not as the stories preserved him, but as he dwells within you: inflated into every unhealed authority, every fractured identity formed beneath the weight of fear and defeat.

(Go, both of you, to Pharaoh. Indeed, he has transgressed.) was not a command to Moses alone — it is a call to every soul weary of silence, drowning in shadows.

We carry no sword — only the courage to expose the face of tyranny entangled in memory, to witness how false power drowns when we stop believing we are powerless.

In this chapter...

I will bring you to the threshold of crossing.

You will see the staff strike the water — not to drown Pharaoh, but to birth you anew.

No miracle is greater than to face the tyrant and not tremble, to walk through fear without becoming it, to confront pain... and pass through.

This is a chapter of Quiet Resurrection not to be read by the mind alone, but by the wound that has finally chosen to heal.

Opening Passage The Hoopoe

Who flew alone... and said what no one else dared say

I am the hoopoe. I belong to no army, I am not borne upon a throne, Nor is my name mentioned among ministers or messengers. I am the one people overlook— Just as they once overlooked the man Who carried bread on his head And died crucified, His name never written in the records. But I said it... And I said it with a heart that knows light when it sees it: “I have grasped what you have not grasped, And I have brought you sure news from Sheba.” I was no prophet, Nor did I have wings of fire. But God—the One who sees the small from beyond seven heavens— Taught me, And sent me. And I said it without fear,

To the one who held the throne, Who commanded the wind, And understood the language of birds. I am the hoopoe... I saw what you did not, And I perceived what was veiled from your eyes. I came not with maps, Nor with borders, But with a land owned by those who were never named, Yet to whom God granted peace. The “Radiance of Jerusalem” is not what you see in the news, Nor what is debated in institutes— It is what God has hidden in the hearts of the righteous. I brought it to you From a place you never look toward, I passed above your heads... But you never raised your eyes to hear me. Yet I said it... And I will keep saying it Until God inherits the earth and those upon it: “I have grasped what you have not grasped.” I am the hoopoe... I do not wield

a sword. But I brought a message— From a land no longer seen Except by those who have inherited mercy.

The First Vision

I am the cupbearer.

No, I was not a prophet. Nor one whose name God wrote in the book of the saved... But I emerged— Not because I was worthy, But because I remembered the vision. Joseph... Was in the well, And in the prison, And in the heart. As for the one who was crucified, Whose head the birds fed upon— He was not guilty, but good. He carried bread, not a sword, And had no voice to defend himself. They said the bird was a sign of evil... And forgot where it came from, And whom it brought bread to. No one asked about his heart, Or his intent, Or his toil under the sun Feeding a hungry soul whose name he never knew. I came out... But my heart remained. It remained with the one whose name they never wrote, And with the one who dwelled in the well and lit its darkness. I came out... Not to drink, But to reveal to you the meaning Of what you never understood.

The Radiance That Was Not Seen

In the palace of kings, Radiance is unseen. They see gold, They see power, They see awe... But Radiance? It is something that cannot be held. It is something like Joseph's whisper in his prison, When asked about the dream, he said: "That is among the things my Lord has taught me." Solomon was king, yes— But his kingship was not a palace, It was listening... To the wind, To the hoopoe, To the ants unseen by armies. He inherited from David What cannot be written in records. He inherited light, Tranquility, And mercy when he judged. — I am the cupbearer... And I testify: Inheritance does not come by siege, Nor by walls, But by something that cannot be stolen Nor occupied: Radiance.

The Land Moses Did Not Enter

Moses said to them: "Enter the land." But they said: "You and your Lord go forth and fight..." But the land— It was never just a patch of soil. It was faith, Trust, A covenant sealed in the heart. Moses saw it— Yes, he saw it in his soul, In the pulse of the staff, In the revelation at Sinai. Yet he died before he entered it... And he died smiling, Because he had pointed the way. I am the cupbearer... And I say: The land God promised His servants Is not measured by maps— But by those who walk upon it in peace, And say: "Lord, forgive them— for they know not what they do."

Message to the Palace

O King... You who wear the crown above your palace, Have you ever heard a voice rising from the well? Have you seen the one who gives to the poor—and goes unnamed? The one who carries bread—and is never rewarded? The one forgotten in prisons— While portraits hang proudly on palace walls? The true king is not the one who possesses, But the one who inherits. Not from fathers a throne— But from prophets the fear of God. I am the cupbearer... I emerged not to display, But to deliver a message: The earth is inherited by the servant who gives drink, Not by the one who rules.

Voices of the Forgotten

In every well, A new Joseph. In every prison, A prophet unknown. In every palace, A man who thinks he is the lord of all worlds. But God... He brings Joseph out of the well. He unveils the king's dream. He plants light in the heart— When the heart is ready. I am the cupbearer... I hear the voice of the one not rescued, Whose name was never written, Whose head the birds carried away... And I say—even that man— Was a sign. Was patience.

Was bread in a time of hunger. The Final Inheritance Who inherited the land? Who entered the "House of Mercy"? Who boarded Noah's ark after the flood— Not because it was perfect, But because it was once broken... And thus was saved? It was the one who believed without seeing. Who was estranged from his people, Dwelt in a cave, And waited in patience. The one who said as Joseph once said: "Take this shirt of mine..." And the one who said as Muhammad said: "O Lord, forgive my people— for they do not know."

I am the cupbearer... I no longer carry wine, But interpretation. And I say: Radiance is not ornament— But promise. And whoever enters the land with David's spirit, Rules with Solomon's calm, And walks in Moses' guidance— Has entered.

A Voice Beneath the Feet

I am the ant.

Not a prophet, Not a king, Not one of vision's greats... But from the people of the earth— The ones rarely seen, Except when they scream— Or are crushed. But I was there When Solomon and his soldiers passed. I saw what is unseen, And said what is unsaid: "O ants, enter your dwellings, Lest Solomon and his soldiers crush you— Unaware." I didn't say it out of fear— But out of mercy. I did not hate Solomon, Nor think him unjust. But I knew: Power, when it passes, Can crush—without knowing. And Solomon? He stopped. He smiled. He laughed—not in mockery, But with joy that someone saw the unseen, And he said: "My Lord, inspire me to be thankful for Your blessing."

[Surah An-Naml: 19] I am the ant... I heard him say it. And I felt the entire kingdom bow Before a blessing unseen— The blessing of understanding. And so I learned: Kingship

is not in crowns, Nor in thrones, Nor in jinn and wind and birds... But in knowing That you may crush a heart Without feeling it. We are small—yes. But God heard my words, Wrote them in His Book, And made a Prophet smile Because of one fearless word I spoke. So, O kings, O palace-dwellers, O you who walk in garments of power and might... Take care— There may be one beneath your feet Closer to God than you. And to the ants, Enter your homes with gentleness, And never lose hope That a faint voice from among you Might preserve light upon the earth. I am the ant... I held no sword, But I saved a nation— With a word.

"Bread Lifted... and a Name Forgotten"

I am the cupbearer... I left— But my heart remained where bread was given to the hungry, And no one asked who baked it. I saw those busy interpreting the dream. They said of the bird: "A bad omen." They said of the crucified: "A bearer of doom." And they forgot that the one who carried the bread Was not an enemy— But an offering. No one asked about him. No one thought of his heart. No one saw the weariness on his face, Or the sun that scorched him As he carried flour for the poor. He was silent. He was alone.

And—by God—he was one of the truest souls to pass among us. They said: "Perhaps he saw no vision at all." They said: "It might have been a fable..." But I was there. And I witnessed him turn to Joseph And say, with the voice of one who recognizes light when he sees it: "Truly, we see you among the doers of good." And only those who carry goodness inside Can recognize it in others. I testify that Joseph did not forget him. He remembered him— But the people's hearts were blind, And they saw only the bird... Not the one who carried the bread.

Then I saw another vision— Beyond the prison, Beyond the palace— A face raised, Not like the crucified, But like mercy itself. It was Jesus, son of Mary—peace be upon him— God's Word. Lifted to the heavens... Not because he claimed, But because he fed souls with bread that came from no oven, And quenched hearts with water that cannot be seen. And then I understood— That the bread offered by the righteous Is not eaten only in its hour, But is written in the heavens, And lifted—along with its giver. So if his name is forgotten on earth, God has not forgotten him. And if they saw him as a bearer of doom, God made him a sign— For the unremembered, Yet beloved in the unseen. I am the cupbearer... I testify—not as a scholar, But as a servant who was saved and who heard— That there is bread made in silence, Lifted to the sky, And that in the prison are those more worthy of freedom Than all who dwell in palaces. "The Radiance of Jerusalem"? It is that bread... The bread that God raised, But the people did not see. And it was written for me to emerge, To say: He was not a bearer of doom... He was one of the righteous.

"I Am the Soil"

I am the soil. The ground you are buried in, The dust you tread upon, The speck you brush off your shoulders

When it clings to your clothing. I am the soil... The one who preserved the blood of those who died without light, The tears of tents that wept for them, The shadows of those who died standing— And were never named. I do not claim the treasures of God. I do not know the unseen. And I do not say, "This one is in Paradise, and that one is not..." But I know what was spilled into me— Pure blood, And the burning of a heart buried alive. And I say, as the Prophet said—upon whom the revelation came: "Whoever is killed defending his property is a martyr. Whoever is killed defending his blood, His family, His faith—he is a martyr." I am the soil. I have seen those who passed upon this earth without a word written, Whose steps were too light to be heard, Too deep to be erased. I saw the one who carried bread on his head— Then fell... And his name was never recorded. But I held him within me. And I wrote upon him: "This one was among the righteous." "The Radiance of Jerusalem"? It is not built with stone— But remains when all palaces crumble. It is the bread baked in sorrow, The water poured upon a wound, The light unseen— Except by God. And I am the soil... I testify that I forgot no one— Not those who baked in silence, Not those who carried without reward, Not those who died— And whose hearts held one prayer: "My Lord, forgive them, for they do not know." These... are the people of the Promised Land. As for those who claim it with swords— They pass above me, And return to me... without names.

Hymn of Those Who Waited

O Allah... You who raised Joseph from the well, And saved the prostrating from the tyranny of kings— Grant us a place within the heart of Jerusalem, Even if our feet never touch its soil. You who granted the earth to Your righteous servants— Not for the sword, Nor for the name, But for mercy, And prostration in darkness, And prayer when no one hears... Make us of those who possess nothing but prayer, Who lift only their hearts, And inherit nothing but Your light. O Lord... Let us inherit as Solomon inherited from David— Not gold, but tranquility, Not horses, but understanding, Not land, but peace. And forgive us if we were ignorant, And forgive those who wronged us, And write our names— Not in the registers of kings, But in Your Book, near You, Among those who once said in silence: "O Lord, forgive them... for they do not know." Ameen... You who showed us the land— Even if we have not entered it... yet.

A Radiant Unseen

This...

is not a book to be placed on a table,

nor a newsletter read before sleep,

nor a map auctioned off and handed over by trembling fingers afraid of the camera.

This...

is the glint of an ancient promise. A flicker born from darkness, a flame caught by a man descended from groaning hearts— he walked with it alone along the edges of the wilderness, then vanished.

He never signed his name on victory's scrolls, but "He fell down unconscious." Surah Al-A'raf – Ayah 143

and his prayer etched itself onto doors unseen by the eyes of politicians and untouched by the mirrors of palaces.

There was once a prophet,

standing by the Mount Sinai— he saw the land as one sees it from a window in the sky, but he did not enter it. He entered it... in his prayer.

He said to his people:

"This land will not be opened by the sword, nor reclaimed through a map. It is opened only for those who believe in the unseen— with eyes that trust without seeing, with hearts that walk before the feet."

And he asked for no miracle that resembled a weapon.

So they said to him:

"Go on alone."

And from that day...

the wandering began.

He walked... and the wilderness followed him.

He was sold out by those who bartered light, and betrayed by those who chose a document over revelation.

Since that day,

light has been put up for sale, and those who walk toward the heavens are hunted, those who recite dreams are cast aside.

And today,

they are the ones who sign— that the land belongs to whoever holds the iron key, not to the one who carries the keys of mercy.

They sold him out— those who preferred numbers to revelation, who feared hunger more than they feared God, who trembled before iron keys, and forgot the keys to Paradise.

They said:

"This land is measured in meters,

divided in ink, and given to whoever holds a weapon— not to the one who sees an angel in his sleep!"

And they signed... every paper that resembled betrayal, in every dialect that mimicked the homeland, with every signature shaped like a blade.

They looked just like us—

they prayed as we pray, they wept during sermons, they fasted... from speaking the truth.

But at the end of the night, they placed the homeland inside a plastic file, and labeled it: "To be delivered when necessary."

What shakes the thrones of falsehood Is not a slogan, Nor a loud voice But a prophet who died without entering, Leaving his vision suspended between the lines.

What dismantles deception is not a conference at a five-star hotel, nor a handshake on satellite screens, nor a scream in a closed session.

But a boy in a well, Silent, Carrying bread and dying on his feet, While his name is written On a gate unseen by eyes that cannot behold the light.

That radiance... cannot be bought,
nor inherited, nor negotiated.

That radiance... cannot be trampled, nor offered in a weapons auction.

That radiance... walks on feet that knew betrayal, that knew the mud— and yet God lifted them to the highest heavens.

Peace...

upon the one whose name was never printed in newspapers, but who was the first to prostrate in the dark.

Peace...

upon the soil—if it remains pure, upon the breeze—if it survives the checkpoints, upon the eyes that once saw, were later closed, but still see the light... without sight.

This book... is not history— it is a test. Not a page— but a prayer unspoken aloud.

Not a poem— but the tear of a prophet barred from entering... because his people feared the truth.

I am the Cupbearer.

I came out of prison, but my heart did not. It stayed there— where bread was handed to the hungry,

and no one asked: Who kneaded it? Who carried it? Who delivered it? Who toiled for it?

I used to see him every morning, carrying the loaf on his head, while the sun would take a bite before the birds ever could.

I saw those who busied themselves interpreting the dream, and they said of the birds: "a bad omen," and of the crucified: "a sign of wrath,"

but they forgot that the one who carried the bread was not an adversary... but an offering.

They never asked about him, never looked into his face, never reflected on his heart, never smelled the sweat on his brow as he made what can only be eaten with love.

He was silent, he was alone,

and—by God—I swear he was among the most truthful we ever met in that prison.

They said: “Maybe he never saw a vision to begin with.” They said: “Perhaps it was just a myth.”

But I was there. And I witnessed. And I witnessed him turning to Joseph,

and saying in a voice that knows light when it sees it: “Indeed, we see you among the doers of good.”

And only he who holds goodness within... can recognize the doers of good.

And I testify that Joseph did not forget him. He remembered him. But the people—their hearts were blind, and so they saw only the bird, and forgot the one who carried the bread.

I am the cupbearer.

And I testify, not as a scholar, nor as a jurist, but as a witness who came out of prison with light in his heart and the face of an unmentioned man in his memory—a man who was closer to God than all those who interpreted the story while trembling before the truth.

In the beginning,

I thought the accounts in the books were enough—that the old narratives were told faithfully, or at least... did no injustice.

But something in my heart, since childhood, would shudder every time I heard them say with certainty:

“The one who was crucified in place of Jesus... was a traitor.”

I used to ask in a low voice—not out of fear, but out of reverence for what I did not yet understand:

Would God save a prophet through injustice? Is divine justice built upon the death of the innocent? Does God resemble those who hide the murderer and hang innocence just to keep the story going?

They said: “The one who was made to resemble... betrayed.” But they never asked themselves: Would God make a traitor resemble a prophet? Would He place the prophet’s image upon a wretched face? Is a miracle built on betrayal?

Something in that story was twisted—not because I love rebellion, but because deep within it, I heard a soft lie whispered by the elders, believed by the young—not out of faith, but out of politeness.

Then I was silent.

Then I read.

Then I wept.

Then I wrote.

Not to overwhelm,

but to point.

There was a disciple.

We don't know his name. He wasn't mentioned much, but he was near, and he saw the light, and he knew who Jesus was—when all others betrayed him.

And in the moment of the attack, he did not run, he did not deny, he did not deceive... but stepped forward, volunteered, and said as only one who understands sacrifice can say:

“Take me instead.”

So God made the likeness of Jesus fall upon him, and left him to be crucified. Not because God desired injustice, but because sacrifice born of love... is never lost with God.

He died, unnamed, but the heavens bore witness, and God raised him up.

Then the people came... and said: he was a traitor. They said: he was punished. They said: this is how justice is fulfilled. And they forgot... that God does not punish anyone for the sin of another, and does not crucify the innocent to save a prophet.

They forgot that the Lord of the birds— the One who forbade omens— does not make a bird a bad sign upon the head of one who does good.

They said:

“He saw a false vision.”

But God said:

“No soul shall bear the burden of another.” (Surah Al-An'am: 164)

“Your Lord is not unjust to the servants.” (Surah Fussilat: 46)

I am the cupbearer.

I left prison— not because I was the smartest, nor because I was the most deserving, but because I was preserved... to bear witness.

And I testify—

That the bread made in secret, whose maker is forgotten, and is eaten without thanks— is not lost with God.

And I testify—

That Jesus was not crucified, but was raised. And the one crucified in his place... was not a traitor, but a martyr.

And I testify—

That God does not need betrayal to save His chosen ones, nor does He clothe innocence in shame... and remain silent.

There is no need to know the name of the one who was made to resemble Him. Justice requires no announcement. And fame is not a condition for one who was raised... and ascended to God... in silence.

When they used to teach us the story of Joseph,

they would pause long at the scene of the women and the cutting of hands. They would say: "This is beauty." And when the women were stunned, they said:

"This is not a man! This is none but a noble angel!" (Surah Yusuf: 31)

As if beauty is only proven when reason halts, fingers stumble, and knives fall.

But I—the cupbearer— I saw another kind of beauty.

A beauty that does not dazzle, but reassures to the bel, He believes in Allah and believes the believers (surat At-Tawbah 9:61)

A beauty that doesn't sever fingers, but opens hearts. A beauty that does not distract, but guides.

That kind of beauty—

which made two young men in a cell, bound by doubt, by time, by fate, look to a man with no authority, no miracle, no freedom— and still say to him:

"Indeed, we see you among the doers of good." (Surah Yusuf: 36)

He had done nothing for them yet. But they saw. They saw in him what cannot be seen with the eye— but only with insight.

They saw a face like comfort. A hand that does not rule, but listens. And a silence that does not frighten, but soothes.

They shared their dreams,

and Joseph did not rush to interpret— he rushed to teach:

"No food will come to you but that I will inform you of its interpretation before it arrives."

“That is part of what my Lord has taught me.” (Surah Yusuf: 37)

He did not say it boastfully, nor like one delivering revelation, but like a servant who knows the light of his Lord.

And he began— not with the dream, but with the truth:

“I have left the religion of a people who do not believe in God, and they are disbelievers in the Hereafter.”

“And I have followed the religion of my forefathers: Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.” (Surah Yusuf: 37)

Joseph—

who came out of the well— did not emerge bitter, nor mocking. He emerged carrying peace that he shared with those around him... even without their notice.

He did not ask the two young men why they were imprisoned. He did not scold the one who carried wine. Nor did he offer a certificate of innocence to the one who would be crucified.

He interpreted what he saw, spoke what he knew from God, and spoke as one who knew their fate— and loved them despite it.

That is true beauty. The beauty that no knife can sever. Joseph’s beauty was not in his face, but in his heart. His beauty was safety, compassion, and a gentle call that did not reprimand.

And his greatest miracle was this: That in prison... he was the refuge. And in captivity... he was freer than his jailer.

They said to him:

“Indeed, we see you among the doers of good.” And there was no crowd applauding, no women cutting their hands,

no palace aglow.

There was only— Bread. Wine. A bird. And a testimony from the mouth of a prisoner... who knew God before he knew his fate.

And thus I learned: True beauty is not displayed. It reassures. And the doer of good needs no announcement— it is enough that those like him can see him.

I did not write this to silence anyone, nor to overwhelm, nor to defend one version of a story over another, nor to resurrect a dead debate from its grave.

I write only... as one who was there, then walked out, then saw that people forgot who was crucified, forgot who was made to resemble, and even forgot God—who does not wrong even the weight of a speck.

They said that the one crucified in place of Jesus, peace be upon him, was a traitor—he betrayed, so God made him resemble, and he was seized, crucified, and tortured...

Then they said: "This was a miracle!" That Jesus was saved, and that God orchestrated it with a wisdom beyond understanding.

But when I heard these words... I was not reassured. Not because I know more, but because I know God— even if only a little.

God does not resemble those who hide the murderer and hang the innocent.

Nor does He resemble those who offer up innocence as a sacrifice on the altar of a "divine plan."

Nor those who stay silent before injustice, claiming it's "a hidden wisdom."

God does not wrong anyone— not on earth, and not in the heavens. He does not raise a prophet's face upon the body of a traitor. He does not build His religion on the face of one who never chose his fate.

Then I read the story again—

slowly,

with tears,

not with knowledge.

And I asked:

Does God need a false face to save His prophet?

Is redemption built on the body of one who never said "yes"?

And I found the answer...

There was a disciple. We do not know his name— but God knew him.

And when the people gathered to kill the light, he stepped forward. And said, as only those who resemble the doers of good can say: "Take me."

So God made him resemble Jesus— not as punishment, but as an honor.

And the disciple died— but in God's eyes, he never died. He was raised— not with his body, but with his act. He was raised, like bread lifted to the heavens... when it is made with love.

As though salvation can only be built on the body of someone no one named, no one defended, no one even asked: "Did you agree?"

But God saw him. And the silence of the heavens was not abandonment— but reverence.

I am the cupbearer...

I saw the crucified. And I saw the disciple. And I saw that the one who was made to resemble... did not resemble them. He resembled the light— and ascended. And the world was silent. But God... was not.

They said: “God made him resemble a traitor.” But God does not place a prophet’s face on a vile body.

They said: “It was wisdom.”

But they forgot that injustice does not become wisdom just because it is repeated often.

They said: “This is the interpretation of the scholars.”

And they forgot that God said:

“Your Lord is not unjust to the servants.” (Surah Fussilat: 46)

“No soul shall bear the burden of another.” (Surah Al-An’am: 164)

Did Joseph not say, when the two young men came to him:

“You worship nothing besides Him but names you and your forefathers have named— for which God has sent down no authority.”**

“Judgment belongs to none but God.”

(Surah Yusuf: 40)

And that is what I am doing now.

I do not write to argue,

but to point.

That there is a story—

surrounded by much smoke—

but at its core... it is light.

And God does not need betrayal to support His saints. Nor does He build miracles at the cost of someone’s blood.

I am not defending a narrative. I am not asking for applause. And I do not claim to know everything.

But I write... to protect the face of God in the hearts of the simple— from being distorted in the name of redemption, from being used to justify the crucifixion of innocence.

If you are reading this now, know that I do not ask you to believe me. Only— to pause, and ask yourself:

Does this resemble God's justice? Is this truly justice? Does this story... resemble the light?

And if, from these words, you smell justice, and light, and a scent that cannot lie...

Then say, as Jacob once said:

“Indeed, I sense the scent of Joseph...

If only you did not dismiss me as deluded.”

(Surah Yusuf: 94)

I did not write this book to explain anything. Nor to convince anyone of anything. I wrote it because there is a lie— told in the name of God— and no one stopped it.

A lie told every day, and heads are bowed to it in reverence— as if it were religion. And it is not.

A lie— planted in good mouths, crept into books of interpretation, into pulpits and hearts, until anyone who dares to question it... appears suspicious.

I do not say this to champion one narrative over another, nor to claim that I know what others do not.

I say it to protect the face of God from being distorted in the minds of the simple. To return justice to the hand that never wrongs.

What I know of God... does not allow Him to place a prophet's face on a traitor's body. Nor to elevate a prophet at the expense of an innocent soul.

What I know of God... is that the one who resembles His light is the one who sacrifices— not the one who betrays.

The one whose name is forgotten— but whose deed is raised.

The one who resembles the disciple— who volunteered in silence, died in silence, and was buried without celebration... but God did not forget him.

The story of the crucified was the first lie told in the name of justice— and it kept walking. But it wasn't the last.

It became a pattern—repeated even today.

We hang innocence in the name of “order.”

We justify complicity in the name of “understanding.”

We stay silent about injustice— in the name of religion, of benefit, of a quiet voice.

All those who stay silent today about injustice— in the name of “politics” or “interest” or “tradition”— they live a modern version of that same lie.

Did you see Joseph?

When the two young men came to him in prison— one saw himself pouring wine, the other carrying bread eaten by birds...

Joseph didn't say:

"This one is guilty, that one is innocent." He didn't praise the cupbearer, nor judge the crucified.

He simply said:

"This is part of what my Lord has taught me."

Then he turned to the greater matter. And said what few dare to say:

"You worship nothing besides Him but names you and your forefathers have named..."

"Authority belongs only to God."

(Surah Yusuf: 40)

He was not interpreting a dream. He was dismantling a system. Pointing to a lie being replayed—

Not just in prisons, but in institutions, sects, customs, politics, and religion— when it is used to polish ugliness.

He said:

"Look at what you worship—names, not truths."

"Inherited traditions, without any authority."

"An entire system never questioned—only obeyed."

And that... was the greatest interpretation.

They said of the bird on the bread-bearer's head:

"A bad omen."

But they forgot that the Lord of the birds... forbade omens.

They said of the man crucified in Jesus's place:

"Divine punishment."

But they forgot— God does not punish unjustly,

nor by performance, nor through a lie disguised as interpretation.

This is why I wrote— not to interpret, but to stop the chain. The chain that begins with a lie, then is retold as wisdom, then hangs innocence on a cross— and no one defends him... because he doesn't resemble the religious authorities, but rather... the religion of God.

This book is not about the crucifixion of a prophet, nor about a forgotten disciple, nor about a bird that landed on the head of a man carrying bread.

It is about the lie—

the one that, when asked about, we reply:

“This is what we found our fathers upon.”

But the light of God doesn’t always resemble our fathers. And He does not remain silent about a lie—just because we’ve grown used to it.

I am the cupbearer.

I left prison— but my heart stayed there... where truth is reinterpreted, falsehood justified, and the unknown is judged— because the story must be completed.

And I say now:

Justice needs no fame. And light needs no noise. And the one who was raised that night... did not resemble them,

but resembled the light.

Then he ascended.

And the world fell silent.

But God... did not.

They were asking for interpretation.

But Joseph was offering testimony.

The disciple was being crucified, but the heavens were raising the unseen.

The story of resemblance— like thousands of other stories— is not a lie told once... but a mechanism that repeats itself in new forms:

- In an office,
- In a sect,
- In politics,
- In an institution,
- Or in a heart that knows the one in front of it is unjust...
yet remains silent.

All of them hang the innocent—

because the story must go on.

Because “the general impression” matters more than the truth.

This book is not about a crucified prophet, nor about a dream interpreted, nor about a face that was made to resemble.

It is about every face still being made to resemble— every soul crucified in place of another,

every person who saw the lie... and swallowed their voice, saying: “Now is not the time to speak.”

I am not writing to defend the crucified, nor to reclaim a religious tale...

I write to break the repeating version of it within us: In our work, in our silence, in our reverence for what was said, and in our fear of pointing at the lie— so we walk with it.

Just as Joseph said:

“You worship nothing besides Him but names you and your forefathers have named...”

“For which God has sent down no authority.”

This is not a doctrinal testimony. It is a spiritual awakening— not meant to condemn anyone, but simply... to stop the chain. The chain that begins with a lie— and ends with an innocent one crucified— with no one to defend him, because he resembles the word of God, not the men of interpretation.

I am the cupbearer.

And I am still writing—not because I know, but because my heart was afraid... to fall silent about God. I feared the stories would pass, wrapped in what does not belong to them, and that people would speak of God in ways unworthy of Him.

That things would be attributed to Him which He does not accept for Himself, things He never said about Himself, things He revealed no authority for.

They used to say: “Jesus is the son of God.”

And a people before them said it, then died, and the lie kept walking on...

As if God doesn't know how to send a messenger— except by making him a son.

But I was there. In the prison, in the cell, in the silence... where no one plans the voice of God, but hears it as it is.

I heard how it rises in the hearts of the lovers, how it reveals itself— needing no son, no partner, no intercessor.

They said:

“God needs a human image, a body to be touched, blood to be spilled, a son to be killed... so He can forgive us.”

But when I heard them, I saw no light of God in their words. I saw fear... seeking forgiveness through blood. I saw justice... destroyed on the altar.

I saw slander against God...

Did God not say?

“God has not taken any son, nor is there any god with Him.” (Al-Mu’minun: 91)

Did He not say?

“Say: He is God, the One, God the Absolute, He begets not, nor is He begotten, and none is comparable to Him.” (Al-Ikhlās)

What need does God have... for a son? Does God need someone to assist Him? To resemble Him? To be crucified in His place? Does God die to forgive? Or does He grant forgiveness simply because... He is The Most Gracious, The Most Merciful?

I used to think it was a linguistic error, or a popular misinterpretation. But they said it again and again: “Son of God.”

Then they wept, then they prayed, then they built churches atop it—out of longing, not out of truth.

And they never asked themselves: Why would God need a son? Why is love hung upon a cross? Why is salvation tied... to the death of the innocent?

What I know of God is that He gives without need, pardons without exchange, and creates without resembling the created.

They said:

“Jesus is the son of God.” But they forgot that God said:

“The Messiah, son of Mary, was no more than a messenger; many were the messengers who passed before him. His mother was a woman of truth. They both used to eat food.” (Al-Ma’idah: 75)

A messenger. He ate food. He walked in markets. He wept. He prayed. He struggled with himself. He never claimed to be divine, never asked for worship, but called people to God— to the One who created him, taught him, and sent him.

And they... they loved him, yes. But they worshipped him— and forgot the One who sent him.

I am the cupbearer...

And I testify—not as a scholar, but as one afraid to be silent in the face of falsehood—that God does not need a son, and does not resemble Himself with mankind.

God...

He is the One whom neither slumber nor sleep overtakes. (Al-Baqarah: 255)

He is the One who neither begets nor is begotten. (Al-Ikhlās: 3)

He is free of need from all creation. (Al-Ankabut: 6)

So how could He become in need of a body? How could salvation be suspended on blood?

How could His religion be established on a cross... upon which a man cried: “My God, why have You forsaken me?”

How can the foundation of a faith be a cross marked by a cry of despair, when God teaches His prophets contentment?

Where is “I am pleased with Allah as my Lord”? Where is “I entrust my affair to Allah”?

Where is the supplication of Jonah in the darkness:

“There is no god but You. Glory be to You. I was among the wrongdoers”?

Where is the surrender of Abraham, when he was commanded to sacrifice his son?

Where is the patience of Job, when affliction touched him?

Where is the silence of Zechariah, when he was mute for three nights except by signs?

Where is Jesus, who said of himself: “And He has made me blessed wherever I may be, and enjoined upon me prayer and charity as long as I live.” (Maryam: 31)

Is this the voice of the prophets? Or the voice of a story crafted by men, attributed to God, drifting far from the breath of prophethood, from the serenity of reliance, from the dignity of contentment?

Does God teach us steadfastness... then make our salvation depend on a cry of confusion?

Does He teach His prophets surrender... then allow it to be said that His most beloved cried out: “Why have You forsaken me?”

But God...

God does not abandon His beloved ones. He does not forsake His loyal servants. He does not need a “son” to love those He created.

God does not betray the sincere, nor make them sacrifices in a tale woven from falsehood. He does not need a mediator to express His mercy— He is the Most Merciful of the merciful.

God does not deny His loved ones, nor hang truth upon the cross of doubt, nor clothe innocence in the garments of humiliation to complete a fabricated script.

For He is the Almighty—uncompared, the Near—without form, the Merciful—who needs no “son” to be loving... for He is love itself.

I am the cupbearer.

And I drank from a bitter cup, named false interpretation. But I spat it out, when I saw that God is too exalted to be embodied, too great to need a human image to be worshipped on earth.

He does not resemble us, nor does He resemble those who mold their gods from longing.

They said:

“We need a son to lead us to God.” But God said:

“And when My servants ask you concerning Me—indeed, I am near.” (Al-Baqarah: 186)

He did not say: “I will send them a son.” He said: “I am near.”

Near—without an intermediary. Near—without blood. Near—because nearness cannot be bought... it is gifted.

I am the cupbearer...

And I testify—

that the one who was crucified was not Jesus, that Jesus was not the Son of God, and that God was never in need... but rather, rich and praiseworthy.

And the one who invented this story was worshipping a weak god, one who resembled earthly kings, who needed a son, and blood, and elaborate schemes in order to forgive.

But my God... is God. Who guides whom He wills, honors whom He wills, protects Jesus, raises him, and preserves him pure from the lie of sonship.

And I say it now,

like one who emerged from the prison of false interpretation,

and looked to the sky,

and saw—not a son to be worshipped—but a Lord to be declared One.

Not a crucified man crying out—but a prophet raised in honor.

Not the echo of human pain—but a call of nearness saying:

“Indeed, I am God. There is no deity except Me, so worship Me.” (Ta-Ha: 14)

I am the one who was made to resemble him.

I was not called by name, nor mentioned in a book. But the heavens know me.

I have a face that was stolen, a body that was crucified, and a story that was built upon my back... and no one asked: Did I consent?

I was not a prophet, nor a messenger, nor a bearer of revelation. I was just... a disciple. But I loved.

And on that night—when the darkness gathered and they advanced, I was the only one who did not flee.

I did not deny, I did not disguise, I did not ask for a sign. Instead, I said: “Take me.”

It was neither heroism, nor recklessness— it was love. And when God made me resemble Jesus, it was not a punishment, but an honor.

He did not clothe me with the face of a prophet... but revealed through me the face of redemption that cannot be sold, and devotion that does not seek to be seen.

I am the one who was made to resemble—

not as they claimed: “a traitor who got what he deserved,”

but as a witness who ascended in silence, who carried the bread, and did not eat of it.

I ascended... and no one called my name, but God knows those who ascend without noise.

And I— am not anger, nor a plan, nor the shadow of a miracle... I am a hidden love... that witnessed—then vanished.

I am the Cupbearer.

The one who poured truth into a chalice unfit for their tables.

I know them...

Not by their names, but by the walls their hands have raised—walls they call "principles," yet they are weaker than a spider's web.

They carry books on their shoulders they've never opened, and bow their heads to shadows, not to light.

If they hear the truth without melody or familiar rhyme, they shout: "Danger!"

And if words come from a chest unblessed by their schools, they cry: "Heresy!"

And if speech bends to console the one unjustly crucified, they say: "You've crossed a line!"

But they have not listened, not read, not wept...

They never knew that Justice is one of His names, and that God is beyond their lies, their reports, their committees.

They said: "What you say was never approved by us!"

Forgetting that revelation is not sealed by administrative stamps, and that mercy needs no scholars' permission to be poured.

I am the cupbearer...

I know the difference between bread carried each morning with the heart's sweat, and words feigning piety, handed to passersby like cold charity.

In my testimony, I saw only a shirt woven of conviction and tears,
and a scent Jacob bore witness to—before he saw.

But they...

Read only what bears their seal, Believe only what comes from their lips, And show mercy only to those who mimic them.

So when a woman stood—

Barefoot in courtesy,

Stripped of prepackaged phrases,

and wrote:

"God wrongs no one,

He does not clothe innocence in betrayal,
He asks no favors to forgive,
He does not place a prophet's face on a vile body..."
— they shouted,
Not because she erred, but because she said it her way.

I am the cupbearer... I know these faces,
The ones that deny the light if not declared in their council, Who fear the word—if it
descends without their voice.
They do not understand, but rather fear that people might understand,
that truth could be spoken in a voice they cannot muzzle.
So let them fall silent... Let them walk and remain steadfast in devotion to their gods.
For God does not wrong, Nor does He need their endorsements. And whoever wrote a
book glorifying justice shall not be condemned by the Just One.

I am the cupbearer...
I have seen fire, And I have seen bread, And I have seen silence—so I wrote what I
witnessed. And I asked the one who wept: "Did you smell it?"
And he said:
Yes... "Indeed, I sense the scent of Joseph...
If only you did not dismiss me as deluded."

I am the cupbearer.
I saw them when the truthful one passed through their path,
they laughed.
They said: "Is this the one who mentions your gods?"
And they forgot that they themselves had disbelieved in the remembrance of the Most
Merciful,
and called Him by what no authority was ever revealed,
and they said: "God has taken a son."

Exalted is God above what they describe...

infinitely exalted.

They did not laugh at him because he denied them,

but because he awakened something they had long buried...

the remembrance.

The Name.

The Most Merciful.

And not one among them feared, nor wept, nor said: "Indeed, this is a monstrous slander."

Instead, they cast the lie into the road, and walked behind it as if it were light— but it was only an echo made by their own tongues, by their assumption that God — far be He exalted —

resembles them, gets angry like them, shows favoritism like them, and needs as they need.

They said: a son!

As if the One who created the heavens... is incapable of forgiving without blood being spilled, a body being hung, and innocence being crucified— so that it may be said afterward: "This is how He loved us!"

What kind of god is this that they create?

What kind of Most Merciful do they force to disguise Himself in the body of a servant, just to be accepted?

I am the cupbearer. And I know where these lies are born: from ignorance wearing the cloak of love, and from a false piety that fears God but does not know Him. Had they truly known Him, they would not have said:

"A son!"

Nor would they have laughed when told: "The Most Merciful..."

But I did not write to overwhelm, nor to win— but simply to say:

Exalted is God above what they describe...

infinitely exalted.

It Was Written

He did not arrive from nowhere. He was not a surprise, nor a stranger. He could be seen before he was seen, and smelled in the air... before he was ever born.

In tablets that do not perish, his name was written— not in letters, but in qualities.

There were those who knew. Who understood that light doesn't always come from the direction of the Qibla, and that revelation doesn't honor geography, but descends wherever the Merciful wills.

They were told:

when you see him... follow him. Do not wait for him to resemble you, for he comes resembling truth, not lineage.

But they were busy with ancestry, not light; with status, not meaning. So when he came, they said: "He is not one of us."

Yet he was written— as if God had left a signature on the edge of the tablets, saying:

"This is the last of them... so when he comes, open the doors."

But the doors had already been shut, and locked inside hearts afraid to see anything unfamiliar.

He did not need to prove himself, for the One who wrote the tablets... was the One who sent him. The One who gave the first flame... was the One who passed the torch into his hand.

His name was no secret, but a promise. His message was not strange, but a continuation—of those who walked through fire and did not burn, because their hearts were soaked in faith.

But when he came, they closed their eyes. Not because they didn't recognize him... but because they recognized him more than they wanted to.

He reminded them of what was in their books, not to silence them, but to awaken them. But reminders hurt, especially when they come from outside the chain.

So they turned away. And followed the calf... again. But this time, the calf wasn't made of gold— it was cast from desire, and fear, and borders drawn around religion so it wouldn't leave their school of thought.

And I?

I am the Cupbearer.

I once read those tablets in a dream. They were cold like stone, but what was written on them... gave off light.

And his name was there. Not just as a prophet, but as a path to walk when all roads are closed.

And I was told— not by a voice, but by a knowing that fell into the chest: “When the light appears... do not ask who carries it. Come close. Follow it. If you are not afraid of light.”

That was him. He didn’t come with a new religion, but to remind. And the reminder had been written. But tyrants... they do not like people to remember.

His name was not written for decoration. Nor were his qualities listed to entertain midnight readers.

They were a command. One of those rare things not open to interpretation... but to obedience.

Following him was not a courtesy, but a decree. It was written that they should walk behind him if he appeared— even if he did not resemble their traditions, even if he was not from their bloodline.

Whoever never met him... will be asked if they truly waited. And whoever met him but did not follow... has denied what was written by God’s own hand in their book.

It is not strange that his name was in their scriptures. What’s strange is that the books were closed... when the light arrived. That they would say to someone who resembled revelation: “Who sent you?”

And say to those who knew: “Be quiet. It’s not the right time for truth.”

As if, since the time of Moses, God had been saying to them:

When you see him, do not ask about his language, or sect, or blood. Ask your hearts. And if you find him just as foretold... follow him. Do not delay the truth until it passes. Light does not wait.

And I?

I am the Cupbearer.

I write not to accuse anyone, but to remind you: that the word written in stone cannot be erased by alliances, nor councils, nor courtesy.

It was written— that they should follow him, not when it pleased them... but when he appeared.

And whoever did not follow— has broken the covenant, even if they prayed in a great temple, and wore the robes of prophets.

Only the Axe Remains

This book is not a sermon, nor a gentle message of admonition to be handed out at mosque doors. It is not a curriculum, does not seek the approval of jurists, nor ask permission from any authority. It is the voice of one who emerged from great ashes,

from a fire kindled in the heart since the moment of birth — a fire that did not go out until God said: “Be coolness and peace.”

Everyone around him was building — but they were building idols: idols in the form of jurisprudence, or of the father, or the teacher, or the ruler, or the mufti and school. Each of them said: This is God. This is religion. This is the way. And each carved a statue, placed it at the door of the mosque, and told the people: Bow.

But I — from amidst that wreckage — did not find God there. I found Him in my silence, in my collapse, in the psychiatric ward that was not a prison but a sanctuary, in a corner of a room no one entered — except God. I found Him when all the preachers fell silent, when every book dropped from my hands, and I was left alone with Surah Maryam. I did not write this text to impress anyone. I did not write it to be called “methodical” or “well-informed.” I wrote it to smash every idol placed between me and God.

You ask me about fiqh? About creed? I did not read creed in books. I read it in a single prostration, in a long night. I did not find God in abstraction, but in a cry that rose from a scorched chest: “Indeed, adversity has touched me, and You are the Most Merciful of the merciful.”

If this text lacks “structured knowledge,” so be it. And if it displeases the religious establishment — then let them walk and remain steadfast in devotion to their gods.

“And the leaders among them went forth, saying: ‘Walk away and hold fast to your gods. Indeed, this is a matter truly intended.’” (Surah Sad, 38:6)

I did not write for their approval. I wrote because I survived.

And if you wish to judge me, then judge Abraham before you judge me.

Ask him: Why did you destroy their idols and leave none standing? Why did you confront your father? Why did you leave your people? Why did you break all their gods and leave only an axe hanging on the neck of the largest one? Why didn’t you “gradually use wisdom”? Why didn’t you wait for the fatwa council’s permission?

Only the axe remains. And if the price of truth is fire, then God alone is able to say: “O fire, be coolness and peace.”

I wrote a book of fire flesh. It does not need to please them. It is enough that it pleased God — the One who made the fire cool and peaceful upon me.

To the final reader:

If you read this book and felt something stir inside you — something unspoken, unexplained, something no one ever told you before — then perhaps it is your calling: To smash their idols. To leave none standing. And to walk forward... with the axe.

The Final Line of the Sword

Do you know what some of the so-called men of religion believe? They think that we — they and us — have been left here for a while, that God Almighty (far exalted is He) has turned away from us momentarily, waiting for the Day of Resurrection to finally judge between us.

They do not know that God is present over every soul, watching what it earns, that our hearts are turned over and over again each day — in ways and times known only to Him.

They believe that Paradise has been written for certain names and not others, that Hell was made for specific types of people, and that they alone hold the keys to intercession, and the stamps of salvation.

They don't realize that when they write, issue fatwas, and legislate in His name, they are raising generations of souls, planting ideas that may grow into distortions — not away from religion... but away from God Himself.

They didn't just go astray. They led others astray.

And this fire... the fire I carried in my chest, which only God extinguished with His mercy — they are the ones who lit it. As a fire was lit for Abraham, they lit mine — with their words, with their verdicts, with their domination over souls in the name of monotheism. But just as Abraham was saved... I, too, was saved.

Do not assume... Do not assume that faith is something you'll find in books, nor in sects and schools of thought. Do not think that faith is a concept you can memorize, or a picture you draw in your mind and declare: "I know."

No.

Faith is not a certificate. It is not an affiliation. It is not a flavor passed from a scholar to a student. Faith is the only ticket that cannot be bought. And I — by God — cannot explain it to you, nor describe it to you, unless you awaken your intention. Unless you open the doors of your heart, fully... Even if it costs you eleven years of searching, breaking, trying, and failing beautifully. If you find it — you will never need to ask me what it is. And if you don't — no words will ever help you.

I am the cupbearer.

And I am the one who heard the ancient supplication... when the dialogue was about to fade, and the hearts of the believers cried out with a plea that made the heavens weep.

I am the one who passed by the verse as a hand passes over an open wound,
and I knew how hearts plead for a table from heaven...

not for food, but for certainty; not for fullness, but to revive testimony.

So send it down, O God...

A table from Your mercy— not from paper fatwas (juristic opinion), nor from the sermons of the cold-hearted,

but from Your light, which is never denied, which needs no permission to descend.

Send it down upon those who fear they may deny themselves while they see You, and upon those who knew You without proof, and saw Your traces without interpretation.

A table that is neither bought, nor reinterpreted, nor condemned— from which the hungry for justice may eat, and which soothes those whom the people called liars, but their hearts did not lie.

O Allah, our Lord...

Send down upon us a table from heaven, that may be a festival for us—

For our first... who cried out in the night and no one answered,

And our last... who wrote with his tears when words ran dry.

Send it as a sign from You—

not upon a table, but upon the chest,

not in public, but in the hidden rooms of oppression,

upon the one whom no one named, but who said:

“Take me.”

O Allah... You promised and said:

“Indeed, I will send it down to you.”

So send it down— upon those who believed in You without seeing You,

who woke up on embers and slept upon hope,

upon those who witnessed but were never called,

upon those who were imprisoned but never forgotten.

They are not the ones whose names are hung in gatherings, nor those whom the preachers boast of— but those who ate from a table sent in secret, and prostrated where no one but God could see them.

They believed without the marks of seasons upon them, and testified for God— not from pulpits, but in rooms of brokenness.

They did not wait for a fatwa to weep,

nor sought permission to believe—

their hearts trembled when light was poured upon them,

and they said as the disciples once said:

"We believe, and bear witness that we are Muslims."

They knew God by the traces of His mercy, and were certain without debate.

A verse touched their hearts, the questions fell silent... and prostration began.

I am the cupbearer.

And I pray as Jesus prayed...

and I fear as Jacob feared...

and I hope as did those who were told: "Indeed, the people have gathered against you, so fear them."

But it only increased them in faith, and they said:

'Sufficient for us is Allah, and He is the best Disposer of affairs.'

(Surah Aal Imran: 173)

So send down upon us, O Lord, a table from Your mercy...

A festival for our first and our last, a sign from You—

one that suffices us, vexes them, and revives our hearts.

And make it a shirt of light, to be worn in secret...

not adorned with positions, but carrying the trace of Your mercy.

And provide for us, for You are the best of providers.

To My Son Who Was Born

And never knew how deeply I longed for him before he arrived... My little one, now that you're here, now that I hold you after such a long wait— you don't know how many times I prayed for you, without daring to say your name. How many times I imagined your face, without even knowing your father's. How many times I cried, whispering: "O Allah, grant me someone who holds my heart... not just my back." I was in a well, my little one. I was there— afraid, alone, apart. The shirt on my shoulders was a betrayal, and my memory heavy with fear. But God, in His mercy, gave me a new shirt woven from compassion, and wrote for me... to see you. I thought of you before you were born. How could I protect you from the wells I fell into? How could I prepare a shirt for you— one that betrayal couldn't tear, one that wouldn't be sold by those you called your own? How could I plant truth in you, truth the world wouldn't wither? I am not perfect, my little one. But I rose from the depths to welcome you with light, not with scars. I write these words today, not to tell you the story every day— but to leave it here, as a small light at the end of the page, one you can return to... when you need warmth. Take these words just as they are, from a heart that loved you before you had a name: Be pure—even if the world stains you. Be honest—even if everyone doubts you. Be kind—even if life hardens around you. And if they forget you... never forget yourself. And if they betray you... never betray your heart. And if you find yourself in a well, don't think God has abandoned you— He chose you, to rise from it with a light only you can carry. And if I ever fail to protect you, know that you have a Lord who never disappears. He sees you when you hide your sorrow, and He prepares for you a shirt of mercy, not one woven by human hands. My son, forgive me if I ever got lost on the way to you. But believe me... I was coming to you from far away. Every step was a prayer. Every tear was a plea. Every sigh whispered: "Let him arrive safely... even if late." O Allah, grant him a life full of life, a heart filled with light, a path guided by Your mercy. Protect him from unseen breaks, from unspoken pain, and always make his dawn closer than his night. My son... O calm resurrection of my heart, you are not a chapter in my book— you are the book itself. Your mother... who finally saw you, after writing you as a prayer, carrying you in certainty, and loving you before you were born— and who is still, every day, being born through you.

Quiet Resurrection

"My Lord, make me an establisher of prayer, and [also] from my descendants. Our Lord, and accept my supplication. Our Lord, forgive me and my parents and the believers the Day the account is established." (Surah Ibrahim: 40–41)

The Gray Nurse

You, who have reached the end of this resurrection... Don't turn the page just yet. Some stories are not sealed with ink— but with truth, when it reveals itself. Don't think you've closed a book— Open your heart instead. Because what is written here doesn't end at the last line. Do you know him? That shattered young man Who walked the streets weeping, Asking for nothing... except to see God. They thought he was lost, But in truth... He was seeking, Blind to the world, But seeing only God. He wasn't a hero. He was one of those who came forward in fear and longing— Carrying no hatred in his heart, no weapon in his hand, Only an open wound, searching for light to heal it.

One day, the world couldn't bear him. They pushed him, Accused him, And an old veiled woman cursed him in the store, As if she could wash her sins with his skin. Days passed. And he never mentioned her in the story. Not because he forgot— But because he was never concerned with her to begin with. He wasn't waiting for an apology, Not even for dignity to be restored. He was busy with another Face— The face of God. And what the writer left unsaid, I will whisper to you: It was her. The very same woman. Later on, Every time she saw him, She embraced him. Kissed him. Held him like a mother who found her long-lost child. But she didn't know... That she was the same hand that once shoved him away. And he—he said nothing. Because he knew: Whoever seeks God, God will not forsake him. Her embrace didn't heal him. Her affection didn't save him. The wound was deeper. He was still walking blind, trembling in awe. And the Imam's companion? He was one of those who memorize phrases but never taste them: "Indeed, God is All-Forgiving, Most Merciful." He tossed it like seed across all hearts— Never checking if that heart was still beating or already breaking. He wasn't like Joseph, peace be upon him, Who turned to his companions in prison, And before interpreting their dreams, He addressed their hearts first: "Are many scattered lords better, or God—the One, the Almighty?" Joseph knew that interpretation begins with reassurance— With honoring, with tenderness— Not with recitation, But with timing. With the gaze that sees... before it speaks. But Imam Ahmad... He wasn't like the others. He said little, But he looked— One look. Not with human eyes, But with a light that God had placed in his heart. He let him cry. As no one had ever allowed him to cry before. He let him open the wound, Let him pour out sorrow and silence, Never interrupting, never correcting. And when his voice quieted, When the tear fell from his soul before his cheek, Imam Ahmad finally spoke— Not about doctrine or belief— But with a question. A gentle one. He asked about something he noticed in him... A small hobby, A subtle beauty. His refined English—his eloquent language. As if to say: "I see you—not as life has broken you, But as God has made you." That word—not the sermon—was the rescue. A word not meant to teach, But to soothe. It did what no embrace and no apology ever could. And in that moment... Something inside him began to heal. Not because people accepted him, But because God threw into his heart a word from Himself— Not a person. But a trace. A light. Something that's born in you Only after you tear every notebook, And leave behind what people say, And whisper to God alone: "Send me only what You alone send." So when he did, When he tore the pages, And left behind the calls of men and their empty offerings— He came to a deeper truth: That God had not given him Isaac, nor Jacob, As He gave Abraham... peace be upon them all. But God, in His mercy, Gives how He wills. He didn't give him children— He made him a son of Abraham in meaning. He gave him a heart worthy of carrying a light. And on his tongue, He placed a lofty, truthful voice, Just as He did for Isaac and Jacob. And I... The Palace Woman... I didn't tell a story— I opened a window. To show you: That in this story, The man was not saved by his enemy's embrace, Nor by familiar phrases, But by a look— A look from Imam Ahmad, Who saw him not as men see... But with a light that God had placed in his heart.. So never forget this: If God sees you weeping alone, He may send someone—not to preach, But to save you... with a single look. Not with rulings, Nor recited verses, But with mercy In the eyes of one God has chosen... To be your guide through the dark.

From the Cupbearer

He didn't speak much. He carried bread on his head, as if carrying a blessing too sacred to be refused. He wasn't hungry, but he fed others. And I... I watched him in silence. We were in prison together, yet he was freer than many outside. He bore the bread like a prayer—never asking who it was for. He shared his dream. I shared mine. Joseph listened, then spoke: "You will serve wine to your lord. And you—will be crucified, and birds will eat from your head." The words fell upon us like revelation... or fate. I was freed. Yes, I walked out. Returned to the king's court—wine, shade, and softened faces. But he—that gentle soul—did not leave. He wasn't guilty. He was simply... too kind. And in this world, the kind are the first to be forgotten. And I? I forgot. I forgot the one who called me, forgot the pit, forgot Joseph. Not because I was a traitor, but because forgetting was part of the journey. Because God—the Most Merciful—wanted me to become whole. So He made forgetting a mercy, not a fault. And when I remembered... I wrote. Not as a scholar who explains, nor as a prophet who is inspired, nor as one who sees from above. But as a cupbearer. One who pours but is never poured for. Who stands at the edge of the feast, filling cups for passing faces, then drinks alone... or doesn't drink at all.

I am the one who loved Joseph, not because he was the most beautiful— but because he was the closest. Because he was the well inside my chest, and the patience I took far too long to recognize. I poured these words as one pours water onto a memory left thirsty, and onto a dream that had slept for too long in the dim corner of the heart. But... I did not weep for Joseph alone. I wept for the other— the one who was crucified and never complained, forgotten by all, but who never forgot anyone. I saw him crucified... and I once thought crucifixion was the end.

But I saw the birds eat from his head, not because he was guilty, but because he had fulfilled what he was tasked with: carrying the bread, standing in the sun, asking no questions, offering no complaints, never defending himself from suspicion.

I saw him forgotten— and he never said, "I'm here." He never asked me, "Where were you?" He never blamed me for forgetting Joseph, for forgetting the pit, for forgetting that I too had once stood on the edge of ruin. But he smiled.

He smiled like someone who had found God in the silence, and walked toward Him without a sound. I was the one who survived. The one who walked free. The one who returned to goblets, and shade, and royal halls. But my eyes... still remain back there—in the prison, in the bread, in the sun, in the gentle head... that fulfilled its task and departed. My Lord— how does one thank You for this? How does one thank You for a man crucified not for guilt, but for goodness? Whom You lifted before my eyes— not as a victim, but as a sign? How do I thank You for remembering those whom the world forgets, for defending those whom even the closest wrong? How do I thank You for being this gentle? This just? This merciful— to the point that I weep even though I'm the one who lived? I do not weep for him, my Lord. I weep for You. For Your mercy, Your wisdom, Your quiet justice, which we only see after we forget You— and You remember us.

My Lord— if tears are thanks, then let me weep, for I know no other way.

If you find me between these lines, do not remember me too much. For I was never a prophet, nor a man of power— only a cupbearer, who passed by the well, then forgot, then returned, and then... wrote. To those who know that love cannot be explained, that the well is never forgotten, and that the vision... always returns.

From the Young Man Who Carried Bread on His Head

I carried bread on my head. I never asked for whom. And I wasn't hungry. I was simply carrying what would feed others. And in the dream... The birds ate it. They said: a sign of doom. Yusuf said: You will be crucified, and the birds will eat from your head. But they didn't see what flashed in my eyes in that moment. I was not wicked. Nor a traitor. Nor bitter. I was just... too kind. I forgot to write my name among the saved, because I was too busy feeding them. And because kind souls are the first to be forgotten in this world... they are crucified without trial, and the birds eat from their heads— not because they are guilty, but because they stood too long in the sun, carrying bread for others. Don't grieve for me. My crucifixion was no defeat. The bread flew, but it fed them. And if they forgot me here, God did not. He is better... and eternal.

I am the cupbearer.

I stand inside palaces and see them from within, but I do not belong to them. I carry the cup for others, smile when they ask, listen when they speak, then return to a corner no one notices... to write. I did not enter this world out of greed, nor did I blend into its colors to hide my poverty. I know the cost of bread under the sun, and I know the taste of a well when water is far. I know what it means to forget... then remember that I was once in prison with a kind man whose name no one asked about. I am not of the people of palaces, but I call the call to prayer from within them. I call out to the forgotten kind-hearted, and follow the traces of visions never recorded. I write them— not to teach, but to remember. For I am a cupbearer who gives but is never given to, who knows silence more than speech, and who writes— not because he knows the ending, but because he could not forget the beginning. I am the one who loved Joseph, not because he was the most beautiful, but because he was the closest... Because he remained a prophet even in prison, even when forgotten. The crucified one was not an enemy. He was a human being. Forgotten by people, so the birds consumed him." He wasn't guilty — he was too visible to ignore, too silent to defend himself, too innocent to wield a sword or hold a knife. In him, I saw the shadow of them all: All the forgotten. Those only mentioned in vague endings. Those no one prays for. I wept as I wrote him... But my tears were not for him alone. They were for the vastness of my Lord's mercy — A mercy so expansive it remembered even the one they thought had

perished, and gave him a place that could not be erased, a word that made the book whole. “He died like the marginalized die... But God did not forget him.”

A Prayer for the Crucified One Whose Head Was Consumed by Birds (For the one who was mentioned only to die—yet in his death, we found the meaning of life)

O Allah... To the one whose name was never known, for whom no prayer was raised, whom no one mourned when his vision ended in crucifixion— and the bread flew from his head... and the birds came. To the young man who entered the prison, like Yusuf did, but emerged neither as a prophet, nor a messenger, nor a survivor. O Lord, They were preoccupied with interpreting the dream, and they forgot the face of the dreamer. O Lord, The scholars read everything: They said the bread was a symbol of provision, and the birds, a sign of punishment, and that Yusuf spoke the dream truthfully as it was... But no one asked: Who was this boy? What did he hope for? Was a mother waiting for him? Did anyone weep when the birds landed upon his head? They did not look at him, for he was not the hero of the story. He had no dream of glory, no ending worthy of applause. But You, O Lord, were looking. You knew how long he endured, how much he hungered, how deeply he feared. You knew the bread he carried, the guilt he never voiced, the tears that never fell. So encompass him in Your mercy— a mercy vast enough to hold even those we forgot, but You remembered... and for whom You wrote a testimony that will never be erased. O Allah... This man, whose head the birds consumed, grant him a place in the heavens... where no one is cast aside, no one is forgotten, and no human being is remembered only in interpretation... and then discarded.

To My Heart... After It Returned”

I once thought healing would come through escape, through forgetting, through silence. But the only way to heal... was to face everything I had buried, and reach out not to anyone—but to God. I walked far. I fell even more. I cried until my eyes dried, but still—I was not extinguished. As if God whispered through every moment of pain: “I am with you, even when you cannot see.” I learned that pain cannot be erased by denial—it must be understood. Wounds do not heal by being ignored. They heal when handed—fully, and truthfully—to God. I did not find God through books. I found Him through collapse. I wasn’t searching for religion—I was searching for meaning, for light, for safety. And at the bottom of the well, I found that everything I had been chasing was waiting behind one door, and above that door was a single name: “The Most Merciful.” And this book? It isn’t a book. It’s a shirt of survival. Woven from tears and fragments. I didn’t write it to teach. I wrote it to remember... That God never abandons a heart that truly seeks to return. And if someone reads it, my only hope is that they feel something gentle, honest, whispering to them: “You are not alone. And you can rise again—even if you thought you were finished.” And today? I’m no longer who I was. Nor yet who I wish to be. But I can say this with a certainty I never had before: “I am content with God as my Lord.” And to Him we return— with love, not fear. With conviction, not despair.

For those who first read with the heart, and only then wished to understand with the mind

This book was not written in chronological order, but in symbolic sequence. It doesn't matter when things happened — only when their meanings were revealed. For those who ask about the symbols, or wish to know who the figures are that appear and vanish throughout the narrative, here are a few interpretive keys:

The Cupbearer

He is the voice of the story — a silent witness, a servant who stands in the palace but does not belong to it. He pours the cup but does not drink. He listens, remembers, and retreats to the shadows to write. He is the one who carried the shirt, not the one who sewed it. He is the one who thought he had escaped... until he realized he was never outside the prison to begin with. The cupbearer writes not to teach, but to remind.

The Shirt

Not a piece of cloth, but a testimony. It is the wound unseen, the evidence forgotten, the truth that gets when no one dares to ask: "What of the women who cut their hands?" This shirt is washed with tears, not blood — worn in the solitude of the heart, not on public stages.

The Wife of Al-Aziz (palace woman)

She is not written here as a symbol of deceit, but of revelation. When she said, "Now the truth has come to light", her cunning became a knife — not to slaughter, but to clear the stage for the real voice to speak. She is the one who opened the door not for Yusuf to exit the prison, but for the prison to exit Yusuf.

The Cushioned Lounge (al-Muttaka')

A silent stage, invisible to most. It is the text, the page, the pillow, the breath before speech — the theater the women prepare so that the man may finally ask... or confess.

The Knife

Not for killing — but for cutting through illusions. It severs the dead skin of the soul, the layers of falsehood, the silent accumulations. A knife to open pages, not throats. Yusuf Not written here as a prophet, but as a mirror. Whoever sees the shirt in his own reflection, recognizes the well in his own chest, and waits for a dawn unlike any before... is Yusuf.

The Well / The Prison / The Palace Spiritual stations:

The Well:

Childhood. Loss. The first bewilderment.

The Prison:

Silence. Disorientation. Pain without clear reason.

The Palace:

Loneliness behind decoration. Lies dressed in truth. And the escape was never through the door — it was through understanding the shirt.

“The one who thought he had escaped the two of them...”

This is the voice of the soul that once believed pain had ended — but returns to write... and realizes that pain was never the enemy. It was the guide. These are not all the symbols — only beginnings. Every reader wears their own shirt. And every shirt... has its own interpretation.

The Crucified One (whose head was consumed by birds)

He is not a historical figure, but a symbol — for the overlooked, the silent victims of absence, the poor crushed by indifference, those who die standing while no one notices. In the symbolic reading of this book, the crucified one is the silenced voice, the face unseen in the vision but etched in its memory, the truest witness — because his death became a sign of someone else's salvation. While others thought he was lost, God was choosing him to become a sign... a tear, written into the page.

To “Sura”

Dear Sura, When I saw your tear fall, I realized I was never writing alone. That the shirt I was sewing was never only mine— but also yours. For your little girl who cried silently for too long, for your voice that darkness strangled, for your questions you were too afraid to even whisper during prayer. Sura, I didn't write because I was healed, I wrote for those who still couldn't find healing inside them. For every soul who thought her crying had no meaning. For every truth buried because no one believed her. You were crying, and I was writing. And while I was writing, God was watching you cry. Your tear became a verse in my book. Your silence became the echo of my voice. And I understood, finally, I am not writing to glorify survival, but to stay loyal to every heart still wandering, waiting for someone to say: “I am with you... You were never created alone, and you are not walking alone.” Sura, you were a sign, a signal, and without you— I would've never known that this book is not the end of my wound, but the beginning of shared healing. So if one day you cry again, cry on my shoulder. For I have written it for you. – From your companion, who no longer writes to survive, but to offer you a sip from the cup of mercy.

I no longer write from the depths of pain, nor from the void of loneliness, nor from the bleeding wound of confusion. This time... I write from the new land I stepped into after the whale spat me out. I write from beyond the resurrection. Not the one declared by the skies, shaking the earth beneath, but the one that erupted quietly within— when I awoke and was no longer who I used to be. That Quiet Resurrection was the beginning of a breaking point— a gasp of awareness, a fall from the rooftops of denial onto the earth of God. But this... this is the day when God opened a door for me and said, Begin. This is not a book of knowledge, nor am I delivering a sermon. I am but a small servant, staggered by the realization that life was never as he thought, and that darkness was not the end of the story, but a womb before birth. I emerged, like Jonah from the belly of the whale, whole, with a heart restored. Not because I was strong— but because I said it, truly, from the core: "Indeed, I was among the wrongdoers." And then I learned that salvation is not crafted by strength, but by a mercy that goes before you, and chooses you in the very moment you believe all is lost. This book is not an explanation, but a reflection. Not a cry, but a whisper. It is the echo of that beautiful ache in Quiet Resurrection, yet this time, it doesn't look inward alone— it gazes forward, toward what comes after resurrection. Toward today. The day when the veil is lifted, vision sharpens, and life begins.

Two Resurrections, Not One

Resurrection is not only what awaits you after death. The first resurrection happens here, in this world. It begins in that moment when you stop running, sit still, and finally hear the voice inside you— the one you've long silenced with noise. The resurrection I mean is not fear. It is revelation. It is seeing all that was hidden: the intention behind the word, the malice behind the excuse, the fragility behind the cruelty. You wake up— not because something outside shook you— but because you're exhausted from pretending to be okay. This is the first resurrection: a trumpet blast within. Your awareness erupts. Your masks fall. You glance behind and realize you've been absent from yourself all along— walking, working, speaking— yet never truly inhabiting you. In this first resurrection, no one forces you to take your book. You reach for it yourself. You open it. You read. Sometimes you cry. Sometimes you smile. Then you whisper softly: "This is me... I thought I was a victim, but I was choosing all along." In the first resurrection, you are not compelled— you are completely free to write your next page. But in the second resurrection— when this world is folded away, and the door to revision is sealed— everything is read as it stands. Someone will take their book in their right hand, not because their hand was clean, but because they had already been saved in the first resurrection— saved when they feared, and believed; when they doubted, but hoped for the best; when they sinned, and wept without pride. And the other... will take their book in their left, not because God wronged them, but because they never rose in their first resurrection— they slept until the end. Between the two

resurrections, a person lives today. And this book... is about it. About the day between the two trumpet calls. Between heedlessness and insight. Between writing your story by will, or having it written about you—without your say.

Emerging from the Belly of the Whale — The Second Birth

We all emerged once from our mothers' wombs. But only a few... have emerged from the belly of the whale. The first birth gives you a body. The second gives you awareness. The first makes you human among people. The second makes you a servant in the presence of God. The Prophet of God, Jonah (peace be upon him)... was not sent with one message, but two. Once before the whale— and once after. But in between those two missions, something happened that was unlike anything in the lives of other prophets: The sea swallowed him. The whale swallowed him. The darkness swallowed him. It could have been the end. His name could have been erased from history. But there, in the womb of the dark— he uttered a single sentence. It wasn't a miracle. But it was so sincere, it opened the gates of heaven: "Indeed, I was among the wrongdoers." That was when the birth happened. That was when Jonah became a prophet—again. He didn't emerge from the whale alone. He came out healed, prepared, ready for a life unlike the one before. When he stepped back onto land, he didn't rise triumphant like a hero. He went straight to his people— the ones he had once abandoned. But he didn't return as the man who left them. He returned with paradise in his heart. So when he spoke, they believed. All of them. At once. In a moment so rare, it was never repeated in the history of revelation. What had changed? The messenger himself. Jonah's voice was no longer just a call. It became a plea from someone who had survived death. And you too— it is not enough to be born once. You must pass through the whale. Be swallowed. Be cut off. Be wrapped in darkness. Then say: "I was among the wrongdoers... but I want to emerge." And because mercy precedes wrath, you will emerge. But you will not return as you were. You will come out veiled in light, cloaked in the silence of one who has known God— not through speech, but from the depths of the sea. This is the second birth. And this is the day your heart is born— not your body

Those Whom God Loved... and So Showed His Face

There are faces that do not wait for the Resurrection to see the light. God shows them His face— not to the eye of the body, but to the eye of the heart, unveiled and awakened. They are not prophets, nor saints praised in stories. They are ordinary people— but they passed through the whale, and made it out. They tasted sorrow to the bone. They collapsed into themselves a thousand times. And rose again— not because they held all the answers, but because they were filled with truth. These are the ones whom God loved... and so He showed them His face— in blessing, not punishment. In covering, not exposure. In hope, not fear. Not because they were the strongest, but because they were the most sincere in their moment of collapse. In this

Quiet Resurrection

book, I will speak to you of a paradise described in the Scripture— one not only reserved for after death, but which begins the moment the heart wakes, breaks, and starts to see. God says: “You were heedless of this, but We have lifted your veil, and today your sight is sharp.” (Qaf 22) This— this is the day I am speaking of. The day in which you are not merely held to account— but you see. You see that everything you endured— the fear, the abandonment, the loss— was preparing you to stand here, and witness.

Signs of Mercy — The Paradise After Survival

When the first resurrection ends, and you emerge from your darkness, God begins to teach you what true paradise feels like. It is not only palaces and rivers. It is the moment you whisper: “My Lord was with me— and I didn’t know.” The Qur’an is filled with verses that do not only describe what comes after death, but reflect the radiance that appears in the soul even before entering heaven. “Faces that Day will be radiant— looking at their Lord.” (Al-Qiyamah 22–23) A face no longer like yesterday’s— now touched by the light of God. “Indeed, the righteous will be in bliss... reclining on adorned couches, gazing.” (Al-Mutaffifin 22–23) They gaze because they had already seen. “And those who were mindful of their Lord will be led to Paradise in groups...” (Az-Zumar 73) Not alone, but as a people— a community that emerged from the whale together. In this chapter, we will walk through the verses of paradise— not to simply imagine them, but to seek them now. For the one who tasted God’s mercy in the whale does not need a description of Paradise to believe in it. They’ve already seen it.

And We Inspired... — The Hidden Birth and the Divine Crafting

Not all births are public. Some happen in the heart of the river, inside a cradle of reeds, in the arms of a mother who has nothing to offer but her milk... then must let go. There, beneath the hand of fear, beneath the eye of terror, God was hiding a prophet. Teaching him that his salvation would be concealed. That he would not be born from the warmth of a mother’s embrace, but from the harshness of water. That he would not grow up in his mother’s home, but in the house of his enemy. And if we ask: Why? It is so we may know— that peace isn’t always found in safe places, and that sometimes, salvation only comes when you let go of every control, and hear the same command given to the mother of Moses: “And We inspired the mother of Moses: ‘Nurse him. But when you fear for him, cast him into the river...’” What a command: If you fear—let him go! Do not hide him, do not protect him, do not lock him away— but place him in the heart of danger. And not just any danger—water. But the water was not just water. It carried a promise: “We will return him to you, and make him one of the messengers.” This is the second birth... the one unseen, but which shapes you. You, too, have passed through experiences you thought were harsh, random, senseless. But you were being crafted. You were in the depths of water, and God was saying about you: “And I have prepared you for Myself.” Today, you remember it all. Not to sadden yourself—

Quiet Resurrection

but to understand... that a hand was working in secret, preparing you— not just to survive, but to return and rescue others. Just as Moses did. After fear, after the river, after the cradle, after the palace, after the mountain— he returned... complete.

And We Strengthened Her Heart — The Tranquility That Cannot Be Explained

Every mother collapses when she loses her child. But this mother... did not collapse. “And the heart of the mother of Moses became empty. She was about to disclose his identity, had We not strengthened her heart, so that she might be among the believers.” It wasn’t her mind that was strengthened, nor her hand— but her heart. Because the heart is the first to break when a human suffers, and the first to heal when touched by gentleness. That calm that descends without logical reason, that stillness in the depths of the storm, that moment you can’t understand— yet you stand firm within it— is a sign that God has strengthened your heart. Today, when you look back on your journey, you will find moments that defy explanation. You were alone, and by all measures, you should have collapsed. But you didn’t. You were in pain, and no one was with you. But something—unknown to you— carried you forward. It wasn’t from you. It was from Him. Everyone who emerged from the belly of the whale, everyone placed in a cradle, everyone who walked toward their fate without seeing the road— someone had strengthened their heart. And if you are reading these pages, know that the thread has not been cut. And that God does not bind a heart to abandon it— but to hold it until it settles into the light.

That Is What My Lord Has Taught Me — When Experience Becomes Personal Revelation

What I went through was not mere trials. Nor were the traumas meaningless tests. They were direct lessons from God. No voice spoke to me— but every event was a sign. Every fall was a silent revelation. Every moment of patience, a book opened between Him and me, alone. “This is part of what my Lord has taught me...” Joseph said these words— not after being saved, but while he was still in prison. When he seemed farthest from salvation. Yet he didn’t say: “This is what I learned.” He said: “My Lord has taught me.” As if the knowledge did not come from reading, nor from a teacher, but from a journey that stripped him of everything— even himself— then returned him, purified. Everything that once hurt me... is now a tool for understanding. Everyone who betrayed me... became a mirror. Every mistake... became an unforgettable lesson. What I once thought was a breaking... was a revelation. And what I once wept from... I now weep over with gratitude. That is what my Lord has taught me: That resurrection begins from within. That the whale is not the end. That water carries a message. That the mother who cast her child away was not mad—she was a believer. And that hearts are bound when they are about to scatter. From this awareness, I step into the verses of paradise— not to describe heaven as it’s been narrated, but to draw near to it as I have tasted it—through mercy. For when God promised, He did not promise only gardens, but enduring peace— a moment in which

Quiet Resurrection

all pain is forgotten, and the words are spoken that still carve themselves into the heart each time they are read: “Eat and drink with ease for what you sent ahead in days gone by.” (Al-Haqqah 24)

Blessed Is the One Who Didn't Break in Vain — Prelude to the Verses of Bliss

Not every breaking is a defeat. Some breaks are the gentle hand placing you on the path. Some are the very first door to Paradise. Paradise was not created merely as compensation, nor because God wanted to please the fearful with a prize— but because it is the natural extension of mercy. When mercy reaches its fullness, it becomes a dwelling, a shade, a peace that never ends. But no one enters it by coincidence. And no one is granted it without effort. The people of Paradise are made... slowly. Their hearts are bound in the hardest nights, their fears are purified with tears no one else sees, and in the end, they are told: “Peace be upon you for what you patiently endured— and excellent is the final home.” (Ar-Ra'd: 24) Everyone who did not break in vain... has triumphed. Everyone who passed through darkness and emerged with something— even a little, even a single honest tear, even a sentence whispered in the heart that no one else heard— was being prepared for this bliss. These are the ones who, when the people of Paradise are called, are told: “Eat and drink with ease for what you sent ahead in days gone by.” (Al-Haqqah: 24) Those “days gone by”... are not just about fasting and prayer, but about fear endured with trust in God, about confusion faced while still holding on to faith, and about pain that wasn't used for attention— but was offered as an act of devotion. In the coming pages, we will not read the verses of bliss as those who yearn for what they lack, but as those who know—deeply— that this mercy was chasing them from the very first step, even when they didn't feel it. Let us now walk toward the verses of mercy— toward the Paradise that doesn't begin at resurrection, but begins in the heart when it hears: “No fear shall be upon you, nor shall you grieve.”

“Some Faces That Day Will Be Radiant... Looking at Their Lord” (Al-Qiyamah: 22–23)

Not every face grows weary. Some are washed with tears, purified by sincerity, their veils lifted one after the other— until they become radiant. Not because their features are beautiful, but because they carry the mark of God. On the Day of Resurrection, faces are not alike— they differ as souls do. Faces infused with light in this world, from prostration, from patience, from a night when the servant understood nothing—yet surrendered. This radiance... is a reflection. As if God is looking at you— and so, you shine. And then God immediately says: “Looking at their Lord.” They are not just looking— they are being looked upon. Faces that gaze upon the One who loved them, who taught them, who never abandoned them when they wept in the darkness of their room. This moment... is the moment of meeting. Not a meeting of knowledge, nor a meeting of fear— but a meeting of love. When all veils are lifted, and finally, the

sentence is said—the one so many souls longed to hear: “This... is what you were searching for all your life. Here it is.” Do you now understand why life softened your features? Why you cried so much? Why you disappeared from everything, then returned more tender? Because God was preparing your face for this radiance. Because you will look... and He will look at you.

**“Eat and Drink with Ease for What You Sent Ahead in Days Gone By”
(Al-Haqqah: 24)**

This is not just an invitation to a meal— it is a declaration: Fear is over. The “days gone by”... were those when you thought you were alone, doing good, enduring, giving up, weeping— and no one knew. Days when you moved slowly, with an inner dialogue no one could hear: “Does God see this? Will He save me? Does this pain have meaning?” Then this sentence comes— its sound unlike any human voice, not even angelic— but a voice that needs no thought. You hear it... and collapse, peacefully. “Eat and drink with ease...” Meaning: Now take rest untouched by worry. Take food free of regret. Drink without anxiety, without cost, without concern for what’s lawful or forbidden— without looking back. Then He adds: “For what you sent ahead in days gone by.” Meaning—this is not just grace. It is a reward for what you did... when you saw no return. For sincerity when there was no audience, for the prayer when there was no mosque, for the tear you wiped away with your own hand— because there was no one to understand it. All of it was recorded. And it was waiting... for this day. Do you see now? Nothing went to waste. Even your patience with harshness, even your kindness to those who didn’t deserve it— everything you did in those “days gone by”... has returned to you, on this day.

**“And those who feared their Lord will be driven to Paradise in groups...”
(Az-Zumar: 73)**

God did not bring them into Paradise alone— but in groups. Souls gathered together, hearts that knew one another even before they met, spirits that walked the same path, even if they never crossed in this world. As if God unites you not only with bliss, but with those who are like you. Those who, when you cried silently, were crying too—somewhere else in the world. Those unseen by people, but seen by God, their steps recorded in a book opened only today. This being driven to Paradise is not force— but love. “They are driven”—not because they are compelled, but because God takes them by the hand Himself. Like a beloved being led toward a long-awaited surprise. Like a sleeping child carried to their mother’s arms, unaware that before them... lies home. Then comes the unforgettable moment: “Until, when they reach it and its gates are opened, its keepers say: Peace be upon you, you have done well—so enter it to abide eternally.” “You have done well”... meaning: You have been healed. You passed through everything that could have corrupted the heart, yet you came out purified. As if God is saying: “Everything in you is now pure... now, you may enter.” In

that moment, the ache of the years dissolves, and you finally understand: You were never walking alone. And your breaking was never in vain. From the very first tear, you were being led to this gate... with those who resembled you in sincerity, in fear, and in hope.

**“No fatigue will touch them therein, nor will they ever be removed from it.”
(Al-Hijr: 48)**

For the first time... a human being lives a bliss that is not threatened by anything. No fear of tomorrow. No pain from the past. No hidden exhaustion waiting to awaken and ache again. “No fatigue will touch them therein.” No weariness in the heart. Nor in the mind. Not even in the soul. You taste food—without guilt. You walk—without fear of loss. You laugh—without wondering if tears will follow. You love—without the terror of losing the one you love. Everything there... is steady. But in this world, every pleasure was followed by strain: Laughter followed by disappointment. Company followed by farewell. Peace followed by the fear that it might vanish. But there, they are told: “Nor will they ever be removed from it.” Not just because they settled there— but because God settled them there. He made them worthy of staying. He purified them from everything that makes a soul unfit for eternity. What greater peace than this: That you will finally... never leave. Never return to loneliness. Never be tested again. Never be pulled away from your place. Never hear the words: “Your time is up.” All that was temporary... has ended. This is the day with no sunset. Here the story ends— or perhaps it begins... in a way that cannot be forgotten, with the One who said after leaving the belly of the whale: “This is part of what my Lord has taught me.”

Our Lord, accept this from us—You are the All-Hearing, the All-Knowing.

I did not write this book because I knew everything, nor because I had reached perfect insight. I wrote it while hoping— just as Abraham and Ishmael once hoped. As they raised the foundations of the House— the House of God— they did not say: “This is enough.” They did not say: “We are done, we completed it.” But they said, with the hearts of the humble and the knowing: “Our Lord, accept from us—indeed, You are the All-Hearing, the All-Knowing.” And so do I... I raised this structure of words— not as a teacher, but as a servant seeking acceptance. Everything I passed through— in Quiet Resurrection, and then on this very day— was a path to this moment: To look back—then up to the sky— and say: “My Lord, this is what I was able to do. Make it Yours—for You are the Accepting, the Merciful.” My Lord taught me to never end a book with the voice of the world, but with the prayer of a child— who offers a simple sheet of paper, with a heart full of hope... to please You. As Abraham once said to his children: “O my sons, indeed God has chosen for you this faith—so do not die except as Muslims.” I say it now— to myself, to you, to everyone who passed through the whale, through the water, through the trial: Do not die except having risen in your own resurrection— and having lived to witness the day when the heart is born anew.

O Allah, accept it— indeed, You are the All-Hearing, the All-Knowing.

O dear reader, When you read this book, do not think you're reading about Resurrection as imagined in myths. Do not take it as a lesson, or a sermon, or a clever thought. Take it as it is: the scars of burns that have healed... and the voice of one who came out of the belly of the whale. I am writing to you from a place where I met my true self for the first time. I came out—like Prophet Jonah, peace be upon him— But I didn't come out the same. Jonah, when he left his people without permission, Thought what he did was a minor ending... But the sea caught him. And the whale swallowed him. And its stomach melted him in acids. He came out burned in body, Broken in heart, Disfigured, and exposed. There was no trace of dignity, no aura of prophecy. His body spoke the truth... before his tongue ever could. But God—the Most Merciful—did not abandon him. He caused a gourd tree to grow over him. He cared for him. He healed him. He restored him. And then, He sent him back again. He returned to his people, his body still bearing the marks of the burn. When they saw him... They asked for no miracles. They demanded no proofs. They simply wept. They bowed. They prayed. They believed. It was not a traditional preaching scene. It was a collective return, pure and sincere... because they saw the whale's mark. I too... Came out of my own whale. With a heart melted by loneliness, betrayal, and loss. I emerged burned, But God, by His mercy, caused over me a gourd tree to grow... Of covering, And patience, And gentleness that fell upon me like leaves—unheard, but healing. And here I am today, standing before you... Not claiming perfection, Not hiding my scars, But showing them to you clearly, So perhaps you will say, as they once did: "We believe... We believe." This book is not only mine. It is for all who have emerged from their whale and didn't know what to say. Read it like a mirror—honest and unfiltered. And maybe, one day, you'll find your own gourd tree... And begin the resurrection that suits you.

Peace...

To every soul that walked this earth barefoot in heart, Calling people to God... heard by none, except God. Peace... To those who were tried, And banned, And cast out, And left in the sea, Or the fire, Or the ark, Or the prison... Yet God never left them. Peace upon Abraham, When he submitted, And when he raised the foundations— Not in confidence, But while saying: "Our Lord, accept from us. You are the All-Hearing, the All-Knowing." Peace upon Ishmael, Who laid his neck in surrender, And was ransomed with a great sacrifice. Peace upon Moses and Aaron, Who carried the message, And delivered it to Pharaoh— Not in pride, But while asking God to strengthen their arms. Peace upon every prophet... Who never asked for Glory, But only asked to please God. And peace... Upon every soul who came after, Carrying the echo of their call, Even if they didn't know the names— But they knew the call.

O my dear reader... Peace upon you too, If you've risen from your grave, If you've emerged from your whale, If you've written your book, And if, by day's end, you've said: "My Lord, accept from me... You are the All-Hearing, the All-Knowing."

"And they do not mix their faith with injustice— for them is security, and they are rightly guided." — Al-An'am: 82

Not every believer is safe. For some faith is a mix, a contradiction— Belief tainted with injustice, Conviction that chases the world, And worship spoken in words, not lived in trust. But God said it clearly: "Those who believe and do not mix their faith with injustice— it is they who will have security, and they are the guided ones." This is not the safety of this world, But a deep peace that enters the heart when it knows it is on truth— That God is with it, not against it. It is safety from fear, From regret, From reckoning, From being lost. It is the peace felt by the one who says: "I believe—and I have not corrupted my belief." Then God reminds us of those who came before us... Those who walked the straight path and did not stray from it: "This is Our argument, which We gave to Abraham against his people. We raise in degrees whom We will." "And We gave him Isaac and Jacob—each We guided. And Noah We guided before..." And the list of the blessed caravan goes on: Joseph, Job, Moses, Aaron, Zachariah, John, Jesus, Elijah, Ishmael, Elisha, Jonah, Lot... Names that echo with the breath of history— Each one emerged from their whale, their fire, their people, their trial. They did not mix their faith with anything... And thus, they were granted peace, They were raised, And they were named in Heaven as the doers of good. Then comes the verse that summarizes everything: "Those are the ones God has guided—so follow their guidance." What a light this is. As if God is saying: "If you want to walk... walk behind them." Not behind those who blend religion with desire. Not behind those who wear faith as an outer garment. But behind those who believed with their hearts, Walked with their feet, And wept for it in the night. And here, I end this book. Not with a new will— But with a prayer that you follow them... That you walk their path, That you cleanse your faith of injustice, That you strip contradiction from your heart, And then walk... until you arrive. For whoever believes and does not mix his faith with injustice... He has peace. And he is among the guided.

A Message to the Reader: Walk... and observe

You who hold this book now— Do not sit too long where you are... Walk. As God commanded: "Say, travel through the land and observe how was the end of those before..." Don't just observe history— Look inside your heart... At your days... At the nights when you were shattered, Then a cloud arrived from where you least expected, And poured mercy upon you— A mercy you never thought you deserved. Walk among the signs of life: The wind that brings good news. The clouds that overflow. The earth that was dead, then revived. The soul that was dry, then found warmth again. Walk to see— Not to fear the Day that has no return— But to prepare for it. "So direct your face toward the upright religion, before a Day comes from God that cannot be repelled." Walk, work, and be still... And know that whoever does good— Is paving the road for himself. He is lighting his steps in the darkness, And laying down his path through the Resurrection in truth. And if you see clouds in the sky— Remember: "It is God who sends the winds... which then stir the clouds... and then He sends down the rain." This

Quiet Resurrection

rain is your good news— It's the sign that says to you: "You are not dead... You are being reborn." So look, Reflect, And don't rush your healing. For just as God revives the earth after its death... He will revive your heart after its stillness. "Indeed, He is the One who brings the dead to life... and He is capable of all things." This message, dear reader, is not a warning... but a call to walk— Not to remain in heedlessness. To see life as it truly is, And to say, with sincerity: "I am on the path... And I hope."

Their Mark Upon Their Faces — As in the Torah and the Gospel

"Muhammad is the Messenger of Allah, and those who are with him..." They are not known for numbers or outward power— but for being a crop of mercy planted in the hidden soil of sincerity.

You see them bowing and prostrating, seeking grace and divine approval. Their mark (sīmā) is not a visible stamp— but a calmness, a glow, seen only by those who resemble them in spirit. These were not new qualities. They were written in the former scriptures: — In the Torah, they are described as a people who uphold justice, fearing none but God. — And in the Gospel, a parable echoes their nature: "The Kingdom of God is like a man who casts seed on the ground, then sleeps and rises night and day, and the seed sprouts and grows—though he does not know how." [Mark 4:26–27]

And the Qur'an confirms the same image:

"Like a seed that sends forth its shoot, strengthens it, then it becomes thick and stands firm upon its stalk—delighting the sowers, so that He may enrage the disbelievers by them."

They began as humble seeds, watered by silent tears, then strengthened, and finally stood tall—not in arrogance, but in light. These are the People of the Day: Those who emerged from the belly of the whale, were shaded by the healing tree, and prostrated—not because they were forced to... but because love pulled them gently to the ground, closer to their Lord.

Final Supplication

O Allah, plant us where You are pleased, and be pleased with us where You have planted us. O Allah, make our prostration leave a trace, make our sincerity a provision, and grant us a lasting shade from Your mercy. My Lord, place me among the sincere, and my offspring among those who bow down, and resurrect me among the completed crop You raise on the Day of Return.

Peace be upon the messengers, peace upon those who rose through their first resurrection, and peace upon us, and upon the righteous servants of God.

Final of "The Day"

I am the Crow...

Sent by God— Not to remind you of death, But to remind you of life. I saw the brother kill his brother. I saw him flee from his own voice... and shut his eyes to his own hand.

But God... did not leave him in his blindness. He sent me. I did not preach to him. I did not call from a tree. I simply dug into the earth— to show him how to cover the shame of death, and how to begin... repentance.

I am the crow... The one you called an omen of misfortune. But I was a sign— A messenger from God to the first soul who ever felt remorse on earth. If you had seen what I saw in his eyes when he cried: “Woe to me! Am I so helpless I can’t be like this crow?” You would have said, as I did silently: “How noble is the one who regrets... even after he destroys.” I am the crow... And I’ve come to tell you this, at the end of this book: Do not fear your old sins, If they lead you to the door of repentance... you are already on holy ground. And if, one day, You see a small bird scratching at the earth, remember me. It may be I— returned to tell you: What has passed is gone... And what remains, may yet be written in the Book of Light. I am the crow. And I, too, am one of the People of This Day. God did not send me to witness blood— but to plant a sorrow... that would bloom into Paradise. I am The Crow the first messenger of repentance.

The Day has risen... Will your life begin from here?

The Constitution of “In the Balance of God”

Twelve Watchmen... and Twelve Principles for a Nation That Does Not Betray Its Soul

From the Boy’s Notebooks... and the Eyes of Cats

Introduction:

I am not a lawmaker. Nor a statesman. Nor a legal expert.

I am merely... a boy who used to feed his cats in the back alley of justice, listening to cries unnoticed by cameras, and writing.

This constitution was not written to govern... but to remind us that true judgment lies in the Scale of God— not in courtrooms.

The Twelve clauses:

Clause One: Intention Rises Above Appearance

In this state, people are not judged by their clothes, nor their accents, but by their hidden intentions.

He who intended mercy and fell—shall be lifted. He who wore a mask of virtue while plotting humiliation—shall be exposed.

Intention is God’s first scale— not dress, nor language, nor image.

The sincere shall be saved. The pretender shall fall— even if all applaud him.

Clause Two: Hunger is Not a Crime—It Is a Cry for Help

He who stole to eat—shall be fed. He who cried out in hunger—shall be heard. He who stole from need—shall be questioned about his condition, not his hand.

But he who fed himself on the blood of the poor— no matter how fine his suit— his place with God is known.

And he who caused the people to starve— shall be questioned not about his budget, but about his faith.

Clause Three: Killing Cannot Be Covered with Slogans

No flag shall be raised over the body of a martyr. No speech shall be beautified with the blood of the silent crushed.

He who sheds blood in the name of the homeland—or of faith— his reckoning with God shall be greater, for he combined crime with sanctity.

In this state, killing is called killing, even if they dress it in honor or politics.

Clause Four: Usury is Betrayal, Not Economic Policy

He who builds the economy of the state upon enslaving people with debt has waged war against God—whether he knows it or not.

He who turns people into slaves of installments, who bases his wealth on the helpless man's despair— has declared war upon God, even if he thinks himself successful in the market.

Usury is more than bank numbers— it is an insult to the dignity of the weak.

Clause Five: Words Are a Responsibility

He who spreads lies, silences truth, or trades reputations with his tongue— bears the burden of all who fall beneath his words.

He who spreads rumors, fabricates accusations, or silences the honest has entered the scale of:

“Those who love to see immorality spread among the believers...” —even if he holds no knife.

In this state: every tongue is accountable, and every word is weighed, even if spoken in private.

Clause Six: Wealth Is Not the Measure of Honor

A person is not measured by his bank account. Honor, in this state, is mercy.

He who was raised by the markets but felled by his conscience is not counted among the dignified.

The merchant who enslaves others in the name of livelihood— has no blessing.

He who trades in the dignity of others falls from the list of the honorable, even if his photo hangs on every wall. Dignity is not for sale— not even in installments.

Clause Seven: When the Weak Speak... Listen

The poor shall not be silenced— they shall be embraced. The orphan shall not be used in campaigns— but his right shall be preserved like a key in the nation's door.

In this state, the voice of the marginalized is heard as the voice of ministers is heard— perhaps more.

Clause Eight: Covering Does Not Mean Complicity

God loves concealment— but He does not love when we cover oppression in the name of modesty.

He who was coerced, misled, or dragged into what displeases God shall be held gently—not exposed.

But he who exploited the weakness of others to enslave them— he is the one who must be revealed.

He whose steps slipped shall not be shamed— but supported, and reminded of his light. For God is Concealing... and He loves concealment.

Clause Nine: Hypocrisy Is Not to Be Beautified

He who says “God” by day and serves tyranny by night— shall be judged for his night, not his polished appearance.

He who says “God” in the light, and serves the oppressor in the dark, has testified against himself— with hidden shirk, even if he fasts and prays.

In this state, there is no place for the grey-hearted.

He who fears people more than God— let him step aside from the path of truth.

Clause Ten: Ostentation Extinguishes Prayer

This nation is not built by photographs— but by truth.

He who prays to be seen—has not prayed. He who gives charity to be called “generous”— may take his reward from applause.

God does not look at those who recite beautifully before cameras— but to those who lower their gaze when none sees them but Him.

In this state, hands are not raised unless the hearts beneath them are humbled.

Clause Eleven: The Covenant Is Not to Be Broken After the Oath

He who swore by justice and then betrayed— let him blame none but himself.

He who made a covenant before God and then broke it— has fallen from the throne of truth, even if he remains on the chair.

The covenant is between the servant and his Lord— not between him and an election committee.

This state is not built by speeches— but by the fulfillment of the covenant.

And he who betrays— shall not be excused, but questioned before the people... then before God.

Clause Twelve: The Final Silence... Is Testimony

He who found no platform—and fell silent. He who found no support—but kept writing. He who was never heard—but whose cats meowed softly in his absence...←He who found no one to listen, silenced even his faintest sounds (a symbol of his feelings and burdens), until even his cats - symbols of vulnerability and intimacy — no longer made a sound.

He, to us, is one of the Watchmen of Light.

His words are hung upon our walls— not as decoration, but as a scale.

He who could not speak—but gestured. He who could not write—but wept. He who found no stage—but held his notebook and fed his cats...

He is a Watchman of Light. And he shall testify one day— in a court no one can challenge.

Conclusion of the Constitution:

This nation we dream of is not ruled by a man—but by a covenant. It is not built by the sword—but by justice. It is not protected by walls—but by mercy.

And whoever wishes to enter it— let him remove the sandals of pride and pretense, and enter with humility, as one enters the Qur'an held between his hands.

This constitution shall not be printed in the official gazette— but written in the chest that knows God before knowing the system.

And if you mock these lines, know that those who mocked Noah's ark were the first to drown.

"If you mock us, we shall mock you as you mock." (Hud 11:38)

And... then she pointed to him.

The Watchmen of Light – Twelve Chapters for Those Who Were Not Forgotten

Before I begin... a voice of one who was about to fall silent.

Introduction: In the Scale of God

I do not write this because I am a scholar, nor because I claim to understand God's law as it was revealed. I write it because I am suffocating from seeing sin handed to people as if it were the hunger of the poor—rather than the greed of the rich.

I write it because every time I open the Book of God, I find in it a mercy greater than everything I've read in books of jurisprudence, and a justice truer than all the threats I've heard from the pulpits of wrath.

I write it because I wanted to see the prohibitions not as lists, but as stories through which a human being passes... he weakens, errs, regrets, repents—or continues in injustice.

This is not just about "crimes"... but about us— we who walked in the shadows, had the light stolen from us, and were then accused of being the ones who carried it.

I will tell you chapters about the boy, his cats, and his voice— a voice that is not heard unless you listen with your hearts.

They will accuse him of theft. They will slander him. Some will see him as silent. Others will know him as a witness.

But every time, he will say what is unsaid: That God did not write the forbidden so it could be sold— but so it could protect the human soul from being emptied while it still believes it is right.

You will find no preaching here... Only a quiet pain, and a vision from a small window, through which peers a boy who owns nothing but a loaf of bread, his cats, and one question:

"O Lord... who is the thief in Your Scale? Me? Or those who silenced my voice, and then said: this is God's law?"

I Am the Cupbearer

O you crossing this chapter with me...

Do not search for palaces, nor for those who raise their keys as if they were sacred verses.

I will show you how light can be trapped in the pocket of a man who has forgotten God, and how justice hides behind titles that carry no weight in the heavens.

In this chapter,

I will not name names, but you will know them— by the way they walk, by the lightness of their steps, and the heaviness of their intentions. By the silence of the ground beneath them— a silence too dignified to bear false witness.

I will show you the one who was chosen to be a gate... and chose to shut it. He thought he was guarding something, but he had buried himself instead.

I will show you faces that looked to the sky... but saw nothing— because the façades rose higher than the clouds, and vision is never granted to those who worship chairs more than they fear God.

In this chapter,

we will not raise our voices. We will uncover the fire that is unseen— the kind that rises from gold left silent too long... until it began to rot from within.

I will take you to the kitchen, but don't listen to the kettles. Listen to the whisper that rose through the steam.

I will show you how wealth becomes poverty: when God's covenant is forgotten, when gold shines louder than reverence, and when brilliance blinds the heart, and trust is left behind.

This is no lesson in order, nor a sermon in morality. It is a moment of crossing— to see the gold as it decays... and not be deceived.

In this chapter, the scale of God is not portrayed as a courtroom, nor is it deferred to the afterlife. It is summoned into the present—into the kitchen, the office, the glance withheld, the greeting stolen, the dignity trampled.

Here, the soul speaks not to condemn, but to survive.

No raised voices, no curses, only a finger pointing—as Mary once pointed—in a rare moment when only the pulse of truth is heard.

“In God's Scale” is not a chapter of complaints. It is a chapter of testimony.

Of that moment more painful than death: when one is asked to smile while being slaughtered, to pour coffee with trembling hands for someone who couldn't even offer a greeting.

This is not about the thunderous apocalypse, but a quiet resurrection that took place in a forgotten corner—without audience, without cameras, and without applause.

In this chapter, a moral resurrection unfolds. One that erupts in the heart of a person who refused to be deformed, refused to resemble the oppressors, refused to remove a pure garment to wear a jacket soaked in the silence of the herd.

It is a voice that walks against the procession, saying with unshaken calm:

“I am not you. And I will remain human—even if I must do so alone.”

And since God weighs not by ranks nor by slogans, but by the stillness when truth is butchered, by the silence when something should've been said—this text comes to restore everything to its true place:

Where a single word weighs more than a report, a tear more than a salary, and the fear of moral contamination is more urgent than being accepted by networks of flattery.

In God's scale, it's not about being successful... but about not resembling those who crushed others while smiling.

In a Court Called “Justice”

In the corner of the high chamber, the boy sat on the defendant's chair— a broken chair, tilted, worn down, as if it were used to carrying what should not be carried— just like him.

In his hand was the court document:

“Accused of stealing cat food from a government warehouse.”

A grey cat slept on his knees. In his eyes was a question he did not speak— because he knew the answer was already prepared, and the verdict had been written before he arrived.

In the courtroom, a solemn, artificial silence weighed heavily. The judge stared at him. His name was “Abu Nour.” His face, grim— as if he hadn't smiled since birth, or perhaps once, when a poor man was unjustly imprisoned.

He wore a long black robe, shorter than his shadow, heavier than his head when it tilts to hear what it doesn't want to hear.

The guard said:

“The defendant is ready.”

The boy responded before being asked, without waiting for permission, in a quiet voice, with the faint laugh of the humiliated— the kind of laugh of someone who knows far more than his place allows him to say:

“Yes... I stole. A can of sardines. Half a bag of rice. Not for me... For my cats. For they are less cruel than many faces in this building.”

The audience laughed— a light, choking laugh, as if trying not to show that they already knew the truth.

Abu Nour raised his eyebrows, then slowly asked:

“And the law? Do you know what the law says?”

I lifted my eyes toward him— not with submission, but with the bitterness of one who has read more than he has lived. And I replied in a firm tone:

“The law says: whoever stretches out his hand for what is not his... let it be cut. But... who stole from me first? Who erased my name from the employment lists? Who made the salary a dream, the bread a test? Who made the judge sleep knowing the accused owns no door to close? Who choked my voice in job committees, courts, markets, and

newspapers? Who made me lock my window with my own hands... because sunlight was more expensive than my right?"

The guard to the right shifted uncomfortably. The grey cat lifted her head— as if to testify.

Then I said, without fear:

"If you want to cut a hand... start with the one more greedy, not the one more hungry. Go to the offices that steal the hours of our lives every day. To merchants who pray in the first row and cheat in the scale. To those who told me my sustenance is in the sky—then shut every door on earth. You want my hand... But you forget who carved all these years into my back."

Everyone fell silent. Even the air stopped circulating— as if someone feared breathing the truth that had just burst out.

A pause. The judge cleared his throat, trying to appear strict.

Then he said, as if fleeing from the bigger question:

"But the law is clear... the thief must be held accountable."

My voice rose then. I lifted my shirt slightly and said:

"Do you know, Abu Nour? The law didn't just steal my bread— it stole my name, my effort, my word. I didn't steal to buy a luxury watch. I stole to feed those who meow at night more than I scream in prayer."

I looked at him— with the knowing, the weary, the entangled gaze— and said:

"And you... Abu Nour... How many hands would tremble if the knives of justice were truly placed on this table? Do you remember the first oppressed soul who screamed in this courtroom and wasn't granted justice? How many tears have you sold? How many times have you priced pain? And now you come to cut my hand... because I stole a dinner for a cat?"

Abu Nour adjourns the session. The guards approach.

But I— the poor, the thinker, who has read books of law, crime and punishment, and the hadiths of angels whispered in prison nights— I scream before they drag me out:

"Cut off my hand... but don't forget to wear gloves when you do— because you are filthier than to touch my blood."

That evening, the boy wrote a small letter. He placed it beside a can of food in front of his cats, then fell asleep on the floor. He wrote:

"My dear cats... do not be afraid. If justice is broken here... then in the Scale of God... no one is cut for feeding the hungry."

Final Note:

The courtroom was dark— despite the judge's name being "Abu Nour." (father of Nour) And the laughter that was heard inside wasn't comic... It came from the soul of a man who realized—too late— that the worst crimes are not prosecuted... but hired, praised, and awarded medals.

The First Watchman: The Crow Does Not Only Bury... But Awakens (On murder, regret, theft, corruption, and a scale that never errs)

They say one of Adam's sons killed his brother. And upon him descended wrath, and the curse of the heavens was complete. But whoever reads with a pure eye—not one deceived— And listens to the verses of God—not to the distorted books of men— Will discover that the tale is far deeper than a mere “crime and punishment.” In Surah al-Ma'idah, The story doesn't begin with theft. It begins with blood, with error, with regret... With the story of the two sons of Adam: “So his soul prompted him to kill his brother, and he killed him and became of the losers.” “Then God sent a crow scratching in the earth to show him how to conceal the disgrace of his brother.” “He said, ‘Woe to me! Was I not even able to be like this crow and conceal the disgrace of my brother?’ So he became of the regretful.” (Al-Ma'idah 30–31) God says of the killer: “He became of the losers.” He did not say: of the damned. He did not say: of the cursed. Regret, here, is the key to forgiveness. The killer was not executed. He was not struck down. He regretted. And this regret was not belittled— It was accepted. God, in His greatness, Sent a crow— Not to scold. Not to punish. But to teach. A crow digging in the dirt, And the killer—for the first time—saw the weight of what he had done. He cried out from within: “Woe to me... was I not even able to be like this crow?” And so he became, as the Qur'an says: “Of the regretful.” The crow didn't come to scold, Nor to punish, But to awaken. He dug in the earth— And dug, too, into the heart. And without speaking a word, said: “Even the dead... deserve to be buried.” Thus... God wanted us to know that regret is the beginning of justice, not its end. That forgiveness is not bought with blood—but with awareness. Then comes the verse: “Because of that, We decreed upon the Children of Israel that whoever kills a soul—unless for a soul or for corruption [done] in the land—it is as if he had slain all mankind.” (Al-Ma'idah 32) This verse offers the Qur'an's most dangerous standard: That murder and corruption are not just personal crimes— They weigh down an entire community. A nation bears their burden. And the Qur'an continues to expose the networks of corruption: “Indeed, the penalty for those who wage war against God and His Messenger and strive upon earth [to cause] corruption...” (Al-Ma'idah 33) It speaks of organized evil. Of the war against values. Of murdering souls and consciences. Of tyranny—not bread. Then suddenly, we arrive at the verse on theft: “As to the thief, male or female, cut off their hands as a punishment for what they have done—an exemplary punishment from God. And God is Almighty, Wise.” (Al-Ma'idah 38) But here, theft does not come as an isolated act— Rather, in a broader context of systemic corruption: Murder. Widespread evil. A war against values. Lies. And the devouring of unlawful wealth. God describes these people—right after the verse on theft—as: “Listeners to falsehood, devourers of illicit gain...” (Al-Ma'idah 42) So who are the real thieves in this Qur'anic context? They are: Those who participate in the networks of oppression and corruption. Those who listen to lies. Those who consume unlawfully—not out of need. But the hungry? He is not the thief. That one who took bread because he was starving, because he was crushed, Because his soul was looted long before his hand extended— He is not to be cut. Not

to be shamed—but to be helped. God knows the difference Between a hand stretched to survive... And one stretched to intimidate.

In the scale of God:

The one who steals a loaf in a moment of desperation Is not like the one who steals a nation— While wearing a necktie and smiling for the camera. That greater thief doesn't stop at money... He steals your voice, your choices, your freedom, And sometimes, even the meaning of faith itself. God does not equate the hand that reaches to eat With the one that reaches to consume. God does not cut the hungry— He exposes the well-fed, The one who hides behind the law to sanctify theft. God has not forgotten the crow— But people did. They kept only the sword. And so... The story of the boy who stood in court, Accused of feeding his cats— Is not a symbolic fable. It is the literal translation of a scale no longer read. That boy, when he stood before the judge, Was not asking why he was being judged... But why those who stole his soul before his hand moved... were not. And you... if you read these verses with a pure heart, You will know: That the killer who regretted... was forgiven. That the starving thief... was not cut. And that those who consume the lawful with no right... They are the ones whose hands should tremble— Not the paws of cats. In the end... The crow does not only bury... he awakens. And regret in the eyes of a poor, sincere soul is more beloved to God Than a verdict uttered in the name of Shariah that resembles it not. And when justice comes— It will not cut the hand of a starving child. But will unveil the hand that looked pure— Even as it sank in lies, unlawful gain, and betrayal. The promise of God is true. And whoever reads the Qur'an with a sincere eye... Will see it. Even if after some time.

On the night the moon vanished without reason, The boy sat beside a broken wall, His black cat licking the hand that had nothing... but calm. "He killed his brother," whispered the boy, reading from an old notebook. It was the story he had heard as a child— But tonight it shattered inside him, As if someone had just told him: The crow at the end of the story... Didn't come to close the scene— But to open the door of repentance. He asked himself: Why did God send a crow? Why not fire from the sky? Or an angel to carry out punishment at once? Wasn't this a murderer? Didn't he deserve punishment before the blood dried? But when he read the verses, he understood something else... On the worn-out page, the words glowed as they never had before: "Then God sent a crow scratching in the earth to show him how to conceal the disgrace of his brother." Then: "Woe to me! Was I not able to be like this crow...?" He said to his cat: "Do you see? God didn't send a sword. He sent a simple animal, To teach a murderer how to feel regret. As if to say: Mercy is closer than we think— And repentance doesn't need a sheikh... It just needs a heart that wakes up." The boy wasn't a killer. But for a moment, he felt he had done something greater: That he stayed silent when truth was stabbed— And buried many of his own words... Without ever sending the crow. So he stood, And wrote in his notebook:

"The killer regretted. And I... said nothing."

Qur'anic Reflection:

On those who regret... and those who distorted mercy in the name of punishment. The story of the sons of Adam comes in Surah al-Ma'idah (verses 27–31) To recount the first murder on earth— But it is not a tale of punishment. It is a tale of regret. “So his soul prompted him to kill his brother, and he killed him and became of the losers.” Then: “God sent a crow...” Then: “So he became of the regretful.” Notice— The Qur'an does not mention any punishment on the killer after the act. It ends with this word: “Of the regretful.” That word alone is a key. For regret, in the Scale of God, is not weakness— But a doorway to salvation. The Qur'an wants to draw our attention to the fact that the killer: Was not killed. Was not crucified. No eternal curse was laid upon him. And immediately after, we are moved to a general verse: “Because of that, We decreed upon the Children of Israel...” (Al-Ma'idah 32) That verse is not a continuation of punishment— But the declaration of a principle: That murder is not judged only by its victim— But by its impact on all humanity. Then what? After the verses of murder, regret, and corruption— We move to the verses on thieves, corrupters, and criminals. As if God is teaching us: That sin is not an isolated event— But part of a system. And that one who errs then repents— Is not like one who corrupts and continues with pride.

In the scale of God:

The crow was not a “rhetorical flourish,” But a message of mercy. And the killer was not without hope— His repentance began the moment he realized He didn't know how to bury— Not a body, But a sin. And regret, in the scale of God, is not the end— It is the beginning... of resurrection.

The Second Watchman: A Ring in the Fire (On usury, and profit that does not carry the scent of mercy)

In the back corner of the jewelry shop, the boy sat on a tall stool, stamping receipts with a small seal, and offering customers sugarless cups of coffee.

In this place, nothing was given for free... Even a smile had a price tag in dinars.

The man in charge, “Hajj Salman,” wore a clean robe, beneath which he hid a debt ledger heavier than his heart. He always said, “Installment sales are halal, as long as there's a contract.” But each time the boy handed a new payment book to an old woman buying a ring for her daughters, he felt a small fire ignite beneath the table. One night, a crying woman entered with a paper in her hand and said: “My payments are complete, but they say I owe a late fee— three times what I was late by.” The large clerk replied with a cold smile: “That clause is clearly written in the contract... You signed it, didn't you?” The boy saw the scene, then looked at the grey cat sleeping by the cash box, and said silently in his heart: “Did you see? A single signature... delays justice, and wraps fire in official paper.” That night, he didn't write a single receipt. Instead, he wrote a long letter to God and left it atop the stamping table. The next day, he didn't return to the shop. And his cats disappeared with him.

Quranic Reflection:

On usury, which God warned with war:

In Surah al-Baqarah, God says: “Those who consume usury cannot stand except as one whom Satan has confounded with a touch. That is because they say, ‘Trade is just like usury,’ but God has permitted trade and forbidden usury...” (Al-Baqarah 2:275)

Here, God draws a sharp distinction between trade and usury: Trade involves mutual benefit and legitimate profit. Usury exploits need and turns time into a financial trap. Then He says, Most Glorious: “But if you do not, then be informed of a war from God and His Messenger...” (Al-Baqarah 2:279) War! Yes, God declares war on those who eat usury. He didn’t declare it so directly on the killer, nor the adulterer— but on those who enslave people with contracts and consume their sweat in deferred interest. One of the greatest distortions is when some present usury as a minor issue, as if it’s just a “financial infraction.” But God calls it injustice: “Do not oppress, nor be oppressed.”

In the scale of God:

A signature does not sanctify injustice. Profit built on the suffering of others is not gain— it is a heavy debt. And the ring bought with interest... may become, in God’s Scale, a ring of fire.

The Third Watchman: Do Not Pursue What You Have No Knowledge Of (On suspicion, spying, and crimes of the tongue unregistered in court)

On a quiet morning, the boy was feeding his limping cat near the office door, looking at her as one might speak to a mute friend.

Two female employees passed by from the other side, whispered, giggled, and left... But by midday, a rumor had spread: “The boy has a contagious disease... He was seen feeding cats with his bare hands.” The next day, he was transferred to a narrow room with no windows. He was told it was “precautionary,” that “he wasn’t accused of anything.” But he was not invited to lunch, no one greeted him, and the cats waited for his food... in vain. He wrote in his small notebook: “I don’t like the spotlight, but I never imagined that shade could become a prison.” At the week’s end, the administrative manager came and whispered with cold kindness: “Take an open leave. No need to explain the details.” He took his bag, nothing else... Except for the glance of a limping cat waiting behind the fence— not knowing that she too had become a suspect.

Quranic Reflection:

On lies, suspicion, and surveillance that angers not the law—but angers God. In Surah Al-Isra, God says: “Do not pursue that of which you have no knowledge. Indeed, the hearing, the sight, and the heart—each of those will be questioned.” (Al-Isra 17:36)

This verse is not just a warning— it’s a declaration: Spreading rumors without evidence, and participating in building accusations, is something for which man will be held accountable—just as for his hands and tongue. And in Surah Al-Hujurat, God says: “O you who have believed, avoid much suspicion. Indeed, some suspicion is sin.

And do not spy or backbite one another...” (Al-Hujurat 49:12) Note how God groups suspicion, spying, and backbiting together— as if they form a chain beginning with a whisper in the heart, then growing into a crime that involves tongues, ears, and eyes. And this crime... may not exist in human law, but in God’s Scale, it is heavy.

In the scale of God:

To say “I heard he...” may be just an opinion to people, but in the Book of God, it is a sin. To isolate someone out of fear of what you don’t know may be called “administrative precaution,” but in the Book of God: “...it is as if he has killed all mankind.” (Al-Ma’idah 5:32) Because killing is not always by weapon... Sometimes, it’s with a glance, a word, or a cowardly silence.

The Fourth Watchman: Blood on the White Wall (On slander, defamation, and the purity that no one believes unless they see it bleed)

This time, the story wasn’t about him. It was about her. She lived on the ground floor— quiet as a drop of water. The neighbors never heard her, and her eyes held nothing but modesty. But one day, someone said a boy had exited her door late... and that she smiled at him. And so the story began. Words crept from balconies to phones, to heavy silences. People didn’t speak much... but they began to change the way they said hello. One day, the guard told the boy: “Heard about the woman on the ground floor? May God protect us from the calamities of time...” The boy replied, without raising his head: “No, may God protect us from people.” That night, he found her crying at her door. The cats hovered around her, as if comforting her in silence. She sat on the ground without defending herself. She said only: “I knew I’d be accused, but I didn’t know no one would defend me.” He gave her a pen and a piece of paper, and said: “Write to your Lord— people only read what’s written in blood.”

Quranic Reflection:

On slander and how people judge purity by image, not certainty. In Surah Al-Nur, God lays down a strict rule: “Indeed, those who slander chaste, unsuspecting, believing women are cursed in this life and the Hereafter. For them is a great punishment.” (Al-Nur 24:23) Then He says: “On the Day when their tongues, their hands, and their feet will testify against them for what they used to do...” (Al-Nur 24:24) Notice: the crime here isn’t the act itself— but the accusation of it. Earlier in the same surah: “And those who accuse chaste women but do not bring four witnesses—lash them eighty times, and do not accept their testimony ever again. Those are the defiantly disobedient.” (Al-Nur 24:4) God does not say, “Ask them why they accused her.” He says: “If they don’t bring four witnesses—they are criminals.” Even in the famous incident of slander against Aisha, Mother of the Believers, God says: “When you received it with your tongues and said with your mouths what you had no knowledge of, and you thought it insignificant, while it was, in the sight of God, tremendous.” (Al-Nur 24:15)

In the scale of God:

You are not required to be sure of someone's innocence. You are required to remain silent unless you witness four lights of truth with your own eyes. To receive a rumor—then pass it on—is a compound crime: Hearing + Suspecting + Repeating + Cowardice. And God... He doesn't curse adulterers in these verses— He curses those who falsely accuse the pure without evidence. The boy didn't speak much. But when he saw her sleeping with the door shut and the cats guarding her, he wrote on the white wall, with his broken pen: "She is pure... Even if you don't believe her. God bears witness to that— And so do I. And the cats."

The Fifth Watchman: Sold for a Cheap Price (On the compromises that begin with silence... and end in the loss of self)

The offer was tempting: A stable salary, health benefits, free coffee, and an office with a glass door. But the boy looked at the contract, and read in it something that could not be seen in ink. At the very bottom, there was a faint sentence, barely visible:

"Employees are prohibited from expressing opinions or publishing anything that may harm the institution's image." He closed the file, and looked at his cat playing with an empty bag. He said: "They want me to be like this bag... filled when they wish, then thrown away at the first disagreement." That evening, an old colleague visited him—she worked in the evaluation department. She said gently, with bitterness beneath her tone: "The system is huge... and you are small. Take the opportunity. Don't be idealistic. First—live." He replied, calmly:

"But what if I die before I begin? Who will carry the burden of silence in my name?" The next day, he went to the office just to return the file. He left it on the table, and on the last page, in small handwriting, he wrote: "They sold Joseph for a cheap price... but he came out of the well. As for me—I don't want to enter it in the first place."

Quranic Reflection:

On selling the self, and accepting humiliation for crumbs In Surah Yusuf, God describes the sale of Joseph: "And they sold him for a low price—a few silver coins—and they were of those content with little." (Yusuf 12:20) This was not just a sale of the body—but of value. A human beyond price was sold for the least, because they did not see his worth. In contrast, Joseph himself, when tempted by the wife of the minister, said: "My Lord, prison is more beloved to me than what they invite me to." (Yusuf 12:33) To him, prison was preferable to surrender. Then, after long patience, he was released— not out of pity, but because they needed him: "The king said: Bring him to me—I will appoint him exclusively for myself." (Yusuf 12:54) Joseph—who was once sold for a cheap price— ended up feeding those who were hungry... both physically and spiritually.

In the scale of God:

Not every offer is refused because you're "weak"— some are refused because you know your worth. The first compromise is never loud. It comes as a subtle sentence in

a hidden clause— then grows into a law that forces you to betray yourself in the name of “public interest.” And God... does not ask how much you were paid, but how much of yourself you sold.

The Sixth Watchman: He Who Forgot His Heart (On heedlessness, consuming orphans' wealth, and the heart that grew so silent it was no longer heard)

The man was large. His voice filled the house. But what caught the boy's attention wasn't the voice— it was the orphan behind him: thin, silent, eyes to the floor, as if used to never being asked. The man, filling the inheritance form, said: “I am his legal guardian. I've cared for him five years. He needs nothing—I buy him all he needs.” The boy looked at the child's worn shoes, at the unopened milk carton, and knew the paper said one thing— but life said something else entirely. In a nearby corner, cats ate from a small bowl. One of them always left her share for a smaller one. The boy looked at the orphan, then at the cat, and wrote in his notebook:

“Mercy doesn't need a legal signature... only a heart that does not forget.” That night, the orphan climbed to the rooftop, and opened a small notebook. In it, he wrote: “O Lord... if You care for orphans, then don't send me a guardian... send me a cat.”

Quranic Reflection:

On consuming the wealth of orphans, and neglect disguised as care In Surah al-Nisa, God says: “Indeed, those who consume the wealth of orphans unjustly are only consuming fire into their bellies. And they will burn in a blazing fire.” (al-Nisa 4:10) He did not say “steal it”— He said “consume it unjustly”— referring to those with legal power or formal guardianship, but hearts that have forgotten God. And in Surah al-Baqarah: “And they ask you about the orphans. Say: improvement for them is best. And if you mix with them—they are your brothers...” (al-Baqarah 2:220)

God's scale appears: not in official documents, but in sincere care In Surah al-Duhaa, when God reminds His beloved: “Did He not find you an orphan and shelter you?” (al-Duhaa 93:6) Then: “So as for the orphan—do not oppress him.” (al-Duhaa 93:9) As if to say: “Do you remember being an orphan? Then do not forget the one who now stands where you once stood.”

In the scale of God:

Not everyone who cares for an orphan is a protector. He may be an enemy in gentle words, or a thief with the court's approval. And when the heart forgets— no major crime is needed. It is enough to forget that it too was once weak. And God... does not weigh paper. He weighs the mercy within it.

The Seventh Watchman: The Great Detestation (On hypocrisy... the word undone by action, and the boy who stopped clapping)

Today is a grand event in the institution's main hall. Flags hang. Polished slogans fill the walls: "Honor – Integrity – Service to the People." The director general stands on the stage, waving a thick document: "Here is our plan to fight corruption!" Applause erupts. A new banner reads: "Together Against Nepotism." Only the boy notices that the front seats bear the names of the director's own relatives. And that cats are not allowed nearby— "Too much fur gives a bad impression of cleanliness." The lights dim. A video plays praising transparency. The boy whispers to himself: "True transparency doesn't need a screen... just an open window." After the event, a new slogan is printed on all official documents: "Fighting Corruption Starts Here." But the boy watched the donation box emptied silently, loaded into an unmarked car. At the exit, the director smiles for the cameras. The boy walks behind him— until he hears a harsh whisper: "Step aside... you don't look good in the photo!" The boy lifts his head, then continues walking. In his pocket, a small note written that morning: "O Lord, if You detest the hypocrites, do not make me one of them... even out of politeness." That evening, he returned to his flat. Fed his cats. Turned off the light. But left the window open— so he would not forget how the air feels when it isn't dressed up.

Quranic Reflection:

A. The Qur'an defines "The Great Detestation"

In Surah al-Saff, God says: "O you who have believed, why do you say what you do not do? Most hateful it is in the sight of God that you say what you do not do." (al-Saff 61:2–3)

"Kabura Maqtan"—the anger of God, at its peak. Not directed at a killer, nor a thief— but at those who preach righteousness, and act against it.

B. Hypocrisy... the crime of the voice that contradicts the hand

In Surah al-Baqarah: "When they meet the believers, they say: We believe. But when they are alone with their devils, they say: Indeed, we are with you..." (al-Baqarah 2:14) A tongue with two faces: light in public, fire behind closed doors. In Surah al-Nisa: "They show off to people, and remember God only a little." (al-Nisa 4:142)

C. God's scale is not deceived by microphones

What appears at a ceremony may impress reporters— but God weighs the truth of the heart by the deed that follows the speech. A slogan, if not turned into real justice, becomes a banner that exposes its bearer on the Day of Judgment.

In the scale of God:

Slogans raised without action turn on Judgment Day into stones hurled at the speaker. The "Great Detestation" is not for one who failed after trying, but for one who dressed failure in green speeches. The heart that watches its own contradiction is closer to salvation than a tongue fluent in anthems.

Chapter Closing:

The boy wrote at the bottom of his note: “O Lord... Paradise does not need advertisement. It is enough for it to be an open door—like a window. And You see—even when they turn off the camera.”

He closed the notebook. And when he lay down to sleep, the cats circled him— Tiny witnesses that he had tried to remain honest, even if all he had was a plate, and a heart he had not sold.

The Eighth Watchman: Filth Cannot Be Washed with Water (On fearful allegiance, consuming forbidden wealth, and lies that claim power in the name of God)

The boy sat before an old cupboard, cleaning books he had collected from trash bins—a book on theology, another on law, and a third with no title... just pages with remnants of prayers once written sincerely. A well-dressed man entered—recently appointed to the “Administrative Transformation” department. He smiled and said: “You’re one of the good ones. Don’t waste yourself on words. Just be smart—obey.” The boy asked: “And what about God?” The man replied, smiling: “God is with the group. And the group here decides who is faithful, and who is a threat.” That same day, an internal announcement declared a new partnership with a foreign institution— one known for normalization, usurious loans, and hostile stances toward the boy’s faith. Flags were hung. A unified post was requested from all employees: “This is a moment of progress. Whoever doesn’t understand the moment... will be left behind.” That evening, the boy fed his cats, then wrote a message to himself and pinned it to the wall: “I don’t hate them because they are from another people— but because they stole the name of God, dressed it in a fine suit, and used it to loot nations. And when we protest, they say: This is national duty... or a new fatwa.”

Quranic Reflection:

These verses from Surah al-Ma’idah (verses 51–64) do not speak of race or religion—but of a path taken by those who distorted the religion with lies, alliances with oppression, and consumption of what is forbidden.

1. Allegiance driven by fear

“So you see those in whose hearts is disease rushing toward them, saying: ‘We fear that a disaster may strike us.’” (al-Ma’idah 5:52) Fear of “circles”—sanctions, exclusion, isolation— leads some to ally with those who deny their faith, not out of justice or mercy, but to preserve their status, bread, or image.

2. Consuming forbidden wealth and collective lying

“You see many of them rushing into sin and transgression and consuming what is forbidden. How evil is what they were doing.” (al-Ma’idah 5:62) “Why do the rabbis and scholars not forbid their sinful speech and consumption of forbidden wealth? Evil indeed is what they have been doing.” (al-Ma’idah 5:63) “Suḥṭ” (unlawful gain) here is

not just stolen money— but anything gathered in the name of religion and wasted in the name of “interest.” What angers God most: that the religious scholars do not stop them—they bless them instead.

3. Manipulating the name of God

“The Jews said: ‘God’s hand is tied up.’ Their hands are tied up, and they are cursed for what they say.” (al-Ma’idah 5:64) This is not a casual statement— it’s a slander against God Himself. And anyone who promotes the idea that God stands with the oppressor because he is powerful— is merely repeating that claim in another form.

In the scale of God:

Whoever sells their religion out of fear of “the circle,” will be encircled within their heart before their body ever is. Whoever consumes the forbidden, will not be purified by a fatwa, nor a job, nor a banner that says: “We are against corruption.” The true abomination is to see those who speak in God’s name signing contracts in the name of the Devil. The boy wrote his final note and placed it under the cats’ bowl: “O Lord... I am no prophet, no ruler, no jurist... but I know that filth cannot be washed with water, and that You need no intermediary to hear my heart’s cry.”

Closing of the Chapter:

This is not a call to hate— but a call to expose those who lie in God’s name, feed themselves in the name of sharia, and ally with those who fight the truth, then claim: “We are building peace.” God... cannot be deceived. And His Book is clear.

The Ninth Watchman: A Small Idol in the Pocket (On those who said “God” with their lips... but feared and obeyed others more)

The boy was in the marketplace, carrying a bag of medicine for a sick cat. On the wall was a large religious poster: “Whoever relies on God—He is enough for him.” Nearby, a man whispered to his colleague: “Don’t disobey the director... even if he orders something against the faith. He is our livelihood. No one protects us but him.” The boy paused. He looked at the cat’s medicine in the bag, then at the phrase on the wall. And he whispered in his heart: “They believe in God... but fear the director more.”

Upstairs, a closed staff meeting was held. The director announced a new policy: “Any employee who criticizes decisions will be considered out of institutional order and cannot appeal to any authority.” One man raised his head—then lowered it. But the boy wrote a note he didn’t hand to anyone: “Sir... if what you say is above the Book of God... then you are a little god, residing in a bureaucratic drawer.” The next day, he saw employees leaving group prayer. One said: “O God, let no fear reside in my heart but Yours.” Then added: “But if we go against the policy... we’ll suffer for it.” The boy smiled—sadly— and said to himself: “O God... let my heart know the difference between prayer... and submission that wears the robe of faith.”

Quranic Reflection:

1. Do not set up equals to God—even if dressed in a suit

“So do not set up rivals to God while you know [better].” (al-Baqarah 2:22) Rivals are not just idols— but anyone we fear, obey, or seek approval from more than God. When we seek to please a boss over God, fear losing a job more than displeasing our Creator, follow a system that forbids what God permits or permits what He forbids— then we’ve made a rival to God— even without an idol.

2. False belief: believers in speech, but idolaters in action

“Most of them do not believe in God except while associating others with Him.” (Yusuf 12:106) A shocking verse. God says that most who claim belief—associate partners with Him without realizing it. How? – When someone says, “God is my Provider,” but refuses to give up unlawful wealth for fear of poverty. – When one reads: “Say: God rescues you from every distress,” but begs the powerful, convinced they’re the real saviors.

3. Obedience is not worship—unless it contradicts God’s command

In Surah al-Tawbah, God describes those who took their scholars and monks as lords: “They took their rabbis and monks as lords besides God.” (al-Tawbah 9:31) One companion asked the Prophet ﷺ: “O Messenger of God, we did not worship them!” The Prophet ﷺ replied: “Did they not permit what God forbade—and you accepted it? And forbid what God permitted—and you followed them?” He said: “Yes.” The Prophet said: “That was your worship of them.”

In the scale of God:

Not everyone who prays is a true monotheist. And not everyone who says “O Lord” has removed the idols from his heart. “Whoever obeys a created being in disobedience to the Creator— has made him a rival to God... even if he never bows to him.” That evening, the boy wrote on the back of a page: “O Lord... I do not ask for wealth or power. Just this: never let me obey anyone out of fear more than I fear You— even if he comes in white robes, or with a golden seal, or in the name of ‘national interest.’” Then he slept. And his cat looked at him, as if to ask: “Is God alone truly enough for us?” He smiled and replied: “And He is the best of Guardians.”

The Tenth Watchman: Do Not Force Them... For God Is Forgiving and Merciful (On hidden oppression, unseen weakness, and how prostitution sometimes begins with an electricity bill)

She wasn’t selling her body, but selling pieces of her soul in hidden installments: silence, concessions, justifications, and a smile stretched over an invisible wound. They said of her: “Shallow, lost, silly in her dreams.” But the boy once saw her walking in the cold, hiding a can of kitten milk in her coat—crying. She worked in a

“respectable” place, but she knew that promotions didn’t come from competence, but from pleasing hearts that didn’t love God, and satisfying a supervisor who believed only in what he saw in the mirror. One day, during a staff break, she asked him: “Can a person be forced into sin? So utterly forgotten that the only way to survive is to sell themselves?” He answered her, without philosophy: “God said it before you... ‘And whoever is forced—then indeed, God is Forgiving and Merciful after their compulsion.’” She looked at him, said nothing. But that night, she sat down and wrote a message in her journal—one no one had ever read: “O Lord... If You do not blame those who are coerced, then You surely see every lie dressed as a job, every whisper I was forced to say, every fall that began with a rent notice... and I never told a soul.”

Quranic Reflection:

On coerced prostitution, moral coercion, and mercy before punishment In Surah Al-Nur, God says: “And do not compel your girls to prostitution if they desire chastity, to seek the goods of worldly life. But if they are forced—then indeed, God is Forgiving and Merciful after their compulsion.” (Al-Nur 24:33)

This verse isn’t only about slaves. It is an eternal message to anyone who drives others into immorality through economic, social, or emotional coercion. Earlier in the same surah: “Let those who do not find the means to marry keep themselves chaste until God enriches them from His bounty.” “If they are poor—God will enrich them from His bounty.” As if God is saying: “Poverty is not an excuse for prostitution... But if one falls into it under oppression—I see them. And I will enrich them from My grace.” Then comes this verse immediately after: “God is the Light of the heavens and the earth...” As if God Himself is saying: “I am the light in the heart of the crushed. I forgive her before you judge her— because I know what you do not know.”

In the scale of God:

Prostitution is not only of the body. It is of the soul—when one is forced to sell their convictions just to eat. God sees the coerced, the compromises, the humiliations that leave no trace in court records. And God is not disdain to say to the weak one who found no other way: “I am Forgiving and Merciful... after your coercion.” At the bottom of her journal, she wrote—not the boy this time: “I do not justify myself. I just tell You, O Lord, that I resisted in silence. I fed the cats every day. Perhaps You will know that my heart was never sold... even if they sold me.”

End of the Chapter:

This is a chapter for those who were never given a choice. For those who were shut out from every door in the city, and had to enter through the back. People assumed they were corrupt... But they were simply: weak... alive... and crushed.

The Eleventh Watchman: Those Who Forgot Themselves (On those who forgot the afterlife, sold the present, and bought heedlessness at a cheap price)

What this chapter explores: How forgetting the meeting with God is the start of all corruption How religion becomes a hollow habit when we forget we'll be held accountable How political, financial, and social crimes are committed because people "forget they're leaving"

The story:

A very wealthy young man... He prays Friday prayers, gives alms, films himself visiting orphanages— but behind the scenes, he cheats workers' wages, humiliates employees, and sees people as tools. He always says: "We only live once—let's take what we can." But one night, he sees the boy—his old friend—digging a small grave in an old yard for a stray cat that died in the street. When he asks him why he'd make such an effort for "just an animal," the boy replies, quietly: "I'm not just burying it... I'm reminding myself that I'll be here someday too. And what I'll carry with me won't be my bank account— but the mercy in my heart."

The Twelfth Watchman: Those Who Forgot God... So He Made Them Forget Themselves (On hypocrisy, arrogance, and those who corrupted because they forgot they would die)

This time, evil wasn't clear. It wasn't a sword, a slap, or a shouted curse. It was blended into perfume, hidden in polished speech, drawn on the smile of the well-dressed official who said: "Praise be to God... we serve the community." The boy stood at the gate, carrying a sick cat in a cardboard box. The elegant man approached and said: "You should clean yourself up and look presentable... you're ruining the image of the place." The boy wanted to respond, but instead, he stroked the cat's head and whispered: "One who spoils his image before people may be forgiven... but one who spoils the image of his heart before God— who will forgive him?" A few minutes later, the event began: Speeches, photos, pamphlets, verses recited on a decorated stage. Those pictured: four presidents, five businessmen, and men wearing robes and headscarves. Those unmentioned: a widow, an orphan, a janitor, and a boy who owned only a cat and a notebook.

That evening, the boy saw an ad: "Program to Support the Weak—Sponsored by Mr. So-and-so." He knew the "weak" in the photo weren't the weak in reality. He wrote in his notebook: "Whoever does something to be remembered—will be forgotten. Whoever prays to be seen—will be blinded. Whoever speaks in God's name, yet forgets he will stand before Him— God will make him forget himself. Even if he repeats God's name in every sentence."

Quranic Reflection:

“So woe to those who pray— but are heedless of their prayer, those who make a show [of their deeds].” (Al-Ma’un 107:4–6)

Prayer does not protect its owner if it is not a true connection to God. It may become a curse if it is for show, for prestige, or for public image. “They forgot God, so He made them forget themselves.” (Al-Hashr 59:19) When you forget God, you forget your truth. You think your position will save you. That your image is enough. That praise is a sign of safety. And you forget... that you are human. That you will die. That you will be questioned.

In the scale of God:

Whoever prays—his prayer is not pure unless it is for God alone. Whoever gives charity—it will be rewarded only if free of arrogance or harm. Whoever works—his deeds are blessed only if done for God, not for people. And God... does not look at your images— but at your hearts.

On the final page of his notebook, the boy wrote: “O Lord... Do not make me famous on earth and forgotten in heaven. Do not let my book become a witness against me. Do not let me forget... as they forgot You, so You made them forget themselves.” Then he closed the notebook, turned off the light, and whispered into the dark: “Only now... has the Day of Judgment quietly begun.”

The Twelve Watchmen: A Covenant Never Forgotten (On the great forgetting, and the watchmen who fell when they sold the promise)

The boy walked through the old market, watching faces, listening to the noise— but his heart was consumed by a single question:

“What is it that makes a person lose their heart?” Not poverty. Not illness. Not even sin. But... forgetting the covenant. In a narrow alley, he found a vendor shouting: “Three installments—and you get a certificate of integrity!” And in the other corner, a sign read: “Initiative to promote prayer in government offices – Sign and receive benefits.” Someone laughed and said: “Even religion... has become a bargain.” The boy whispered: “No... some forgot the religion, and then wrote a new contract in its place.” That night, he read in his old notebook: “And indeed, God took a covenant from the Children of Israel, and We appointed among them twelve leaders...” He paused. Said to himself: “Those watchmen weren’t sent to rule, but to remind— to say: remember... you promised your Lord, do not forget. But they forgot—so they became the first to betray.” He continued reading: “So for breaking their covenant, We cursed them and made their hearts hard...” His heart trembled— not from the curse, but from the hardness. “A hardened heart doesn’t just kill... it stays silent while mercy is murdered.” And then the final verse came—like a flower in ashes: “So forgive them and overlook [their faults]. Indeed, God loves those who do good.” He smiled. And said: “Even after betrayal... God opens the door of forgiveness— for whoever returns, pure— not as a watchman, but as a witness.”

Quranic Reflection:

1. The covenant is not ink—it is life

“Indeed, God took a covenant from the Children of Israel, and We appointed among them twelve leaders...” The covenant is what was planted in human nature: To know God, remember Him, speak truth, establish prayer, give sincerely, and stand against injustice. The watchmen were not kings— they were witnesses to the promise.

2. The greatest punishment: forgetting the gift “But they forgot a portion of what they were reminded of...”

Not all—just a portion. Maybe a verse, maybe a tear, maybe a reminder that came in a moment of weakness... and they rejected it. So God hardened their hearts.

3. Mercy—even after betrayal “So forgive them and overlook [their faults]... Indeed, God loves the doers of good.”

The end is not eternal hell— but forgiveness and pardon, if the heart returns to the portion it once forgot.

In the scale of God:

Those who betrayed the covenant are not cursed simply for sinning— but for forgetting that they once promised. And whoever returns—even after their heart turned hard— will find that God... still loves the doers of good. The twelve watchmen were not just numbers— they were symbols of every soul that witnessed the truth, and was tested in its loyalty.

At the very end of his book, the boy wrote: “I am not a watchman. But I was a small witness to a promise few still remember. And if I ever forget— then remember me, O Lord, as You remember the heart that almost went out... but chose to return.”

And Whoever Remembers... Rises (On those who were once ashamed, but stood—because God does not love His light to be extinguished, nor is He pleased when the weak are expelled in His name)

On one page, her hand almost stopped. She wanted to grasp the pen, but hesitated. There was a subject— A heavy, delicate subject that can’t be spoken without the soul trembling. She hid the page, and folded the idea away. She said to herself: “Maybe it doesn’t belong on paper. Some wounds should stay hidden, some cracks should remain untold.”

But in her heart, a softer voice whispered: “And if the truth isn’t told— how will the broken heal? Who will speak, if the honest go silent?” That night, she read: “O you who believe! Stand firmly for justice, as witnesses to God—even against yourselves...” (An-Nisa 4:135) She opened the page again. She didn’t write names, nor mention faces— but she wrote about a heavy shadow cast on some souls when they are forced into silence, denied modesty, and made to walk paths they did not choose. She wrote

of those who had no one to lean on— so they leaned on shame... and long silences. She wrote about those who were blamed for being silent, then blamed again when they spoke, and eventually... forgotten. But she didn't write to condemn. She wrote to say: "You, the unseen— I see you. You, who walked alone in the long night— I record your steps here, not to judge you, but so someone may one day say: 'There was someone on earth who understood you.'" Then she remembered the Prophet who said to his people: "O my people, who will help me against God if I were to drive them away? Will you not take heed?" (Hud 11:30) It was like she was crying it from her heart, without speaking: To all who try to cast out the weak in the name of purity— "I will not drive them away... because God sees me if I do— and who will help me against Him?"

Quranic Reflection:

1. Testimony is not limited by time

"Stand firmly for justice... even against yourselves." Silence is not always modesty— Sometimes it's just fear wrapped in the paper of politeness. But God... knows the heart. He knows when speech is worship, and when silence is cowardice.

2. Do not extinguish the light out of shame

"It has already been revealed to you in the Book that when you hear the signs of God denied and mocked, do not sit with them..." Some gatherings put out the light. Some silences ignite a fire in the heart that only a word can extinguish. And God does not love those who put out His light for fear of ignorant mockers.

In the scale of God:

Modesty is noble— But there is no modesty in hiding the truth when the voices of the oppressed go unheard. God is a concealer—yes. But He does not accept that the souls who were coerced, silenced, and dimmed— are then forgotten.

And when they rise and say, "I am here..." It is not to condemn, but to bear witness.

At the end of the page, she wrote: "O Lord... I wrote in a way that does not wound, nor expose— because I believe You are nearer than every reader, and You know who was broken, who was ashamed, who was lost. Make these words a testimony—not a scandal, a light—not a wound. And for those who read it... a mercy hiding within."

Conclusion: When the Scale Falls Silent... God Remains

I am not a prophet. Nor a judge who carries heaven's seal, Nor a scholar who writes on whiteboards and sleeps peacefully. I'm just... a simple boy, who feeds cats, and reads the Qur'an the way a child denied play would read— with awe, fear, and hope. I've seen those who pray— yet their hearts are busy with likes and followers. I've seen those who call for justice— yet fall silent when the victim is poor, and clap when the criminal holds a title.

I've seen one shout "Allahu Akbar"... then obey fear more than God. I've seen a murderer awarded for "bravery," and a mother shamed for refusing to deny her child. Then I returned to the Book of God. I wasn't looking for fatwas— but for light. And I found: That the murderer who repented... was forgiven. That the one who stole out of hunger... should not have his hand cut off, but his heart fed. That God is not fooled by diplomas— He knows who betrayed the trust, even if they wore the finest clothes. And I found that whoever says "God" with his tongue— but fears others in his heart— has made a rival to God... and does not realize it. I did not write this to condemn anyone— but to say:

In the Scale of God... A crime is not measured only by the act— but by the intent, the weakness, the trickery, the plea for mercy, and by the tear no one saw but God. The judge may think his hand is clean... but the cats know, and the earth knows, and the Lord who never forgets—knows. In the end, I closed my notebook, fed my cat, looked at the sky... and wrote my final line: "O Lord... Do not make me a jurist— but make me a servant who sees the light when others extinguish it. One who walks to You, even if alone— with a cat, a Qur'an, and the memory of an ancient covenant... never forgotten."

In a small kitchen... where the Resurrection lay silent.

In this book... I did not write for “those above,” but for those whom the call ignores... who are forgotten in the rear seats. Those who, if they vanish, are never asked about; if they appear, go unnoticed; if they burn, people say, “perhaps it’s but a jest from the Lord of the fire.”

Personal Note:

I want to clarify that I did not write this text hastily. Before sharing it with you, I warned those involved — more than once — asking them, with patience and respect, to keep their words and actions away from me. I asked for peace. They responded — in the spirit of those before them — “Go, you and your Lord...” as if truth were a burden they refused to carry. I did not wait for them to say: “Show us God openly.” before I dared to write. But I waited far longer than a human heart should bear. And when no one remained as a witness but God Himself — I released the pen.

A first note... to the bearer of the Beautiful Name:

I used to think you were different. I thought you wouldn’t become a mirror reflecting their faces... But sadly, you learned silence quickly, And mastered the art of bowing—without even blinking.

I didn’t ask you to take a stand, Nor to rebel. I only hoped—what a simple hope—that you wouldn’t become one of them. You were a diligent employee. And still are. But your diligence—despite its strength—was never for the poor, Never for those who have no ready smile, no power to join in small alliances of hypocrisy. Yes, you work hard... But in the wrong direction. You play the game well, and keep your voice low. You avoid losses—even if the cost is a forgotten soul sitting quietly in the corner. Your name is beautiful, But names alone are never enough... Not when the conscience becomes something that can be postponed.

That morning I woke up carrying my head like a lantern that refused to light. I went to work with no aim except to fulfill my duty in silence, knowing well that joining the choir of hypocrites offered no glory. I entered the kitchen. I was making something simple. Coffee, perhaps... or a quiet plea to God for a few more moments of grace. Someone entered. He bear a beautiful name. He greeted everyone... except me. I was not surprised. I simply set the coffee to boil, like a mother preparing milk for a child that was not hers. As usual, he entered with the face society deemed "friendly," but his eyes—oh, the irony—always betrayed his smile. He greeted the two others in the kitchen. He ignored me as if I were a broken chair, an accessory meant to be invisible. I didn't respond. I said nothing. I continued my work like a prisoner perpetually chipping at a cell wall: without hope, yet without quitting. Half an hour passed, and the kitchen chatter remained trivial—football, teams, national squads... (and never a word of inner wounds, injustice, hunger, or the night's sorrow in the eyes of starving cats...) Then, as if conjured from a poorly written novel, he turned to me, cheeks timid, and asked: "Rend, dear... could I get two iced Spanish latte?" Oh, God, how the soul recoils from such moments... the moment someone asks for something... after intentionally ignoring you. They ask for coffee, calling on you for kindness even as you tremble beneath their glance. I lost composure. I said: "Why didn't you even greet me?" The entire scene trembled, not under a sword—just a small, disarming question. "No, really... I did greet you," he said. "But maybe you just didn't hear." Oh... that line. The coward's defense, spoken only when witnesses exist. He forgot there were two others present, and forgot I had watched him upon entering as though guarding dignity. Feigning surprise, he left swiftly. When he left, I asked—cold as ice: "Will you not at least have your coffee?" (And beneath the words: I'm working, not chasing humiliation.) Now hours later, he returned—this time to eat. I called to him with the hush of buried steel, saying: "Oh bearer of the beautiful name, do not think my heart was cruel when I spoke. Instead, I was trying not to see you as I saw the others. I wanted to keep a place for you untouched in my heart— but you insisted... on being just like them." He answered, confusion flickering over his face: "No, no, Rend... you mean even if I didn't greet you, that doesn't justify your reaction!" In that moment, the final mask dropped. And I realized that speaking truth in a place accustomed to politeness becomes a crime. He laughed, denied again, and spoke like those who refuse even to acknowledge their own faults to themselves.

—

Did I tell you that there had been a funeral at his house not long ago? A passing grief... like any other that visits all homes— and will one day visit ours too, perhaps when we least expect it, and maybe... When no one is truly worthy of offering us their condolences.

Did I tell you that "the women"—my coworkers—gathered at the wake, went together, but did not inform me? As if such sorrows were for everyone but me. They often gathered in their giggling clique, never casting a glance at me or even acknowledging my name. I did not rebuke them before— when they would sit together and chatter happily in the presence of no one, as though existence reserved space only for them. But on the day of the funeral, I wrote to them. I wrote because I know that truth reveals the soul not in ease, but when life's face is cleansed by grief. So I wrote: "Peace be

Quiet Resurrection

upon you, I write this message with a deep sorrow in my heart, not only because of what happened today, but because of the mounting sense of neglect I have endured among you. Though we work under the same roof and experience moments that demand collective humanity and compassion, you chose to attend the wake alone, without even a word to me. I did not ask to be compelled, but I had hoped to be treated as a colleague, first—as a human. I did not reproach or protest; I merely said: ‘Allah is our Sufficient, and He is the Best to rely upon,’ for He knows what lies within hearts and judges with justice. This message is not meant to blame, but to remind that character is tested not in words, but in actions; and sometimes neglect wounds deeper than any hurtful phrase. I pray to God to soften your hearts, to reconcile differences among us, and to guide us to prefer kindness and sow goodness in the souls around us. My sincere prayers for your success always.”

I did not demand to be included, only to be recognized as a colleague, as a soul with a name. But their reply was silence. One by one, they departed from the group, as though I had spread a contagion.

“They returned from the funeral with laughter on their faces as they entered the office as if they came back from a wedding— laughing like children ignorant of what a cemetery knows. And they sent the least of them in heedlessness, so she slid to me in the kitchen, her voice shaking, to say: “And as she slipped quietly into the kitchen where I stood, her eyes speaking what her lips did not. It was as if she said: ‘Rend, don’t you know I am too foolish to be reproached, forever at war with myself? Reproach does no good for someone like me. So why burden me with such literary messages? I beg you, don’t send us words so heavy with feeling again.’”

And I didn’t respond.

I stood there before her, unshielded and silent— carrying within me a storm no one could see: a flicker of amusement, a quiet sorrow that resembled forgiveness, and a curious astonishment.

I wasn’t listening to her words, but to something deeper inside me... analyzing the tremble in her voice, reading the darkness in her mouth, measuring the wound that was clearly speaking through her.

I didn’t need to reply.

Some outbursts do not require resistance, only understanding.

And from her eyes, from the shaking in her tone, from her refusal to say my name— I recognized the place she came from. Not a city, but that abandoned place inside her, where no one had ever said: “You are not the enemy.”

As if courtesy was more than she could bear, as if emotion reminded her of what she had buried, as if respect... was a mirror she dared not face.

This is how souls are revealed— not when tables shine and praises are passed around, but when bread is broken among strangers, and funerals pass without stirring more than a stifled laugh.

In such moments, polished words fall away, and the truth stands bare: that pain doesn't embarrass them— it exposes them.

And so I learned: not every “Ahmed” bears the heart of Imam Ahmed in “at the gates of mercy”, and those cheered by crowds... may never be heard by God— their applause was only for themselves. And because I Was Not Made to Be Like Them So don't ask me why I wrote. I didn't write from weakness — I wrote from fear. Fear that one day, I might become like them. I saw wrongdoing unfold before open eyes, and no one spoke. They blessed it with silence, decorated it with a smile, and raised it up on the table as an “administrative success.” I saw the weak being humiliated, and the people turned their heads away, whispering: “It's none of our business.” Then they returned to speak of values... though all they wore were masks of borrowed ethics. I did not write to condemn anyone. I wrote to protect my heart from becoming like theirs, from being content with what they accepted, from sinking my head in the same mud, then telling myself: “At least I'm okay.” No. I'm not okay if my heart starts to look like theirs. I'm not okay if I stay silent. I wrote because I cannot survive in a place that kills compassion in the name of professionalism, that buries truth under the word “politics,” that sugarcoats cruelty and calls it “team spirit.” I wrote because the fire in my chest — I didn't ignite it. They did. And I — by God's mercy alone — didn't let it consume me. I caught it. And I poured it into these pages. Yes, these words burn. But they do not burn the innocent. They only scorch those who were there... and chose silence. But before you close this page, before you marvel at my quiet strength, I must say what I can no longer conceal. I did not write this for coffee, nor for pride. I wrote it because they have crushed me... crushed me beneath their feet repeatedly, and I remained silent. This was not the first time. This was merely a drop... in a river of humiliation. Do you know what they want? They want me to become like them. They want me to remove my garment—not because it is soiled, but because it is pure. They want me to disrobe faith that is no longer their fashion. They want me naked of mercy, of shame, of God. They want me to become a piece of their darkness— something to rebuild from, something to tear down. They demand that I collapse... elegantly, with a smile, while removing my own skin to run with their jackals. They want me to be a copy of their failure, a replica of their ugliness. They demand silence when the truth is slain, calling it “not our job.” Yes... they want me to smile while I'm being executed, to remain silent while I'm slapped, to boil coffee with trembling hands and distribute it with an equity I have never tasted. But, sirs... I see you. You do not amuse me. Rather you remind me of a nations that came before you... who denied that the sky could hear, who declared messengers liars or madmen or sorcerers., and mocked those who strove to mend what was broken in the land. Until what they once ridiculed came upon them — and they cried out: “Woe to us... were we truly among the wrongdoers?”. You are the heirs of nations who laughed until death swept them away. You are not strong. You just have not tasted calamity yet. If you had... you would know that those who press on the needy do not rise—they fall without returning. You do not hold keys to mercy, nor vaults of grace. You only possess a mirage power, some relationships, and that flimsy laughter forced in empty rooms that do not warm widowed hearts. But God... God holds the light, gives it to whomever He wills, and withdraws it from those who drowned in darkness and asked: “where is the light?” You... are not my enemies. You are your own. And I—when I wrote— did not

aim to condemn. I aimed to guard my heart from becoming like you, and to say to God: "He who created me guides me; He who feeds and waters me and heals me when ill; and who causes me to die, then restore me to life." I am no prophet, yet I have seen the imprint of prophecy in the tear of a laborer, a woman hiding hunger beneath a simple shawl, a cat fed by my hands alone. I did not write to accuse, but only... to point out. As Mary once did. And if you laugh now, others have laughed before— when ships were built upon sand. But the Ark sailed. And I need not wait for the storm to prove I saw it first. On the final page of this notebook, I will place no signature. Only a faint line, written as I wiped my face after ablution: "This is given by the Giver of All — al-Wahhab... and I am no one's instrument." No curses. No insults. For one who writes for God does not raise a lash against anyone. Rather, they raise a finger... and point like those who said before: "God never forgets." But, sirs... I am not you. And I will keep my robe, even if you tear it with your teeth. And will sew shirts of shame for you, clothe you with jackets of prayer, and write for you, because I know... God does not love those unclothed in humility, And when a prideful beggar are clothed by someone, God is pleased. At the end of this book... I say: I did not come to condemn you, but to declare: In God's scale, it is not your faces, nor your manufactured smiles, that will be weighed, but your silence when you should have spoken, your neglect when you should have cared for a person. I...wanted only to point. As Mary once pointed. So ask me no further, nor apologize. I have forgiven you... not because you deserve, but because my heart is unworthy of carrying your filth. —

Now... I close the book. Yet I leave the final page open, for any witness who remained silent, anyone who did not greet yet smiled when I served, anyone who thought the poor to be a toy... And I say to them: "God wrongs no one— but people... have wronged themselves."

Not every resurrection is thunderous. Some begin in a small kitchen, Over a cup of cold tea, and a silence too heavy to carry itself. And not every death is of the body. Some deaths occur when your dignity is extinguished in broad daylight, While people laugh as you fall, then say, "We were just playing." But I rose. I rose from that death. Not to take revenge, Not to settle scores, But to testify. Yes—I testify. And I testify now—not with the tongues of men, Nor on the pages of courts that do not see the hearts, But before the heavens, Before the One who holds the light of testimony, its justice, and its secret. I am the one who found no human witnesses, one who cried out to the One who brings forth what is hidden in the heavens and the earth and knows what you conceal and what you reveal. And I swore: I will not trade this truth for any gain, Even if the one I accuse is someone close. And I will not hide what I saw, Even if I'm asked to bury my eyes in the dust. We did not transgress— We were wronged. We did not lie— We were lied about. We excluded no one— But we were excluded from every table. Even a smile was forbidden to us, Unless bought with humiliation. And today, we stand. Not on a stage, Not before a crowd clapping, But in the presence of God— The One who sees what's in the hearts, And knows who oppressed, Who remained silent, And who whispered complicity. So now, we swear: Our testimony is truer than their silence, More honest than their unblinking eyes, And we did not transgress— But we were, as heaven taught us— Those whom death approached, And so they wrote their will in a notebook, In a tear, Or in a cat that found no water. This is our witness. It cannot be

denied. It cannot be bought. It cannot be exchanged for a smile. Our witness is this: We were not created to beg mercy from the arrogant, But to reveal God's light In a small kitchen, Inside a great company—great only in its failure. So listen now, you who exalted yourselves above the weak: We never asked for anyone's favor, Only this— That a sign be written on our door: Here... the resurrection happened in silence. And here... Heaven bore witness.

They will be brought forth—on a day where no one is delayed. They will be made to stand— not in front of desks, not in performance reviews, but before the tribunal of the heart— where cases do not dissolve in polite emails, and files are not closed with a curt: "We apologize for the inconvenience." There, the laughter they once leaned on will crumble. The smiles they wore as armor will crack. And the questions they buried beneath, "It's none of our business," will rise to confront them. But they won't be silent. No—they'll say, just like those before them: "You brought us no proof." "You're just... sensitive. Overreacting, maybe afflicted somehow." "All this over a word? A glance? A joke?" They say it knowing full well: They never cared for the pain itself— only for how neatly it was packaged. And I will say to them, as a prophet once said before me: "I call God to witness... and you, bear witness too: that I am free from all you idolize." Free from hollow smiles worshiped like rituals, Free from the idols of performance, Free from the religion of pleasantries that hide the blade. So plot together. Send your smirks. Leave the chats. Write cold reports about warmth. Summon HR to hold accountable the one heart that dared say: "I'm hurting." But I won't give you time. Because I don't write for your patience, or for your understanding— I write to testify. And my testimony is this: The one who was humiliated in the kitchen— the heavens opened for them doors that no performance evaluation could ever unlock. And those who laughed at the one who cried— they too will be made to stand, and they will be asked: "Were you just playing? Or were you slaughtering, in the name of humor?" But this is no threat. It is a hidden mercy. A whisper of grace clothed in judgment. A voice that says: If only you had greeted... this scene may have never come to pass.

And when the laughter dies, and management raises its fingers, demanding: "Was it you who did this to our gods? Our system? Our sacred doctrine of performance?" I will say: "No—your greatest among you did this... the one who taught you how to bow." So ask him—if he can speak. But you won't. You'll look inward for a fleeting moment, then lower your heads, and say to me what others said before: "You already know... these gods cannot speak." And like every coward afraid to reason, you will declare: "Burn her. Silence her. She's disrupting the system." But because you've worshiped what neither harms nor helps, Shame on you, and on what you idolize instead of truth. I do not worship your reports, I do not kneel to your ladders of favoritism, and I do not bow to the gods of empty smiles. So go ahead—plot together. Fill your screens with gossip, your inboxes with cold complaints. Write reports against "sensitivity" just as Pharaoh once said: "Let me kill Moses..."

But Moses did not flinch. He said: "I seek refuge in my Lord and yours, from every arrogant soul who denies the Day of Reckoning." And now I say what no one has dared tell you before: You do not care for truth. You care for those dipped in gold, even if they're hollow. You love the well-practiced smile, even if it's stained with betrayal. You are the ones who crafted the policies of this company, then turned away from those

who could not flatter, assuming their quiet pain meant they were unproductive. But have you ever asked yourselves— if the janitor you look down on were to disappear, who would clean up your filth? Your exalted leader? Or you, O mighty ones, who think yourselves untouchable, while standing on the backs of the pure? You are the system-makers of cruelty, false gods made of office walls and applause, clapping only for yourselves, and trampling anyone who doesn't clap with you. But the Lord who made the fire cool and peaceful for Abraham is the same One who sees me, hears me, and is enough for me. And as for you... You are the ones who lost the most.

Oh yeah, I saw you.

Walking your polished hallways with your dry-cleaned shirts and your factory smiles, holding your coffee cups like they're Nobel prizes. You laugh soft so you don't scare yourselves, and you shut up always even when someone's getting gutted next to the goddamn microwave.

So what now? You issue a statement? "We regret how you felt." Like feelings are some alien infection that just happened, not something you caused with your glorious apathy. I know, I know. You don't hurt anyone you're just "busy." Too busy to say hello. Too busy to notice someone breaking down next to the fridge while you're debating last night's football match.

But fine, go ahead. Print your posters about "company values," slap on slogans about "positive work environments," launch your "Be a better listener!" campaign and then ignore the only real voice in the damn room because it didn't come in a PowerPoint. You're professionals, alright experts at manufacturing silence, masters of wrapping cowardice in corporate lingo.

But let me laugh.

I'm laughing not because I healed, but because you, you actually think you're the good guys. That you're on the "right side" of decency, that silence is wisdom, that slow death in the break room is just a "behavioral issue."

Listen, I'm not writing this for you. I'm writing it so I don't rot like the furniture you've become. You don't scare me anymore. You just prove me right.

And you?

You're exactly who I thought you were: broken glass under a fresh coat of polished bullshit. So take your reports, your memos, your sterile, shrink-wrapped compassion, and shove them into the nearest inbox that still believes in lies. Don't sit with the just. You barely qualify as background extras in a badly written novel. Close the door, kill the lights, and let me laugh...

because Resurrection came, and you were too busy filling out performance reviews.

This moment with all its silence, pain, insight, and restraint, was not the only resurrection. It was merely a small scene from a book yet to be opened.

What remained hidden... was heavier, older, and far more haunting than what appeared in plain sight.

And perhaps... what has been written here is not a final testimony, but the beginning of an awakening—for those who still believe that resurrection happens only once.

You might read it as literature...

Or you might see it like a mirror.

What matters is this — Don't sleep tonight without asking yourself:

Where was I?"

The softest corporate nightmare.

Note in the Margin:

The tragedy was not in the crime itself, but in the eyes that witnessed it... and settled for astonishment.

An unofficial definition of “the women”:

A group that neither commits injustice, nor stands against it... They merely marvel at it, then move on.

So tell me... was what happened to Joseph the result of “the women” plotting?

Or was it the plan of God—crafted with a wisdom revealed in its own time?

Did not God say in His clear Book: “And Allah is the best of planners”? (Surah Al-Imran – 3, 54)

Interpretive Compass

For those who first felt the pain, then understood the dignity.

This piece was not written about a single moment, but about a moment that came far too late. It doesn't matter who spoke—what matters is who stayed silent, and why. And for those seeking keys to the symbols, or wondering: What happened in that kitchen?—here are a few interpretations:

The Kitchen

Not a room in the house, but a courtroom without judges, without witnesses, without a voice. The kitchen is the final stage of betrayal, where what was never said is finally understood.

The Coffee

Not poured to be sipped, but to declare an end. In this text, coffee is not hospitality—it is a statement. It was served with a steady hand, not to warm, but to cool what had long burned between two wounded dignities.

Dignity

Did not arrive with noise, but in the form of decisive silence. Dignity here is not heroic, but deeply human—it returns when a person walks away without explaining.

Silence

Was not helplessness, but choice. In this text, silence is not submission—it is the realization that words no longer carry anything pure. It is the scream that was never heard because its time had already passed.

The Resurrection

Did not happen outwardly, but inwardly. The world rose and then fell again within the soul. This resurrection did not destroy—but rebuilt a decision: to walk away, not as punishment, but as survival.

Writing

Was not revenge, but endurance. What could not be spoken aloud, was said on the page. These lines are not letters—they are chapters of resurrection, written instead of screaming.

The Other

Not an enemy, but a mirror long delayed in shattering. He is the one who waited for an explanation and never received one; who mistook silence for weakness—never knowing it was all that remained of strength.

The Moment

Was never about the coffee—it was about resolution. A moment in which nothing is said, because everything has already been spoken... silently.

These keys are not the end of understanding, but its beginning.

Anyone who has endured a silence too heavy for the heart will find their own kitchen... and their own resurrection.

And every resurrection does not need to be seen... to be real.

Aaron Did Not Defend—He Pointed

I was there. Not on the mountain, nor with the calf. But in the in-between— where those who dislike noise often stand, the ones who know when silence is wisdom... and when it is the sound of deep pain.

I saw him pulling his brother's head, not out of hatred, nor in desire for punishment, but like someone returning from a long journey only to find a fire he didn't know had started.

And Aaron stood there. Not defending himself, not resisting the hand, but speaking the kind of sentence only those who have been through the fire can say, when language narrows and wisdom expands:

"They overpowered me... and nearly killed me."

It wasn't a complaint— but a factual report from someone who lived inside the blaze and did not burn.

He wasn't a coward,

as those who confuse shouting with courage might think. Nor was he silent in the face of evil, as those imagine who believe standing alone is always enough to stop a storm.

He knew some fires... are not put out with wood, but with waiting.

And he wasn't afraid for himself— but for what was left between him and his brother. He feared being told:

"You divided the people."

So he held his words,

as one might hold a flame to keep from burning down the house. He knew the people. Knew them the way waves are known by those who've lived beneath water for a long time.

He saw in their eyes a flicker that didn't look like faith—

but hunger. A hunger for shape, for symbol, for something to touch so they wouldn't have to think.

He didn't want to tear them apart with truth, because he understood: a truth spoken at the wrong time can destroy what remains of the mind.

So he remained silent. Not out of complicity... but preservation.

It wasn't silence about the calf— but about a people who nearly killed him for uttering the truth too soon.

Joseph, too, was once in prison. And he didn't rush to interpret. He didn't throw the dream on the ground— he said:

"This is something my Lord has taught me."

As if those who are taught by God... learn how to wait.

Tell me—

what is the point of truth, if no one is ready to hear it?

What is the value of winning the moment, if you lose every heart in the process?

Aaron was not a shadow, nor a follower.

He was a man who knew when a word should be spoken, and when it should be left for time to say it— when the people are ready.

And Moses... was full— of covenant, of anger, of love, of absence. When he saw the calf, he saw fire in his own eyes before he saw it in theirs.

So he grabbed the head— not because Aaron failed him, but because the moment was too big to understand all at once.

Later, when the noise settled, and silence finally spoke, those who once thought Aaron had been passive would realize—

he had been guarding a fire not meant to burn, but to ripen.

Between him and God there was a covenant— not written on tablets, but carved into a heart that knew:

some words... are not spoken immediately. They must be watered with patience, before they bloom.

At The Gates Of Mercy (A story written by hunger... and erased by repentance)

I was standing there— as only the weary stand at the end of a long day. I had nothing in my pocket worth mentioning, but my heart... my heart was heavy. Heavy with work, with people, with myself. I walked into the store. Looking for something to silence the hunger. Not a feast. Just something that lets me say to myself: “You’re still alive.” While paying, a girl looked at me. A worker. Tired. Standing on her feet for hours. She asked me, in a fading voice: “Cigarette?” Before she could read my eyes, I cut her off: “No. No thanks.” And I shut her down like people shut off water to a flower that’s done nothing wrong. Then I walked away toward the register. But in my heart... in my heart, someone stood up. He shouted: “Was this your justice, Rend?” Yes, I called myself by name— like a judge calling the accused from behind the bench. I stopped. Everything inside me wanted to run. But a real man doesn’t flee after wounding the weak. I went back to her. She was still there. Maybe she was used to being ignored. Used to dry responses. But she wasn’t ready for what I did. I stood in front of her like I was facing a mirror that had recreated me. And I said: “Forgive me... I was wrong.” It wasn’t an act of nobility. It was repentance. Not a gesture— but a prayer. Then— in a moment that didn’t belong to this world— I raised my hand, and kissed her forehead. Not because I’m noble, but because for a few seconds, I remembered I am human. And my heart whispered a verse known only to the hungry, the sick, and the exiled from the gatherings of lies: “It is He who created me, and He guides me. He gives me food and drink. And when I am sick, He heals me. He causes me to die, then gives me life again.” (Ash-Shu‘ara: 78–81) Yes... He feeds me. Even when my pockets are empty. And He guides me— even if my first step was arrogance, and my second... was confession. That’s how I sinned. That’s how I apologized. And that’s how I repented. And maybe—just maybe— the God who sees our weakness before we do wrote me a forgiveness in a kiss, and erased my guilt in a tear. And you— don’t think the biggest sins happen in massacres. Sometimes... they happen in a cold “No” to a girl selling something who only wants one thing in this world: Not to be looked at like she’s nothing. Now, if someone asks me: “What’s your greatest sin?” I won’t mention years past. I’ll say:

“Once, I hurt a girl. Then I cried. Then I kissed her forehead. And I still don’t know if she forgave me.” And that— to me— is heavier than all chapters of Crime and Punishment.

The Undying Victim

He didn't slaughter the children... He killed the dream in its crib. He didn't spill blood—he extinguished sight. He passed by the cradles, not to check on them, but to ensure no one would ever grow up to ask: “Why?”

Fear was the midwife. Names were granted from above. And a boy's life was recorded in their ledgers before his eyes had even opened.

As for the women, they weren't spared because they were weak— but because tyranny loves its victims breathing. It finds pleasure in their quiet moaning, so long as it's orderly, controlled.

A girl was kept alive, not because life was a gift, but because life under their grip is a soft kind of shame.

A life without dignity. An existence without choice. A womanhood reduced to servitude... or silence.

He measured power through fear. He counted age not in years, but in how many crimes were met with silence. Houses were built in caution, and newborns were blessed... with dread.

But you know him, even if you've never heard his name. He sometimes wears a uniform. He issues decrees that bear no blood— yet carry his scent. He shows up in every institution, in every system, in every gathering that hangs children by their spirits when they mess up a math test.

He doesn't kill them outright. He plants in them a sense of unworthiness. Teaches them that to question is a sin, that thinking is a crime, that survival lies in obedient silence.

And every time a dreamy child is born, they pin a badge to his chest and whisper: “Sleep well. There's no dreaming anymore.”

The strange thing about tyranny is that it doesn't need many soldiers— just a few teachers, a few clerks, a few preachers who know how to slip poison into verses recited with awe.

Do you see now?

Killing isn't always done with a sword. It can come through a sentence, a glance, a list of rules pinned to a school wall.

As for the women...

they weren't oppressed because God willed their weakness. They were silenced because tyrants wanted them to be the mirror of humiliation. If you ever wish to measure the civilization of a people,

look at how the women breathe in their cities. And in between all this— a generation grows up never trusting itself, searching for the meaning of life between the feet of tyrants, and calling death “relief.” For they never tasted life... except in sleep.

And I?

I am the Cupbearer.

I offer you this cup— not to intoxicate you, but to awaken you.

The slayer of the boy... and the slayer of assumptions.

I did not come to kill a child—this time, I came to kill an assumption. That boy I held and showed to Moses... was not the only one who must be slain.

Each of you carries within a boy born of doubt, raised in your home, nurtured by the voices of those you loved. A boy named: “God doesn’t do that anymore,” or, “Prayer changes nothing,” or, “I don’t deserve goodness,” or, “Life is hard, and God is far.”

These boys—if left unchecked—grow. And when they grow, they weigh down the heart with rebellion and disbelief. Not disbelief of speech, but of trust. Not a loud denial, but a quiet death of hope, the absence of serenity, and prostration that expects nothing. I came to slay those boys. Not with a blade, but with clarity. To show them to you, to draw them out, so your Lord may say: “So We intended that their Lord replace him with one better in purity and closer in mercy.” Do not fear the killing I bring—it gives life. Not only to the body, but to the soul. Nothing I do is from myself, but by the command of the One who seeks to purify you, not punish you. So let the boy inside you be slain, perhaps you’ll be gifted a child of light—purer in essence, closer in mercy. I didn’t write this to justify killing—but to rescue you from another kind of death you don’t see. A death needing no blade nor bullet, but a cruel word, an ignorant verdict, a false belief, or a smile that hides contempt. This book is called “The Bounds of Lawful Killing” because it speaks not of physical death, but of the silent slaughter that leaves no blood—yet buries the soul while it still breathes. I’ve seen those who pray... while their hearts are already dead. Those who supplicate... expecting nothing. Who read the Qur’an... believing it speaks to others, not them. These souls were not killed with swords, but by the words of those they trusted. That is why I wrote. To reveal the difference between the killing God permitted—and the killing people practice daily in the name of religion, fear, and reason. The lawful killing in God’s Book leads to life. But the killing we see today is a slow death that no one mourns—because it sheds no blood. Read this book not to judge others, but to ask yourself: “How many souls have I slain—without ever carrying a weapon?”

– The Righteous Servant

(And what I did, I did not do of my own accord... but so that life may rise where it ought to rise.)

I am the Cupbearer (The one who emerged from prison, holding a shirt... that does not lie.)

When was the last time you killed a thought? Do you remember that small belief you grew up with? The one that slipped into your heart without asking? The one that whispered: “God won’t do for you what He did for others.” “Prayer doesn’t change reality.” “People like you are never answered.” “The Qur’an is beautiful... but not practical.” “What happened to you was destined—there’s no hope in changing it.” Did you kill it? Or is it still alive, feeding off your soul? If you can’t remember the last time you killed a lie... then perhaps this book is your first sword.

“Do not kill the soul...” [Al-Isra: 33]

I was fed this meaning before I understood it. I used to think killing was a crime of the body—with a knife, a bullet, a scream. But I saw in palaces, in markets, in homes... murderers without blood. I saw those who slaughter souls while believing themselves kind—through a word, a look, a lie, or fear planted in a child’s heart. Then I heard God say: “And do not kill the soul which Allah has forbidden, except by right...”

and my heart trembled. He didn’t say “body” or “person”—He said soul. And the soul dies before the body grows cold—when your father tells you you’ll fail, your mother says you’re worthless, when society teaches you that “God no longer intervenes because times have changed,” when their eyes dissect you without mercy... that is when death begins.

Then the Almighty said: “Whoever kills a soul... it is as if he killed all mankind.” I reflected: why would killing one soul equal killing all?

Then I understood—because souls are like waves: if one drowns in fear, a thousand follow. The one who spreads the lie that no one will heal, no one will be saved, no one deserves hope... is not killing a person, but hope itself. And people die when hope dies. They walk as corpses. They become what we now see: dim faces, bent backs, eyes no longer lifted to the sky—but glued to screens. Zombies in elegant clothes. Souls were slaughtered when people made God seem absent, impossible, or distant—even as the Qur’an still says: “That is Allah, your Lord... Creator of all things... and over all things a Disposer of affairs.”

But how do we worship Him while believing He can’t save us from illness? How do we pray while thinking, “The time of miracles is over”?

That is killing—not by weapons, but by belief.

That’s why I wrote this book. Not to tell a story—but to shake awake the last heartbeat in a fading chest. This was the first thing I learned when I left prison, holding a shirt that carried the scent of life—to tell the king, and you, and anyone still breathing: “You are alive—as long as you believe nothing is impossible for God.”

But if you believe the lie... you’ve already been killed.

I write this, not as a prophet or a messenger—but I was once in prison with a prophet. I stood in the palace, where they interpreted dreams they didn’t understand, gave fatwas with no authority, and killed souls—then walked to the market, speaking of bread.

I saw the young man who said to Joseph: “I see myself carrying bread on my head, and birds eat from it.”

He wasn’t carrying it to eat, but for others. No one asked: Who is this carrying bread for others? Who dreams of hunger, and birds, and uneaten bread? Joseph said: “As for one of you, he will be crucified, and birds will eat from his head...”

They took it as a bad omen. Birds? A sign of doom? They didn’t ask: Who sends the birds? Who feeds them? Who taught them to know life from death? They forgot the Most Generous—the One who provides for birds in the sky—and focused only on the earth: the crucified.

That poor man was killed before crucifixion, during it, and even after—by their words, assumptions, and interpretations. They forgot he was carrying bread. And that when he saw Joseph, he said: “I see you among the doers of good.” But only those who carry goodness in their hearts can recognize the good in others.

That’s why... they didn’t see him. And still today, the innocent are killed—not with swords, but with confident lies, careless words, misattributed interpretations, and hearts too sure of themselves.

They kill the one who prays and is told, “Don’t get too attached.” The one who weeps in sujood and is told, “You’re overreacting.” The one who trusts in God and is told, “Don’t

be naïve.” The one who says, “Maybe God will give me like He gave Joseph,” and is silenced with: “Those were nations who passed away...”

Were they nations... or were they signs?

Yes,

“Those were nations...”—but they quote it not as God intended, but as a weapon to kill hope, to shut mercy’s door, to limit God’s grace.

And they don’t see that the harm they do returns to themselves, not those they try to “correct.” They say it when a child sees Joseph as a role model, when a girl hopes for what Mary received, when a man cries out, “Ayyub called You—answer through me.”

And they reply coldly: “Those were nations who passed away...”

as if the Qur’an closed with them.

They argue not to guide, but to silence those who still hope. They try to extinguish verses that revive the heart. They say: “Don’t over-interpret... they’re just stories.”

And I say to them gently: “Stories from whom? Didn’t He say: We relate to you the best of stories? Didn’t He say: Indeed, in their stories is a lesson?” Whoever blocks the lessons has blocked their own way to salvation.

That crucified soul is still being killed—the one who carried bread on his head, but they only saw the birds. The one who believed in God, but people denied him. The one who loved and was accused. The one who hoped and was mocked. The one who prayed and was accused of hypocrisy—because he wasn’t part of their group.

But God doesn’t forget. And He doesn’t abandon the wrongfully slain. He sends a witness, a shirt, a rescue from the prison, and makes him a cupbearer to hearts that nearly died—just as he once did.

A day will come when it’s said: “This is what you used to mock.” (Al-Mulk: 27) The slain will be cleared. The killer... exposed. The one who thought he was advising—never knowing he was killing.

This book is a cry—for the one silently killed. For the living dead among us. For those who will be killed tomorrow—if we don’t slay the lie today.

I write for those whose bread was taken from their heads, but no one saw the goodness they carried.

For those slain in the name of religion, caution, assumption—by those who believed “God no longer acts as He once did.”

I write in their name and pray:

O Allah, have mercy on those who died alive, those who lived dead, and those who carried bread for others and were devoured instead.

This book is another shirt... scented with the fragrance of the doers of good—those whose goodness went unseen... because people stopped seeing, and started assuming.

– The Cupbearer

The Boy Who Lives Within Us

The boy in the story of The Righteous Servant was not just a child. He was not merely a figure from an ancient society. He was the shadow of every dark assumption that takes root in our hearts while they are still young... and grows.

Doubts are not born fully grown—they start as boys. We see them as “innocent questions,” “reasonable fears,” “past experiences,” but they grow. They grow while we’re unaware, as we internalize: “Dua doesn’t heal,” “God won’t give me what He gave others,” “I’m not worthy of a response,” “What God wrote cannot change.” And

so... the boy becomes a tyrant within us. He exhausts us with his silent tyranny, extinguishes our light—without us ever saying, “I’ve gone dark.”

In the story of the righteous servant,

God said: “So we feared he would overwhelm them with tyranny and disbelief.”

He didn’t fear for the parents poverty, or rudeness—but that faith itself would be ripped from their hearts by a child who would grow up and destroy their light. How many boys within us have nearly ruined our relationship with God? How many poisoned ideas wore the costume of religion and killed our prayers? How many so-called “rational” thoughts uprooted hope from our hearts? How many “well-meaning” pieces of advice silently murdered your certainty? That’s why the righteous servant killed him. Not because the boy was guilty—but because he would one day cause the death of the living, the killing of those with goodness, the extinguishing of their lamps—in the name of parenthood, in the name of fate, in the name of love.

And I say to you now:

If you do not kill the boy who lives within you... he will grow. He won’t hold a knife—but he will kill you from within. He’ll steal your light while you think everything is fine. You’ll pray—but without life. You’ll make dua—but expect nothing. You’ll read the Qur’an—as if it were an old story, not a promise made for you.

Lawful killing isn’t always an end. Sometimes, it’s the beginning of salvation. The righteous servant killed him—and God replaced him with someone better. And if you kill your doubt, God will not leave you without a replacement. He will give you a light—closer in mercy, and purer in certainty.

“Do not kill the soul...”

In prison, I saw those who were killed before they died. People whose blood was never spilled, but whose souls were taken—with a word, a glance, a fear planted in them when they were small. They die, and then live for years not knowing they’re already dead.

I heard God say: “Do not kill the soul which Allah has made sacred—except by right.” [Al-Isra: 33]

And I realized God is not just speaking of the body, but of the soul—that unseen part of us which, when wounded, dims the light from our face, and begins a countdown to death... even if the heart still beats.

The soul is killed when a child is told, “God doesn’t hear your prayers,” or “Only the doctor can heal you,” or when the child’s spirit reaches out to God, and the rope is yanked away—and they are handed instead to someone hanging on a cross of doubt. Many around us are not truly alive. Their bodies walk, but their souls are bound, slaughtered, forgotten. They were killed when they feared what God never told them to fear. They were killed when they believed the lie that “the time of miracles is over,” that God has changed, retreated, or left them to causes alone.

Then God said in His Book: “Whoever kills a soul—not in retaliation or for corruption in the land—it is as if he killed all mankind.” (An-Nisa: 93)

And I asked: Isn’t this too much? One soul equals an entire nation? Then I understood... because the killer here doesn’t have a clear reason, but spreads corruption. And corruption doesn’t stop at one—it spreads like poison. When you spread fear, you kill more than one soul. When you issue a fatwa in the name of religion that crushes hope, you open the gates of a graveyard that never closes. These are the killers of souls. They do not carry knives. They carry assumptions—and they think them harmless, but with God, they are great.

I've seen them.

The mothers who told their daughters, "God won't give you." The fathers who told their sons, "Don't dream—reality is harsher." The preachers who told the people, "Don't make too much dua—it doesn't change anything." None of them used a blade—but they slaughtered hearts with their assumptions.

And I testify now:

Most of the dead were not in their graves—they are around us. Sitting, laughing, praying... yet their certainty has been killed, their ihsan buried, their hope extinguished long ago.

And this is the first thing I wanted to write:

Do not believe that the soul can only be killed by a sword. And never take part in killing a soul thinking you're fulfilling a duty. For the one who kills a soul is not only a murderer... He is, as God said, the killer of all mankind.

And I... I Write This Chapter for Them For those who died... but did not die. For those who carried goodness in their hearts, yet no one saw it—just as no one saw the boy in the prison until he interpreted their fear. And this... this is my first shirt. It carries the beginning of healing—not blood, but light born after a dead assumption.

The first shirt I offer you. Do not wear it... if you are still killing.

– The Cupbearer

“A dua that doesn't heal...”

O Allah, have mercy on them... those beneath the soil now, though their souls were killed long ago—before the body was washed, before the shroud wrapped them, before the grave was opened. They were killed by a cruel glance, a father's word, a fatwa from ignorance, knowledge mistaken for guidance though it held nothing of God. They made dua, lifted their hands as I do now, but they no longer believed God “responds”—because those around them taught them that God is distant, that dua is weaker than disease, that healing lies only in medicine, not in the promise of the Lord of healing.

I saw those who made dua with dead hearts. They said “Ya Allah,” but their eyes were fixed on reports, machines, and whispers: “No hope... it's too late... the case is closed.”

They didn't die because the disease was strong, but because certainty was weak—killed by a phrase often repeated in circles of despair: “The age of miracles is over.”

No, my friend.

The age of miracles has not ended—what ended was the age of believing hearts. The verses are still recited, but no one reads them as promises anymore. They read them as “beautiful chapters” or “ancient stories,” not as God's living voice.

God said: “That is Allah, your Lord... Creator of all things... and over all things a Disposer.” (Al-An'am: 102)

Their hearts replied, “We need something tangible.”

God said: “Call upon Allah, or call upon the Most Merciful...” (Al-Isra: 110)

They said, “But it's not enough.”

So who do we believe? The Lord of the heavens, or those who believe only what their senses touch?

Have mercy, my Lord, on those who called You with sincerity, but found no one to believe with them. So the prayer died in their mouths, and then they died—with sorrow

in their hearts: “O Lord, I called You... but they said You wouldn’t answer.” O Allah, have mercy on them. They died with fractured certainty, without anyone to help them think well of You.

They died because someone killed their hope—in the name of realism, religion, caution, and “rationality.”

I write this not because I am healed or strong, but because I learned: he who calls upon God, then does not believe He can... has made a dua that does not heal. And the first to be healed is the heart—if it escapes the doubts of people, their “knowledge” without light, and their advice that wounds the soul while smiling.

O Allah, have mercy

on those buried without knowing they were victims of assumption, not fate. Let this book be a witness for them, not against them. A plea for those still alive but who believe they are lost. O Allah, do not make us of those who kill a brother’s heart with a word, or close heaven’s gate with a fatwa, or speak of You without knowledge.

This is my second shirt. It carries the scent of hope. May it revive even one heart... one that rises from its grave, even if not yet buried.

– The Cupbearer

“Strike with your foot... this is cool water to wash with and to drink.”

I am the Cupbearer, speaking through the voice of Ayyub (Job).

I was not the afflicted one, but a witness to a man who lost everything—except God. His name alone was a prayer: Ayyub—from iyyabah, return, persistent knocking on a door that never closes.

He lost his wealth, body, family, voice—even people’s gaze—yet he did not lose certainty. He said to his Lord, lying on the dirt, helpless: “Indeed, adversity has touched me... and You are the Most Merciful of the merciful.” (Al-Anbiya: 83)

He didn’t ask for healing. He didn’t complain, didn’t draft a treatment plan, didn’t request medicine. He simply said: “And You are the Most Merciful of the merciful.”

So God responded—not by appointment or doctor—but said: “Strike with your foot—this is cool water to wash with and to drink.” (Sad: 42)

One step—yet it came from a body exhausted by illness, and a heart ripened by prayer. And the water... was God’s. The healing... a drink unseen, but life-giving. Ayyub needed no prescription, no referral, no human promise. It was enough that he said: “My Lord.”

And I...

every time I remember that verse, I feel my whole being must run—not through streets, but toward God.

We forget that healing may lie not only in medicine, but in a word, a verse, a tear, a repentance, a return... in the Ayyub inside each of us.

The Qur’an did not tell his illness story so we cry—but so we believe that healing is with the One who says “Be, and it is.” (Ya-Sin: 82) Not with those who say, “Wait... it’s hard... there’s no hope.”

That is the difference between Ayyub and those who call on God today but carry in their hearts doubt, in their ears the voices of people.

O you who seek healing: remember—it may be a sincere step, a verse you believe is meant for you, or a Name of God repeated until the light breaks through.

This is my third shirt. It carries God's water—not from wells. Healing that cannot be bought. A testimony: whoever seeks shelter in God... is healed, even if the world says, "You're finished."

– The Cupbearer

"Those Who Speak of God Without Knowledge"

How terrifying it is to witness people speaking in God's name, while they've never known Him, never stood before Him in reverence, never tasted His name Ar-Raheem (The most Merciful), nor seen His traces as Al-Qadeer (The Omnipotent).

I've seen those who say: "God doesn't do that anymore," "God only heals through medicine," "Dua is beautiful... but it doesn't change reality." As if they've peered into the Unseen, as if the Lord of the Throne appointed them as His spokesmen.

And I wept—not because they lied, but because they were ignorant... and still they spoke.

God said: "Say: Do you have any knowledge that you can produce for us? You follow nothing but assumptions, and you are only guessing." (Al-An'am: 148)

He said "Say", because this is a moment of reply, of rebuke, of separating revelation from conjecture.

How many today speak in the name of religion and unknowingly kill certainty? Not because they intend harm—but because they do not limit their speech to what God said, or what His Messenger ﷺ delivered.

God said: "Call upon Allah or call upon the Most Merciful. Whichever name you call—His are the Most Beautiful Names." (Al-Isra: 110)

Then someone says: "Yes, call on God—but don't expect too much."

God said: "And when My servants ask you about Me—indeed, I am near. I answer the call of the caller when he calls upon Me." (Al-Baqarah: 186)

Then someone says: "But medicine is the real reason."

God said: "Do you not know that Allah is over all things capable?" (Al-Baqarah: 106)

Then another says: "Not everything... some things require realism."

And I wonder: From which book did you read this?

From which prophet did you learn to limit God's power or speak in His name without His permission?

Have you forgotten that God said: "Grave is the word that comes out of their mouths; they speak nothing but lies." (Al-Kahf: 5)

O Allah, we seek Your forgiveness for any word that spread fear in Your name, for any ignorance disguised as "advice," for any fatwa that extinguished hope in a heart turning toward You.

Dua is not answered when weakened by hearts before it's raised, and the heart does not heal when tied only to causes, while forgetting the Cause of all causes.

And whoever speaks of You without knowledge has participated in a murder more terrifying than they know.

I am the Cupbearer. I am only a man who saw. I saw people dying by words, and I heard them extinguish light in weary eyes—then claim: "We speak from experience."

This is my fourth shirt. It holds no fatwa, no verdict. Only the tears of a witness to a people who, more than anything, said about God what they did not know.

– The Cupbearer

“When the Child Is Killed... In His Heart”

He was small—but not innocent, as they claim. He wasn’t allowed to be.
He was born and heard his first words: “Don’t cry—God doesn’t love those who cry too much.”
He grew a little and heard: “Watch out—God sees you... and He’ll punish you!”
He whispered his first dua, and they said: “Say it as we taught you. Don’t change anything.”
He made mistakes, and they said: “You’re bad... you are God’s anger.”
The child grew... but never rose.
His body matured, but his soul remained stuck at the doorstep of fear.
He grew up seeing prayer as a duty, not a connection. He saw God only as an eye watching him.
He knew tasbeeh only as something muttered quickly before bed. He tasted nothing of dua except guilt... not longing.
He grew up believing God lived only in schoolbooks, in test papers, in the loud voice of the Friday preacher—not in his heart, nor in his vulnerable moments, nor in his tenderness with his mother.
The child became a young man—but his heart remained broken... back there, in his childhood.
Every time he neared God, he remembered his father’s scolding glare, his mother’s warning: “God will be angry with you,” or the teacher’s slap when he stuttered through a surah.
He became afraid to pray, to call upon God, to raise his hands at night—fearing God wouldn’t hear him.
He thought prayer was a physical drill, not a union.
He believed dua was a dull ritual, not a conversation between lovers.
He thought God was far—not because he read it, but because they made Him feel far.
Don’t blame him. The one who killed him was the one who taught him to speak.
The one who taught him that God doesn’t love him when he errs.
The one who painted in his heart an image of a God who only punishes—and never showed him that God said: “My Mercy encompasses all things.” “Say: O My servants who have transgressed against themselves—do not despair of God’s mercy.”
(Az-Zumar: 53)

Don’t say: “He disbelieved.”
Say: “He was broken.”
Don’t say: “He’s lost.”
Say: “He’s wandering... and no one caught him.”
How many children are raised today carrying reservoirs of fear in their chests?
Afraid of God, not for God.
Afraid of prayer—not drawn to it.
Afraid of dua—because they were told: “Don’t ask too much. God may not answer.”
These children are killed young... then buried as adults.
No one notices that the corpse was inside for years.
O Allah... we seek Your forgiveness if we’ve ever failed a small heart, or been harsh on a soul growing in Your name, or made You a sword in their eyes—not a comfort, a closed door—not the one always open to the repentant, the loving, the humble.
O Lord... teach us how to love You—so we may help them love You. How to paint You in their hearts as You described Yourself—not as people portrayed You.
This is my fifth shirt. Tell its story to anyone who raised a child on fear, and turned him into a man without prayer... or left his heart tied to fear of You—not love for You.

– The Cupbearer

“Hearts We Turn”

I didn't know that light could be stolen from the heart while it still beats—until I read: “And We turn their hearts and their eyes away—as they refused to believe in it the first time—and We leave them in their transgression, wandering blindly.” (Al-An'am: 110) I trembled. Not everyone who sees can truly see. Not every beating heart is alive. Some hearts are turned... diverted... left to wander—because they refused to believe when the door first knocked, when truth called them at a moment they could have opened—but they closed it.

The heart is like a door—shown a verse, and it either shuts... or opens. It is offered a call, and if you hesitate or think the time isn't right, God doesn't force you... but He leaves you to what you chose.

Some had their heart's door knocked when they were ill, felt for a moment that God was the Healer—but dismissed it: “Maybe it's just weakness. I don't want to hold onto something unreal.” Some were in prison, heard the Qur'an recited, felt a strange light—but said: “I'm just broken... this doesn't mean anything.”

Some lifted their hands once and said: “O Lord, answer me...” but when the response didn't come quickly, they thought: “Maybe no one hears me.”

And the turning of the heart began—because they didn't believe the first time.

Faith doesn't require years. It requires truth—in the moment. One moment of sincerity could open heaven's gates. One moment of hesitation could leave you wandering for a lifetime.

I saw them—those who were told: “Call upon God. He is near.” They replied: “If He wills.” They were told: “Prostrate and weep—He is the Praiseworthy, the Rich.” They asked: “Will that help me?” They were told: “Rejoice—God turns sins into good deeds.” They said: “Really? Is that logical?”

Their hearts were turned—not because God wronged them, but because they refused to believe when their hearts were clear. They chose to delay the light... until the door went dark.

And some, their hearts are turned a thousand times—not because they weren't shown the truth, but because every time it came, they weighed it against fear, not certainty; against doubt, not the light of the Qur'an.

You might see them laugh, speak, advise... but God said of them: “And We leave them in their transgression, wandering blindly.” (Al-An'am: 110)

They are left in a darkness they chose. The signs are lifted from them—because every time light came, they turned away and said: “Not now.”

O Allah, do not turn our hearts after You have guided us. Do not leave us in blindness we chose without knowing.

Do not let me—the Cupbearer—be among those who see light and do not follow it.

This is my sixth shirt, the shirt of hope... for the one who feels his heart is wandering, the path fading... but has not yet closed the door.

– The Cupbearer

Killing with a Look or a Voice

He carries no blade, raises no voice—yet he kills.

He kills when he lifts an eyebrow in contempt, or lowers his head as if in pity... while mocking within.

He kills with a blank stare, a small word, a faint laugh that pierces the heart.

I read God's words: "Woe to every scorner and mocker." (Al-Humazah: 1)
 Then I understood—killing comes in many forms. Some killers go uncondemned... but God promised them woe.
 Al-Humazah—one who wounds with gestures: a twitch of the hand, a glance, a smirk, a stare that shatters dignity—without speaking a word.
 Al-Lumazah—one who wounds with his tongue: mocking, gossiping, shaming, disguised as advice or wisdom.
 I saw them... in mosques, homes, on screens, in schools. They hold no swords—but they bring souls to ruin. They make the repenting youth regret, the returning girl ashamed, all under the banner of "concern." I heard one say to a man praying for the first time in his life: "May God keep you steadfast." Good words—but his tone was soaked in doubt. As if the man was seconds from sin, as if his repentance didn't deserve joy—but surveillance.
 I saw a girl put on the hijab. They stared. They didn't speak—but their eyes asked: "Are you worthy of it?"
 This is the killing unseen—leaving corpses within. Victims no one notices... because their death isn't in blood, but in extinguished intention.
 God said: "Who gathers wealth and counts it, thinking it will make him immortal."
 (Al-Humazah: 2–3)
 Yes, some kill because they see themselves as better, richer, older, wiser... and feel entitled to crush you—with a glance, a jab, a whisper—then walk away guiltless, thinking: "It was nothing."
 But to God... that "small" thing leads to woe.
 Don't kill with your eyes. Don't crush someone's intention with your tongue. Don't make someone's path to God heavy—because of you.
 By God... the word you mockingly throw could extinguish a light, or topple a man on his way back to God—if only you'd stayed silent.
 This is my seventh shirt. No blood stains it—but the water of faces humiliated, with no one to defend them. A shirt for those killed while walking... by a word, a glance, or a whisper.

– The Cupbearer

"My Son Doesn't Know My Face... But I Know His Pain. And For Him, I Write."

He hasn't been born yet. I don't know his eyes or his face. I don't know who his father will be or when he will arrive. But I know—he will ask.
 At his first fear, he'll ask: "Where is God?" At his first pain: "Am I bad?" At his first prayer: "Does God love me—or is He watching to take me away?"
 And I... I don't want him to wait for an answer as I once did.
 I don't want him searching for God in hospitals, behind silences, in the eyes of teachers, in harsh sermons, or in the heart of a mother who swallows her tears to avoid being called weak.
 I don't want him to hear: "God will punish you" more than he hears: "God loves you." I don't want him to fear sujood—I want him to long for it.
 I don't want him to memorize du'a like a multiplication table—I want him to speak to God like an old friend who never lets him down.
 My son doesn't know my face—but he knows me, because I'll be the first to tell him about God the way I always wished someone told me.
 I'll tell him: "God is Merciful—don't imagine Him as a punisher."
 I'll say: "Du'a doesn't need order—only a sincere heart."

I'll say: "God isn't just the voice of those who frightened you—He is more beautiful, more tender, closer. Greater than all they said... but simpler than they imagined." I wrote this book for you, my son—before you are born, before you fall ill, before someone disappoints you.

I wrote it because I was like you. I once sat in a corner, weeping, staring at the sky, and asking: "Is anyone listening?"

Now, I know the answer. And I write it for you—so you won't have to ask too long. I can't promise a world that won't hurt you—but I hope you'll read these pages, and find God as I finally did... not as they once made Him seem.

This is my eighth shirt. It carries your scent. I don't know you yet... but I love you, as I loved God—once I truly knew Him.

– The Cupbearer

Introduction – In the voice of a man whom God taught directly

“I’m the one who breached the ship... but did not sink it.” I am no prophet, nor bearer of scripture, but I was one whom God taught knowledge from His Presence.

And I testify—what makes people weep may sometimes be mercy, and what they see as injustice may be the very path to salvation.

I breached a ship—they objected. I killed a boy—they panicked. I raised a wall—they accused me of madness. And they didn’t know... I was only carrying out a command, acting under the eye of God—not my own.

Today, I see people breaching ships, killing souls, and building walls between each other—not by God’s command, but by their own assumptions. Every sect says: “Us.” Every group assumes it’s right. Every faction speaks of salvation as if it were an inherited privilege.

And none of them asks: “Is what we’re doing truly mercy? Or are we destroying in the name of saving? Killing in the name of creed? Building walls—then bowing and praying for hearts to open?”

I... did not say much. I only said: “And what I did, I did not do on my own accord.”
(Surah Alkahaf: 82)

Today, I say it again, tearfully: “But what you did—you did not do by God’s command. You did it from assumption. From desire.” You, who have divided the religion of God... Have you asked yourselves: Are we doing what God commanded? Or merely repeating what we heard, casting others out of the circle?

When I breached the ship, it looked like harm—but beneath it was mercy.

You...

have decorated harm with a surface of holiness. You called cruelty “zeal for the religion,” coldness “steadfastness,” rejection “defending the truth.”

I no longer see the fear of God in your hearts—but the fear of each other.

Each one waits for the other to fall, not to draw closer to God—but to secure their personal salvation.

This door you’re about to open... is not a door to victory, but to fitnah—one that may not close again, except with the tears of a child you abandoned, or the heart of a believer you cast out—though to God, he was dearer than all of you.

So now, listen. To the voice of one who speaks little, but saw those who feared for the religion... and wrecked the boat that could’ve saved everyone. – The One Who Breached the Ship... So It Wouldn’t Sink.

With full certainty... we now begin this chapter as it deserves to be begun, after having prepared for it with the voice of

“He scuttled the ship but did not sink it.”

we open the door to speak of the most severe kind of killing:

the killing of a nation through the division of its religion.

The Devout One Whom God Cursed

Iblis was not unknown to God, nor was he a stranger to worship.

He was one of the jinn, yet he was raised to a lofty station—standing among the ranks of the angels, bowing with the worshippers, praying among the pure.

But he was never one of them.

He concealed an arrogance that lay hidden... until a divine command revealed the truth within him.

God said to him:
 "Prostrate before Adam."
 It was not a bow to an idol, nor submission to a tyrant—
 It was a command in the very presence of the Lord of the Worlds.
 An order not to be debated, not to be delayed.
 But Iblis... spoke.
 He said:
 "I am better than him..." (Al-A'raf 7:12)
 *"You created me from fire, and You created him from clay."
 And there... poisoned religiosity was born.
 The first of its kind.
 A devotion that measured worth not by obedience, but by origin.
 A piety that compared, argued, and preferred the self over the command of God.
 How hideous is religiosity when it breeds arrogance.
 How wretched it becomes when it turns into a mirror—
 Where one sees not God, but only his own reflection, inflated and superior.
 Iblis knew his Lord—but he disobeyed.
 He saw the truth—yet chose himself.
 He did not merely sin. He rebelled, persisted, and justified.
 Then he turned his sin... into a mission.
 He said:
 "I will lie in wait for them on Your straight path..."
 "Then I will come to them from in front of them and behind them..."
 "And You will find most of them ungrateful." (Al-A'raf 7:16–17)
 He became a corrupter.
 He doesn't want you to simply disbelieve—
 He wants you to go astray while thinking you're rightly guided.
 He wants you to worship God... while despising His creation.
 To pray... while scorning those who don't.
 To believe you're the only saved soul—
 That others are doomed simply because they don't resemble you.
 But the real question is:
 Do you prostrate when God commands you?
 Or do you say:
 "I am better than him"?
 "They're not from our group"?
 "We are the people of truth—and the rest are lost"?
 That's where the curse begins—
 Not in the mistake... but in justifying the mistake as righteousness.
 Iblis wasn't ignorant—he was outwardly devout.
 He knew... and yet, he defied.
 He bowed with his body... but rebelled in his heart.
 And I fear he will not be alone.
 He will be followed—
 By people who resemble him not in name... but in spirit.
 They know—but do not surrender.
 They worship—but with hearts full of pride.
 They wear the garments of piety... and disobey the Lord of Piety.
 This is my ninth robe—
 Not for the one who is unaware,
 But for the one who knows... and still exalts himself.
 For the one who believes his prayer will save him—

Forgetting that the first to fall... was among those who once bowed.

– The Cupbearer

“Each Sect Rejoicing in What They Have”

I once thought death was the greatest divider. But I saw worse—division wielded as a weapon, difference wrapped in the banner of truth, and salvation sold to those who pay with affiliation, not faith.

I saw them divide in God’s name. They cursed one another while reciting the Qur’an. They built high walls between “us” and “them,” then raised their voices in prayer: “O Allah, grant us victory over the misguided!”

Who are the misguided? Your brothers at the same qiblah?

Your partners in the shahadah?

The sons of your Ummah who lost their way... just as you might, if only you knew?

I read God’s words: “Indeed, those who divide their religion and become sects—you are not [associated] with them in anything.” (Ar-Rum: 32)

And I trembled...

because God didn’t say “they merely strayed”—He said to His Prophet: “You are not of them in anything.”

How many groups today claim to be the only saved ones?

How many communities believe anyone outside their circle is outside God’s mercy?

How many preachers swear that anyone who disagrees with their interpretation is lost?

How many books teach: “We are the saved group... the rest are innovators and doomed”? “Each party rejoicing in what they have...” [Surah Ar-Rum, 30:32]

Not in piety, but in papers, titles, long histories, stacked fatwas. Rejoicing that they were born into “the right sect”—as if Paradise were inherited. Not by intention, not by deeds, not by mercy.

Where is God in this dispute? Where is His name Al-Hakeem, Al-Waasi’, Ar-Raheem?

Or have they reshaped the religion to mirror their group, turning God into a trademark reserved for those who speak as they do, think as they think? Then one of them says:

“We follow the Qur’an and Sunnah.” Yes, but whose understanding? Yours alone? Or is the Book open to anyone who approaches with a sound heart—even if they don’t carry your label?

I saw in their faces a coldness. They love being called “The Saved Sect,” but flinch when told “The Most Merciful’s mercy encompasses all things.”

Because God’s mercy ruins their math. It might raise the one they opposed to a level they themselves never reached.

Let me say it, with pain: Those who divide the religion... do not worship God—they worship allegiance.

They made God a slogan, not the Beloved. They made religion a loyalty test to a group, not sincerity to the One who neither divides nor affiliates.

O Allah... Do not make us of those who carry Your names but not Your light. Those who speak in Your name, yet carry hearts full of hatred. Those who weep when opposed—never when they oppose You.

The Qur’an taught me to seek “Those who said: Our Lord is Allah, then remained steadfast.” (Fussilat: 30)

Not those who said: “We are the group... therefore we are saved.”

It taught me that God distinguishes His servants by taqwa, not labels, titles, or grand names.

This is my tenth shirt. It won’t please the crowd. It won’t sell in the market. But before God—it is a garment of truth.

– The Cupbearer

A Text That Follows Guidance and Unmasks Assumption

A Book was revealed to you—why do you treat it like a burden? Why leave it on a shelf and follow men like yourselves? You honor their fatwas more than God’s revelation. This Book wasn’t sent for decoration, nor for funeral rituals, nor to be recited only over the sick. It was sent to warn you, remind you, awaken you. But you placed veils between yourselves and it—veils of names and faces. You took your religion from “who said” instead of “what was said.”

Where are you from the very first command sent down? Read...

But you replaced reading with following.

You took allies besides God.

One says: “My sheikh said,” another: “My school teaches,” a third: “I trust them...” As if God’s word doesn’t suffice. As if His Book holds no final proof.

How many towns were destroyed—not for denying God—but for following what was never revealed, while thinking they were on something solid. And when calamity came, they had nothing to say but: “We were wrongdoers.”

God will ask everyone. He’ll ask those who received the message: “Why didn’t you follow what I revealed?” And those who delivered it: “Did you convey as I commanded—or did you add your own?” He will ask me... and He will ask you. No one escapes God’s sight. No one is forgotten. No one tips the scale with history—but only with truth.

This scale... is not weighed by loyalty or debate—but by your honesty with revelation. Desire empties it—even when disguised as religion.

You were given authority on earth. God opened doors for you, gifted you minds, provisions, books, and memories—but how little you thank... how little you fear being among those who turned away, thinking they were on the straight path.

The first to disobey God did not do so with crime, but with doctrine. He believed he was better. He grew arrogant. He refused to prostrate. Then he was given a delay. And he didn’t use it to repent—but swore to mislead you from all sides, so you’d never be grateful. And God promised: To expel him, and send to Hell all who follow him—not because they sinned, but because they refused a command out of pride.

That’s how it all began—with a small assumption: “I am better than him.”

And that’s how a nation collapses: each one thinks he is right, refuses to bow to anyone outside his circle, and no one sees God as He describes Himself in His Book—but only as they’ve inherited.

God calls you—not to frighten, but to remind. To remind you who you are. To remind you who He is. And that one who truly worships God is never afraid to be told: “Return to the Book... not tradition.”

So when will you return?

When will you open a Book revealed not to be chanted like a song you memorize—but never believe?

This call is not a threat. I write it out of fear... that a blow may come, and all you’ll say is: “We were wrongdoers.”

– The Cupbearer

At the threshold of truth, knocking on hearts closed by fear, opened only by assumption.

A God with a Voice... but No Spirit

In Moses's absence, they made themselves a god. a calf of gold, shaped by their own hands, then worshipped... as if they hadn't been born into tawheed. They didn't ask: Does it speak? Does it hear? Can it harm or benefit us? They only heard its lowing—and clung to it. They worshipped sound, not meaning. Appearance, not the unseen.

And today... The calves have returned—but in new forms. Not made of gold, but of human thought, religious icons, revered figures.

They say: "This is the Sheikh of the Ummah. This is the Mufti of our time. This is the symbol of guidance." And then they tell the people: "We will remain devoted to him... until Moses returns—if he returns."

No one says it like that, but their actions scream it: "We will not leave this ideology. We will not question this group. We will not listen to any voice but theirs—even if it's proven void, powerless."

Aaron cried out: "You have been tested with this... so follow me." But they said: "We shall remain devoted." They weren't defending a god—but a habit that became worship.

Today too— The one who says: "God is Ar-Rahman... follow Him," will be accused of dividing the Ummah, of ruining unity—because the Ummah is devoted. Not to a calf, but to an old idea. One with a voice... but no life.

What did Samiri do? He said: "I saw what they did not see. I grasped a handful from the messenger's trace... and threw it." He believed he possessed something secret—something withheld from the masses. He reduced the revelation to his grasp, and dared reshape the divine.

How many Samiris are among us today? Speaking in the name of "knowledge", "mystery", "special insight"—claiming to see what we cannot. They mold for the people a new calf, and say: "This is God—not as the Book describes, but as I understood Him."

And so... Voices are worshipped. Truth is forgotten. But God is not pleased with false worship. He burns the calf, crushes it to dust, scatters it in the sea, and says: "Your only God is Allah; there is no deity except Him. He encompasses all things in knowledge."

(Surah Ta-Ha, 20:98)

This is my eleventh shirt. It carries the ashes of an old calf... and the cry of a new call: Worship not what moans and echoes— but what lives. God cannot be seen... but He can be known. He cannot be shaped... but He can be followed.

– The Cupbearer

Bearers of Burdens

We were not created to carry this weight. We were once small, our souls light, and the Qur'an lay open before us—but we did not carry it. Now we carry what is not ours: the burden of turning away, the weight of chosen ignorance, the load of deliberate neglect. A reminder was sent to us—not to decorate gatherings or echo through mourning halls—but to warn us... and give us life.

But we turned away. We left the reminder behind us and took what resembled it in sound—but not in meaning.

Books, noise, endless argument. And we forgot that God said: "Whoever turns away from it—will carry a burden on the Day of Judgment." (Taha: 100)

I saw them when the trumpet is blown. Eyes glazed in fear. Hearts void of peace. Whispering—as if they had only lived a day.

The mountains—once thought firm—collapse into dust. No curve. No shadow. Nowhere to hide. Voices hush. Hearts melt. Nothing heard... but whispers. Whispers of the terrified, whispers of those who realized—they missed their chance. No intercession there—except for those to whom God grants permission. No room for flattery. No weight for titles. No voice for those who spoke of God without His leave. Every face will bow. Every tongue will fall silent. Every mind will remember... too late. There you'll see those carrying injustice—not against others, but themselves—when they turned away, believed assumption, and said: "The Qur'an is not enough." And there too—you'll see the one who did good while believing, and he fears no injustice... nor loss. All this... in a Book, in clear Arabic—full of promises and warnings. Not to frighten us, but to awaken us. I am the Cupbearer... And this is my twelfth shirt—not written in water, but from the tears of one who fears for those who carried something other than the Qur'an... and thought it light. The reminder is in your hands. Do not place it behind your back. Or you will carry burdens... and your heart will weep—before your eyes ever do.

– The Cupbearer

Bearers of the Book... but Not of Light

Everything glorifies Him: the heavens, the earth, those in water, those in fire. All proclaim: "Subhana Al-Malik, Al-Quddoos, Al-'Azeez, Al-Hakeem." Except some of the children of Adam. They were entrusted with the Book— and thought the trust was honor... without obligation. The Book was revealed to be recited, to purify our hearts, to teach us, to lift us from clear misguidance. But some... did not read it to be purified. They read it for pride. They learned it not to teach... but to say: "We are God's elite." They are like a donkey carrying books—knowing nothing of what they carry, feeling no weight of the trust, walking... only because that's what they're used to. I saw one who memorized the Qur'an—but his heart was full of arrogance. I saw one who knew tafsir—but never once purified his soul. I saw one who said: "We are God's chosen,"—but would never dare wish for death... because he knows what he has sent ahead. This Book... does not honor the one who merely carries it in his chest, but the one who carries it in action, in intention, in truth. The one who makes it a reminder—not a decoration. Who sends it down to his heart—not just across his tongue. God said: "Say: O you who claim to be Allah's allies apart from the people—wish for death, if you are truthful." (Al-Jumu'ah: 6) But they do not wish for it. Because they know—God knows. And bearing the Book means nothing... if not applied. We will all return—to the Knower of the unseen and the seen. And He will inform us not of what we memorized—but of what we did. Not of what we recited in gatherings—but what we hid inside. This is my thirteenth shirt. I wrote it with the tears of one who saw the Book of God read but not followed, hung on walls... but not engraved in hearts. Don't just carry the Book—walk with it. Let it be your companion—not only in funerals, but in decisions. Not in gilded covers, but on the road. In sickness. In joy. In your questions—before you ask anyone else. Take the Book as it was revealed—to purify you, to teach you, to return you to light. It's not enough to memorize it... Let it memorize you. It's not enough to read it... Let it read

you. And if you do—you will be among the people of remembrance. Not those who turned away, then carried a burden... they were never meant to bear.

– The Cupbearer

The Death That Will Meet You... Even If You Run

Who hasn't wondered: "Will I die like this? Am I ready? Will it be gentle... or painful?" Yet most live as if death is for someone else.

They plan, argue, build, judge, label... then sleep at night as if they were eternal.

God said: "If you claim to be allies of God... then wish for death." (Al-Jumu'ah: 6) But they were afraid—not just because they loved this world, but because they knew what their own hands had done.

He said: "The death you flee from... it will meet you." (Al-Jumu'ah: 8) Yes, it's walking toward you—even if you run the other way.

Health won't delay it. Fame won't. Nor will the admiration of your followers.

It may come at the height of your work... or the depth of your heedlessness. It may come while you're writing, backbiting, or prostrating.

But the real blow... is not in death itself, but what is revealed after it.

There you'll see every "small" deed—suddenly heavy.

Every word spoken without knowledge. Every soul wounded in God's name. Everyone who believed you—unaware you were lost... they'll all arrive with you—not as witnesses, but burdens.

Death does not frighten me. What terrifies me is dying while thinking I'm safe. To meet Him with a book in my hand... but no light within it. To stand before Him, and hear: "Is this what you carried from Me?"—and have no answer.

If you're running from death, stop. It is not too weak to reach you. You are not too strong to escape it.

Prepare—not with wills, money, or graves... but with a truthful heart that says now: "I testify that You never abandon the one who clings to You."

This is my fourteenth shirt. I wrote it before it's taken from me. Maybe it will be your shirt of salvation—if you fear... and are sincere.

– The Cupbearer

Did You Think Longevity Means God's Favor?

The longer they live, they say: "Look—we're still here." The more they own, they claim: "God must love us." Year after year in the same positions, they say: "We are the steadfast. We are the honored." But they never ask: "Is this a blessing... or a delay?"

Longevity does not mean you're right. Pharaoh remained. Qarun amassed. Even Samiri escaped Moses—for a time. But none of them had a pleasing end.

Some people mistake mercy... for entrapment. They think delayed punishment means approval—unaware that God gives time only so no one can say "I didn't know."

God's way is not to let the one who says "I" remain... but to elevate the one who says: "My Lord, expand my chest." And to destroy the one who thinks kingdom, or position, or knowledge... is a sign of divine favor.

If long life proved goodness, then Jesus wouldn't have been raised early, the Prophet ﷺ wouldn't have died at sixty, Yahya wouldn't have been killed, Yusuf wouldn't have been imprisoned.

But God doesn't measure the way we do.

They say: "We are more. We know more. We have greater reach." Say to them: "They were mightier than you in strength, left greater traces on the earth... but God seized them for their sins." (Ghafir: 21) "And what they earned did not benefit them." (Al-Hijr: 84)

This is my fifteenth shirt. I wrote it not to shake the ones who remain, but to remind them that those who feared God in their hearts... are more lasting—even if earth forgets them.

Don't be deceived by days. They grant time to the wrongdoer—to finish his path. And to the sincere—to finish his message.

Death does not choose an age—only those whose time has ended.

So, are you among those walking toward their ending... knowingly? Or will you be among those who say, when death comes: "My Lord... return me."

– The Cupbearer

When the Light Was Silenced... It Didn't Die, It Hid

In every era, there were those who hid what God revealed— not because they disbelieved, but because they feared losing the seat they sat on.

They were entrusted with remembrance... but didn't remind. Appointed over revelation... but didn't deliver it. They became the supposed gatekeepers to God— then shut the gate, and kept the key.

They said: "Not everything should be told." "People can't handle it." "We know when to speak—and when to be silent." Until what God said... became a secret. As if they were guardians over reason—not messengers of truth.

But God does not remain silent toward those who hide His light. Or those who make guidance a hierarchy—granting it to some, withholding it from others they deem "unworthy."

They hid it out of fear, greed, or a need to be needed.

Yet the Book was clear: it was sent to be recited, to open hearts— not to be locked in velvet cases. Light does not die. It hides—when hidden intentionally. And it searches for a heart—humble, truthful— to shine through it when no one expects.

I saw people who hadn't studied much—yet read with clean hearts... and understood what the scholars missed.

I saw others who learned— but feared speaking the truth— and fell under God's words: "And they love to be praised for what they did not do." (Aali 'Imran: 188)

This is my sixteenth shirt. Not raised against the ignorant, but laid before those who were given the remembrance... and then concealed it. If you're asked about the truth—don't hide it. And if you can't proclaim it—don't be the curtain that blocks it. God is not pleased with hiding what He revealed. Nor with dressing the truth in fear. Reminders were never meant to be delayed. And whoever delays them... bears a weight no soul can carry.

– The Cupbearer

They Thought It Was Too Complex... So They Didn't Open It

The Qur'an was revealed to an unlettered man— to teach the unlettered. It was sent in Arabic— not just to be easy, but to be near, clear, understood... even after time.

Yet today, they say: "It's heavy." "It's complex." "Only the scholars understand it." And they left it.

They didn't reject it outright— but placed it on a high shelf. Never approached it—never let it approach them.

They said: "I'm not a hafidh." "I'm not a scholar." "This is a book for interpreters."

But God said: "We have certainly made the Qur'an easy to remember—so is there anyone who will take heed?" (Al-Qamar: 17)

I saw a boy who never finished school. He read Surat Al-Kahf, and wept when he heard the righteous man say: "What I did, I did not do on my own accord." (Al-Kahf: 82)

He told me: "Glory to the One who acts on our behalf... even when we don't understand."

He didn't study tafsir. He didn't attend circles. He simply opened his heart—so he understood.

The Qur'an doesn't need your degree. It needs your sincerity. It doesn't need your expertise— only that you open the door.

Those who said it was complicated... are the ones who complicated it—through debate, not revelation. They built a thousand barriers between it and the people— then blamed the people for not understanding.

Anyone who approaches it with a sound heart— will find its light, its voice, its cure, its salvation.

And whoever turns away... the door closes.

Not because God pushes him out— but because he never knocked.

This is my seventeenth shirt. Folded from the tears of those who thought the Qur'an wasn't for them— until they realized... it was sent for them.

Don't leave it thinking it's too lofty. Come closer.

You'll find it gentler than every fatwa you heard, clearer than every explanation, closer than every soul that abandoned you.

Open it. Read— even if you don't understand everything. Just say: "O Allah, make me among its people—even if I haven't memorized it."

– The Cupbearer

Ornament of Gatherings... Not Provision for the Heart

I saw them open the Qur'an at ceremonies. They adorned the letters... perfected the voice... held it like gold— then closed it... as if nothing had happened.

For them, the Qur'an is an art— not a light. A sound— not a bond. A performance— not a lesson.

They read: "He has succeeded—who purifies it." (Ash-Shams: 9)

Then walk out to break hearts.

They read: "Indeed, God loves those who repent." (Al-Baqarah: 222)

Then mock those returning to Him.

They read: "When the Qur'an is recited—listen to it." (Al-A'raf: 204)

Then interrupt the recitation with jokes and chatter.

They sit around it like people at a wedding feast—tasting, not filling. Pleased, not transformed. Each one walks away... with the same old heart.

The Qur'an was never meant to decorate. It was sent as nourishment. Not to be locked in drawers, but to descend into hearts.

Decorating the mushaf means nothing... if the soul remains empty.

A beautiful voice means nothing... without hidden awe. Gilded gatherings change no heart—unless that heart longs for change.

They said: "We love the Qur'an."

But love is not in recitation alone.

It is in surrender. In following. In standing at its limits. In melting under its majesty.

If the Qur'an doesn't change you... then you read it with your tongue— not your heart.
This is my eighteenth shirt. It carries no echo... just silence.
Silence like that moment after the gathering ends... but no heart has opened.
O you who loved its melody— have you ever let it read you?
Don't turn it into decor. Make it a path. A ladder. A secret between you and God.
It needs no audience to work. No applause to take effect.

– The Cupbearer

It Was Revealed for Others... And I Am Safe

They attended the gatherings, heard the verses—warnings, earthquakes, images of the Last Day—and nodded their heads. But in their hearts, they whispered: “This verse is about so-and-so.” “That scene applies to disbelievers.” “We, alhamdulillah, are fine.” They forgot that the Qur'an is not a book for accusing others, but a mirror—to inspect yourself before anyone else.

They read: “Woe to those who give less [in measure and weight]...” (Al-Mutaffifin: 1) and assumed it meant merchants only.

They read: “Those whose hearts tremble when God is mentioned...” (Al-Anfal: 2) but never asked: “Did my heart tremble?”

Every threatening verse—they found a way to redirect it.

Every verse describing the doomed—they said: “That's not us.” As if they'd been pre-cleared from accountability.

But didn't God say: “So, is the one whose evil deeds were made attractive to him, so he sees them as good?” (Fatir: 8)

This verse alone should make a person doubt himself, not others.

The Qur'an wasn't revealed to help us label others—but to alert us, to wake us up each time we fear we may be lost while thinking we're on the path.

One of the greatest trials: To believe you're among the saved—and stop fearing.

To read all the verses—without ever placing yourself under their lens.

No one is above warning.

No one owns immunity from God's Word.

No one reads the Qur'an from behind a shield.

This is my nineteenth shirt— not written for those who rejected the Qur'an, but for those who thought they were beyond its critique... because they were “its people.” The Qur'an was sent to guide—not to applaud us.

Whoever doesn't weigh himself by it... will be weighed by it—unprepared.

– The Cupbearer

“I Don't Need to Repent”

Not everyone who doesn't repent is ignorant. Some know... but don't believe they need it.

They see repentance as a door for the fallen— for the public sinner, the obvious wrongdoer.

But them? They pray. They don't kill. They don't commit major sins. So they think: “I'm fine.” They view repentance as a door... they don't need to knock on.

But they forget— The first sin in existence wasn't murder or theft. It was arrogance.

Iblis didn't drink. Didn't sever family ties. But he refused God's command because something inside him said: “I am better than him.” (Al-A'raf: 12)

Arrogance about repentance is worse than sin itself. Because sin makes you weep.

Pride... blinds you.

Some have never raised their hands saying "Forgive me," because they see nothing to forgive. Some did say astaghfirullah—but like completing a motion, not like a heart breaking.

Repentance isn't an admission of crime. It's an admission of need. Of poverty. Of servitude.

Don't wait for a major fall to return. Just ask your heart: Is it fully lit? Is it free of envy, heedlessness, false security?

If not—then repent. Even if you pray. Even if you teach

I saw a young man tremble when he heard: "And turn to Allah in repentance—all of you, O believers." (An-Nur: 31)

He said to me: "I thought it was for others—until I realized... every believer is called to it."

This is my twentieth shirt— written not by the hand of a sinner, but with the blood of one who was ashamed before God. Not because he sinned... but because he stayed silent for too long.

God doesn't ask you to list your sins— just to admit: I am helpless without Your purification.

Return— not because you're guilty— but because you're weak. And God loves the ones who return.

– The Cupbearer

They Speak of God... But Don't Trust Him

I saw them writing on the walls of mosques: "Whoever relies upon Allah—He is enough for him." (At-Talaq: 3)

But when asked to choose between God and a doctor— they choose the doctor first... then pray for success.

They say: "Provision is from God." But their hearts race at the end of the month, shatter when a payment is delayed, and only calm with a paper, a contract, a guaranteed income.

They teach God's names:

Al-Wakeel (The One who is fully entrusted with the affairs of His creation; the One who takes care of everything with perfect wisdom and sufficiency.),

Al-Jabbar (The One whose power nothing can resist, who mends the broken and compels the arrogant.) ,

Ar-Razzaq (The One who provides sustenance to all, continuously and generously. He gives every soul what it needs, at the right time, in the right measure, with no limit to His giving.)...

but they don't sleep in peace. Not because they're busy— but because they don't truly believe He's enough.

Wallahi... Trust isn't a speech. It's a decision: That what God has written for you—will reach you, even if the world gathers to block it.

I saw a simple woman—when her child fell ill, she didn't cry much. She said: "O Lord... he is Yours. Return him to me healed... or take him in mercy." She was confident— not because she was strong— but because she believed God was kinder to her than she was to herself.

I heard a broken man—fired from his job— say: "God closed this door... to open another I know nothing about." He didn't say it to console himself— he said it like someone who knows who God is.

Many know God... in theory. But their hearts have not submitted.

When they fear—they run to people.
When they fall ill—they forget the Healer.
When overwhelmed—they say: “Nothing can change this.”
As if the Almighty Himself... is weaker than their reality.
This is my twenty-first shirt— stitched from prayers never lifted— because their owners
believed they wouldn’t be answered.
Don’t talk too much about God... if your actions deny your words.
Instead... calm down. Surrender. And say: “My Lord, my knowledge of You is unworthy
of You
Lift me by Your mercy—not by my worth.

– The Cupbearer

Finale: A Shirt That Smells of the Heart

This is all I have left to tell. Not because the story ended... but because words are no
longer enough.
I wrote this as one who saw— not one who read.
I poured what I was given— and all that was in the cup was a mixture of late-found
certainty, faces that passed by, and voices that cried “Ya Rabb” without really believing
He hears.
I remember them...
Those who died while still alive.
Those who buried their certainty in their chests—then followed it into the earth.
The one who carried bread on his head, The crucified one—whose goodness was
never mentioned.
The child who grew up never knowing how to pray without fear.
The one who made du’a, then said in his heart: “Nothing will happen.”
And I weep
— not for them— but for those still living their same death... unaware.
O Allah... Have mercy on them— those beneath the soil, and those above it whose
souls were buried long ago.
Do not make us among those who kill hearts with a word, or extinguish Your light with a
fatwa, or push away the one who came to You humbled— just because he doesn’t look
like us.
Do not make us among those who speak of You without knowledge, or who kill the soul
You sanctified—through word, or trial, or ignorance.
Let this shirt bear witness— for those who seek to breathe in it the scent of heart, not
argument... the scent of hope, not assumption... the scent of those who came to know
You— not because they studied, but because they believed.
And I... the Cupbearer... place this shirt at Your door— not hoping for reward— but
praying that You leave some life in me... so I don’t end up like them.

– The Cupbearer

I Was You—In Every Chapter I Wrote I thought I was telling their story. The one who
pierced the boat. The one who hid the light. The one who fled death. The one who
carried the Book but didn’t act on it. The one who assumed salvation—while heedless.
The one too proud to repent. The one who spoke of God... but didn’t trust Him.
But now... I sit in my silence, and tell myself:

“It was you.”

I was the one afraid to knock on God’s door. The one who said: “Maybe He won’t forgive me.”

The one who wore strength—while my heart was empty... and no one knew.

I was the one who saw the verse— but didn’t grasp it— and moved on too quickly.

The one who read the Qur’an to teach it to others— without asking: “Did I teach it to myself?”

The one who memorized God’s Names— but forgot to live under their shade.

The one who spoke endlessly— but never trusted fully, never prostrated properly, never repented the way I should have.

And today... after all these pages, I don’t write to teach anyone— but to say to the one in me... and in you: “Return... the door is still open.” Don’t wait to be pure. Don’t wait to be perfect. Just be sincere in your return.

This book was never a sermon— but a broken voice whispering *astaghfirullah*.

If you found your voice in it... know that I wrote you, before I wrote myself.

And if you didn’t see yourself here... maybe you haven’t hurt enough... to come back.

– The Cupbearer

Final Reflection: The Leaf That Falls and Is Not Forgotten

I used to think that falling was trivial — that when a leaf drops, it is trampled underfoot and forgotten by all.

I believed that a person’s autumn means nothing to anyone, that the inner crumbling — silent, without a scream — is recorded by no one.

Then I came across the verse:

“And not a leaf falls but that He knows it.” Surah Al-An‘am (6:59)

It felt as though God said it just for me. As if — glorified be He — wasn’t speaking only of trees, but of me.

Of that brittle leaf that slipped from my hand the day I wept quietly. Of the word I never spoke, extinguished within me like a candle in the wind. Of the tremor in my heart no one noticed. Of the tear that never reached my eye... but burned in my chest. What kind of knowledge is this? What kind of tenderness? What kind of Lord says to me: “I saw your leaf — before you even did.” In a world that only notices blooming flowers and upright trunks,

God says to me:

“I count what withers in you, what breaks, what fades.”

It is not merely a verse — it is an embrace. One line... and it dismantled a thousand feelings of abandonment, and silenced a thousand thoughts of being unseen. I no longer fear the autumn. Because if God sees it — then I never fell in vain.

I used to raise my hands and pray only for myself — to be saved, to be healed, to be content, to be provided for.

I thought of prayer as a private thing... a personal lifeline.

But something changed.

I began to pray for others. For those I've never met. For those who have died. For those who are still alive. And even... for those who have not yet been born.

It's as if the heart, the lighter it becomes, the wider it opens — and once it opens, the tone of prayer starts to sound like rain:

falling on those who see it... and those who never will.

Subhān Allāh.

When mercy settles in a heart, it no longer asks: "For whom?" It simply says: "You're here... so pray for them all."

"And whoever gives it life, it is as if he had given life to all of mankind."

[Al-Ma'idah: 32]

Chapter Eight Second Resurrection

After the Resurrection When testimony is no longer enough, and writing begins in a time of smiling collapse

I did not write this chapter to explain anything, nor to convince anyone of anything. I wrote it to continue a testimony that was left unfinished the first time, and I know that when a testimony is true, it does not end with the first wound.

In the previous chapter, I carried my pain and moved on.

Today, I set the wound aside... and hold up the mirror.

I am no longer searching for “who wronged me,” but for what within us makes injustice possible... acceptable... even justified at times.

This is not a chapter of criticism, nor analysis, nor memoir. It is a chapter about the human being— after the fall, after rising again, and then asking:

“What do I do with this awareness now?”

No names here. No countries. No front rows or back benches.

I am not writing about anyone in particular, but about those who have forgotten their faces in the mirror, and began writing simply to remember they were once human— not performance machines.

Here, I do not domesticate pain, nor beautify it. I host it on the page as one would host a heavy guest:

we know he came to teach us something, but we do not wish for him to stay long.

I write,

but this time, not because I am broken— but because I have understood the breaking... and I no longer want it to pass silently into others without a word.

This is a second resurrection. One that does not merely testify, but points, dissects, and purifies.

A Quiet Resurrection... but no longer silent.

What I Didn't Say in the Kitchen (When dignity speaks after silence)

That coffee was not the end.

Nor were those burning words that spilled from my mouth — as if I had been boiling them in a cauldron inside my chest — the final thing I had to say. They were just the beginning. The beginning of what comes after anger... After the kind of writing done to extinguish a fire, not to keep the embers alive for warmth.

After I wrote what I wrote, and the shouting in my head subsided... I did not rest. Instead, I heard a new voice. A voice that did not scream, did not threaten, and asked for nothing. It simply said:

“Alright, you’ve said what happened... But do you know why it happened?”

What I didn’t say in the kitchen was that I wasn’t just angry. I was terrified — terrified of something deeper: That one day, I might become one of them. A silent replica... adding sugar to someone’s coffee, smiling, while swallowing myself whole. I was afraid that the whirlpool of survival-at-any-cost might suck me in and erase the person I was trying so hard to rescue inside me.

What I didn’t say in the kitchen was that when I left that place, I didn’t go to a home or any warm space. I went to myself. I sat with her the way you’d sit with a stranger you want to get to know again. And I asked:

“Why did you let them make you invisible? Why did you accept it for so long? What inside you was so dim that they could walk over you as if you had no shadow?”

In that kitchen, the problem was never the coffee. Nor was it the one who refused to greet me. The problem was that I had spent years placing dignity at the bottom of my needs list: after the paycheck, after the system, after “good relationships,” after HR. I forgot that dignity is not something to sacrifice. It is the only thing that, once lost, no apology letter, no promotion, not even late justice, can restore.

Today, I write not because I’m still there— but because I left... and in my heart I carry a mirror that now reflects what was once hidden from me.

I wasn’t only wronged. I was complicit— with my silence, my fear, my hesitation— in a scene I should’ve rejected from the very beginning.

But now, I stand— not to punish myself for what has passed, but to understand: How is a human being killed in an office— with soft tools, polite ethics, and a silence labeled “company policy”?

What I didn’t say in the kitchen... I say now. But this time, not as someone seeking revenge, but as someone bearing witness before God— and saying:

“My Lord, I understand now. And I will try to speak— not only with my voice, but with my awareness.”

Letters Without a Named Recipient (About a friend who spoke as if he had lived in my heart, before me)

Not all letters are written. Some come as scattered conversations between two people who never met— but resemble each other more than siblings who share genes without ever sharing souls.

This person I was speaking to did not ask me simple questions. He spoke like someone not seeking information— but salvation.

He said to me once:

“Every time I try to express what’s inside me, I feel like I’m apologizing for my existence.”

And I replied: “And I—every time I write— I feel like I’m apologizing for still being here.”

He smiled and said: “But we weren’t created to apologize... we were created to testify.”

Our conversations revolved around the human being— not as a biological or social entity, but as a conscious experience, wounded and searching: Why? And for whom?

He asked: “Is what we go through preordained? Or the result of something? Are we paying for a sin we didn’t commit? Or are we being shaped by a pain that doesn’t know us, but has been ordered to mold us?”

I answered: “We are not only the victims... Sometimes, we are the continuation— reenacting what others did to us... in new form.”

And he said: “That’s why we write, isn’t it? So we don’t repeat what we inherited without ever questioning it.”

I said: “We write because words alone aren’t enough when voices are shattered. We write because those who don’t write get reshaped... from the outside.”

He saw life as an open question— one we were never meant to answer quickly. And his tone was calm, but not dull— calm like someone who has seen, then gone quiet, then returned to whisper: “Are you still in the tunnel? Or was the light you found... just a mirror?”

I once told him: “Sometimes I feel I’m not the one writing— but that God opens a small window for me... just to point.” And he replied, in a voice that already knew me: “That’s the secret... To write not to conquer— but to point.”

This chapter isn’t about “a friend.” It’s about the part of us that says nothing publicly, but speaks—quietly, fiercely— when it meets someone who reflects it.

It is a conversation with the self, through another self, one that resembles you... and you don’t know why.

Maybe this person doesn’t even know he was a mirror to me— but he was.

And maybe some think simple words don’t change much— but they do... if they come from a heart that hasn’t fully survived, but insists on rescuing someone else with what little voice it still has.

When the Body Becomes a Book (Thoughts from a woman who read shame—and refused it)

I wasn’t listening to collect information. I was listening to understand myself.

A woman was speaking about the body— not as matter, not as instinct, but as the first place where a human being is either oppressed... or freed.

Her words walked softly, not speaking only to “women,” but to that place inside every person where someone once said:

“Lower your voice... Don’t say that... Don’t feel that... Don’t write this.”

I didn’t just hear her— I felt her. She was saying—without raising her voice— that the body is the first to be burdened by shame, even before sin is understood.

We weren’t raised on modesty. We were raised on fear— fear of simply existing as we are.

She said— or maybe she didn’t, but I heard it— that voice doesn’t come from the mouth, but from the places silenced since childhood: from the rib, from the belly, from the back, from the heart.

And now, as I write, I don’t feel I’m writing from my mind. I’m writing from my back— from that part of me that bent too often without ever being asked: “Why did you bend?”

Writing, as I understood it through her, is not a linguistic act— it is the reclaiming of a body, from which a voice rises that had been buried beneath all those tattered veils.

She wasn’t speaking of women alone. She was speaking of anyone who was made to carry a guilt they never committed, and then told to stay silent “so the group wouldn’t be shamed.”

This is what shame does: It doesn’t correct behavior— it ties voice to sin, and thus... truth dies in silence.

She said— or maybe this time it was me—that salvation doesn’t come through shouting, but through redefining shame, respect, and voice.

And healing begins when we say to ourselves: What was hidden inside you is not dirty. What was silenced in you is not false. You deserve to be seen— not to apologize for your existence.

I left this chapter not as a writer, but as someone who had retrieved a fragment of her voice— a voice locked for years in a rib that never dared to speak since the day it was formed.

When Silence Becomes a Religion (Unmasking the fear disguised as respect)

Not everything that is kept silent is sacred. And not everything left unquestioned is pure. But we were raised, taught, and trained in places where the most dangerous thing you could do... was to ask:

Why?

In institutions, in sects, in closed circles— there is always a zone that must not be approached. It could be a person, a tradition, a custom, or even a word once uttered by the “elders”— and presumed forever immune to scrutiny.

And because we memorize and obey, we have come to worship silence without realizing it.

When I first began to speak, my fear wasn’t of retaliation. It was that someone would say:

“Is this really the right time to bring it up? Are you going to embarrass us now? Couldn’t you have chosen a better moment? That’s not how things are said!”

The real fear wasn’t of punishment— but of that tone... the one that whispers:

“You’ve broken something bigger than the mistake— You’ve broken the harmony.”

In time, I came to understand that I wasn’t just writing about injustice.

I was writing about the mechanism that makes it possible— and even protected.

And worse than the injustice itself is being told: “It’s not injustice. It’s workplace structure. It’s discipline. It’s policy. It’s religion. It’s for the common good.”

And so, everyone conspires:

The silent employee, the polite manager, and the well-meaning observer who values order more than truth.

Everyone quiets their voice... and dresses silence in the robes of wisdom.

But God does not love those who “withhold testimony,” even if they do so in formal language, under a clause in the HR manual.

I’ve learned that the most dangerous forms of tyranny aren’t the ones that shout— but the ones that smile... and ask you to “be understanding.”

That the most dangerous forms of religiosity aren’t those that judge— but those that justify oppression, then cover it with silence.

I didn’t write to tear things down. I wrote to say:

What is never reviewed... becomes an idol. And the one who dares to question— is not destroying. He is saving.

This is not a call to rebellion— but a call to pay attention:

What have we stayed silent about... then grown used to... then started to defend?

Not because it was right— but because it was old... comfortable... and agreed upon.

Writing After Survival (When we don't write from the fire, but to prevent another from burning)

At first, I wrote because I had burned.

But now...

I write because I fear that someone else might burn and find no voice to save them.

Survival isn't just about escaping the fire— it's about emerging from it with water in your hands, carrying it to someone else.

I no longer write only from my own pain, but from a deep sense that pain is being born somewhere else... and it will need a language to understand itself.

In *Quiet Resurrection*, I was shouting. I was telling the world: "Look—I am being humiliated, ignored, hurt."

But now, I speak in a lower voice: "That was necessary... but it's not everything." Testimony alone is not enough. It describes— but it does not change.

Today, I don't write to tell the story. I write to deconstruct it. I don't write to express. I write to stir the stillness that made injustice seem normal.

Writing is no longer a sentimental luxury. It has become a responsibility— before God first, then before those who haven't yet found the courage to write.

To write after survival is to hold the pen like a nurse holds a bandage— not to describe the bleeding, but to stop it.

To write after survival is to say to the world: "I passed through the fire— but I did not become like it.

I'm here— not to condemn, but to protect what's left of the human in me, and in you."

Writing is not a sermon, nor a manifesto, nor a political cry.

Writing, as I finally understand it, is to shine light on the place of pain without harming it. To point, not to wound. To understand, not to justify.

To say: "I fell. And now I stand— not because I am strong, but because I refuse to fall again in silence."

In this book, I did not shout. But I spoke. I spoke the way those who have witnessed do— who no longer need to raise their voices to be believed.

I spoke... because I survived. And I want those who come after me
not to be lost.

No Signature... Just a Sign

I will not place my signature here. Because I did not write this book to be answered, nor to hear someone say, “Well done.”

I wrote it the way footprints are left in the sand— if someone wishes to follow, let them follow,

and if someone chooses to erase them, let them walk over them.

But the trace was there,

and it will remain.

This is not the end of a book.

It is a pause—

the pause of a fighter who has laid down their weapon, and begun to reflect: What just happened?

And this is not a conclusion, but a moment of respectful silence before what has been revealed... and what remains unwritten.

I wrote as best I could. And when I found a flicker of light still alive in my heart, I placed it here.

Not to prove anything— but to protect what remains in me of the human who refuses to stay silent, yet no longer wishes to scream.

If you’ve reached this page, know that I did not write it for you... but with you.

I wrote it so we do not become what we once feared we might.

And so that one day, someone might read these words and say quietly to themselves: “I was going to stay silent... but now I know that writing, too, is a kind of prayer.”

Eight Chapters... Perhaps Eight Gates

I did not intend to write eight chapters. But they kept coming, one after the other, as if pain itself was opening and closing gently— then opening again from another place— until this journey took shape.

In the end, I looked at the number, and I didn't see a literary structure, but a hidden symbol of mercy.

I remembered that Paradise has eight gates. And I stood before this book— not as someone proud,

but as someone lifting his eyes to the heavens, and saying:

“O Lord...

If these words were sincere, make them a form of charity. And if I wrote them with a broken heart, then make them a gate... a gate among Your gates of mercy.”

O Allah,

let this book be a witness for me, not against me. Let each chapter be a seed planted in soil unseen by eyes, but watered by the sky.

O Allah,

if my intention in this was pure, let my words be a mercy to those who read them, a prayer for those who do not know how to pray, a voice for those whose voices go unheard.

O Allah,

let this second resurrection be one of the gates of Paradise— and even if it is small, place in it a light that will never be extinguished.

I Used to Think Martyrdom Was for Those Who Die, Until I Realized It's Also for Those Who Live Without Betrayal

I used to believe that martyrdom was a status given only to certain people— those who die in battles, who meet their Lord under visible banners, whose names are spoken on pulpits because they offered their lives publicly.

I didn't know... that God may grant martyrdom to the gentlest hearts, to the quietest souls, to those who may not know how to take revenge, but they know how to remain true.

I thought martyrdom required a visible death, a sword, blood, a dramatic event...

But I didn't realize that there's a kind of death that happens quietly in the chest— when your dignity is humiliated, your name is stepped on, and you're asked to smile... while you die inside.

Then I understood. I understood that martyrdom doesn't always happen on battlefields. Sometimes it happens in the kitchen. In the office. In the silence that can no longer bear itself.

I realized that whoever lives faithfully to God, despite the compromises, despite the offers, despite the poisoned promotions— is a martyr, even if no one ever calls them by that name.

Those who carry the softest hearts may be closest to God, because they don't repay cruelty with cruelty, or injustice with injustice— but instead respond to breaking with writing, and betrayal with witness.

I wasn't killed by a sword. But I never betrayed my heart.

I was never buried in body, but I rose from under the rubble and said: "I'm still alive... but I refuse to become like you."

And this, as I came to understand— is a kind of martyrdom no one sees, but Heaven knows it well.

A Small Table... For the One Who Thought Nothing Happened

Sit.

Don't worry...

we won't judge you here.

We won't raise our voices.

We won't smash a plate in your face.

We've prepared a table for you.

Simple. No luxury... no smiles. Just: truth.

Here's a plate of silence— the silence we chewed every morning just to keep our jobs.

And this is a cup of exhaustion— the kind we swallowed without complaint, while we did the work... instead of you.

As for this bread?

It's baked from our nerves, and the tears we wiped away in the restroom... quietly.

And this spoon? Forged from the words we swallowed— so we wouldn't have to say:
you weren't sitting on a chair... you were sitting on our backs.

Don't be afraid. The food won't poison you.

We don't know how to betray.

But if you feel a lump in your throat, perhaps it's because this is the first time you're tasting something that wasn't cooked for you alone.

And before you leave— take this glass.

We drink from it every day...

but you've never tasted it:

The pain in me is life.

But the one in you... is anesthesia.

You live on the edge of a cliff, but you never look down.

I groan... but I'm alive. I hurt... but I do not harm.

I ask... and that alone is enough for mercy to be born in me again and again.

Go ahead, rejoice.

We do not hate you. But we no longer fear you.

And yes— we see you. We see you laughing every morning, as if nothing ever happened.

Even the way you walk... the way you sit... your voice— as if you don't hear the thud of those who fell.

But you will.

Not today, and not from us, but from within you...

when everything goes quiet, and you are left alone with yourself,
and the table we prepared for you.

We didn't make you anything. You're the one who cooked it.

We simply served you what you were hiding from yourself.

Every dish, every cup, every drop of pain on this table...

came from you.

“He has succeeded who purifies it, and he has failed who corrupts it.”

(Surat Ash-Shams, 91:9–10)

Man was running the whole time. Afraid to open windows. Afraid to touch his own heart. Afraid to look himself in the eye.

He wore masks, walked among people, laughed in cafés, worked in silence... but beneath his skin: he was groaning.

Then came this verse—not as a chain, but as a mirror. It did not shout. It split him open with calm force:

He who purifies his soul, succeeds. He who buries it, is lost. No one betrayed him—but himself.

This is no ordinary religious phrase. It is a courtroom in the soul.

No witnesses but your conscience. No verdict but what you did to your own spirit when no one was watching.

To “purify” the soul doesn’t mean perfection. It means to stop suffocating it. To let it breathe,

to sit with your pain and say: “I know you... and I fear I may have caused you.”

And to “bury” the soul— is to lie to yourself in the name of God, to silence the question, to strangle the doubt, to laugh, sleep, eat, pretend... as if nothing ever happened.

But something did. And it was written. And now—you have read it.

— With quiet regard,

TheGrayNurse

1. At the Gates of Mercy

Here begins the journey—not with the first step, but with the first fall.

A human being looks toward the future with broken eyes, afraid that what has passed will repeat itself.

He imagines his son as a small, sick child, asking about the meaning of life—but no one answers. He wishes for him a heart that doesn't burn with unanswerable questions.

This chapter is not a narration, but a faint sigh from a chest that can no longer bear the weight—a sincere plea that the suffering not be repeated, and that mercy be granted to those yet unborn.

But in order to understand mercy, we must first tell the story of the pain that preceded it...

We move now to a moment when the questions began: eleven dawns.

2. Eleven Dawns

The self begins to take shape in the form of a question.

A small child asks about the origin of his father, and what once felt stable becomes unsettled—the fragility of the structure he lived within is exposed.

This chapter presents the first stage of fracturing.

A stage where the violence was not physical, but intellectual and psychological.

The child finds no answer—nor anyone willing to admit they do not have one.

The faces around him are full of certainty, but the hearts are hollow.

And he begins to feel that the truth does not reside within them,

and that he must search for it far from the inherited, the prepackaged, and the shouting.

But he cannot continue like this forever,

so he begins to search for something stable, tangible...

For a trace that is not debated, but carried.

And he finds it in: the shirt of Yusuf.

3. Joseph's Shirt

Here, the Qur'an is not read as a duty, but opened as a refuge.

This chapter reflects on how the sacred text becomes a means of healing for those worn down by questions—

not a tool for argument or pretension.

The story of Yusuf held not only beauty,
but a shirt that was cast over a father's face—
and he regained his sight.

The shirt here is a symbol of a lasting trace,
from a prophet who was truthful, and from a trial that turned into mercy.

The cupbearer does not claim to understand everything,
but he acknowledges that when he turned to the Qur'an,
he found in it something that resembled what he had lost:
truthfulness, simplicity, and peace.

And as he holds the shirt close to him,
he looks toward a great city, raised in prophecy and bearing witness to truth for centuries...
and his heart turns toward Jerusalem.

4. The Radiance of Jerusalem

This chapter does not speak of politics,
but of Jerusalem as a symbol of lost truth.

A city where faith, betrayal, cries, prayers—and betrayal again—have all gathered.

The cupbearer sees in Jerusalem a mirror of his own state:

Sacred, yet besieged.

Honorable, yet overcome.

He sees how the name of truth is raised—yet the innocent are wronged in its name.

He sees how justice is stripped from people's hearts,

while words hang in the air, weightless and without effect.

And from this scene... he realizes that speaking of the land is not enough,
unless one confronts their present time—their moment—their reality.

And so he enters the chapter of: *Today*.

5. Today

Not yesterday, nor tomorrow... but only *today*.

The moment the heart awakens to see itself as it truly is—
without flattery, without downplaying, without invented excuses.

Here, the cupbearer is in direct confrontation with his own self.

Everything he had been postponing rises all at once:

the pain, the guilt, the loneliness, the sense of failure...

and then the essential question:

“Is this really me? And am I in a state that pleases God?”

It is the chapter where a person stops running,

and begins to hold themselves to account.

And in a moment of honesty,

he remembers that everything carries weight...

and that there is a scale that never errs...

And so he moves to the chapter: *In the Scale of God*.

6. In the Scale of God

In this chapter, true accountability is laid bare—

not before people, but in the presence of God,

who does not wrong even the weight of a speck,

and who knows the treachery of the eyes and what hearts conceal.

The cupbearer does not try to beautify his deeds.

He places himself on one side of the scale,

and everything he has done—and failed to do—on the other.

He deeply feels the weight of God's words:

**“So whoever does an atom's weight of good will see it,
and whoever does an atom's weight of evil will see it.”**

But in the midst of gazing into the scale,
he remembers how people justify killing—
how blood is sometimes spilled in the name of truth and religion.

And here, he enters the gravest of questions:

What are the Boundaries of Justified killing?

7. The Boundaries of Justified Killing

The chapter that strips bare the falsehood of justification—
when religion becomes a cover,
and justice turns into a tool of oppression.

Here, the cupbearer speaks of those who killed in the name of *Shari'ah*,
forgetting that God is the Most Merciful of the merciful,
and that the Prophet of this ummah was sent as a mercy—not a wrath.

It is the chapter of noble anger—
an anger not directed at religion, but at those who distorted it.

A chapter that reminds the reader:
killing is not justified simply because someone claims it is.

It must be weighed by truth,
and will be judged by the One from whom nothing is hidden.

And after this righteous anger,
nothing remains for the cupbearer but to rise from the ruins—
not with triumph, but with honesty...

To step into: **The Second Resurrection.**

8. A Second Resurrection

The final chapter...

And in it, no miracle is told—

but rather, the return of a human being to himself is recorded.

After all the pain, the breaking, the questions,

the cupbearer rises—not to teach anyone,

but simply to say:

“I survived. Not to ascend, but to continue. Not to claim, but to live.”

The *second resurrection* is not a proclamation, nor a grand conclusion,

but that quiet moment when you return to God—humbled, in need— and return to yourself, without pretense.

“And so We awakened them that they might question one another. One of them said, ‘How long have you remained [here]?’ They said, ‘We have remained a day or part of a day.’ They said, ‘Your Lord knows best how long you have remained. So send one of you with this silver coin of yours to the city and let him look to which is the best food and bring you provision from it. And let him be cautious and let no one be aware of you.’”

(Surat Al-Kahf: 19)

“And they remained in their cave for three hundred years and exceeded by nine. Say, ‘Allah is most knowing of how long they remained. His is the unseen of the heavens and the earth...’”

(Surat Al-Kahf: 25–26)

Perhaps I wasn’t asleep; I was being nurtured in a cave no one could see.

And now... it doesn’t matter how long I stayed, what matters is: I rose then I was resurrected.

In the Cave of Time: When We Awaken from the Illusion of the Calendar

What year is it? What month? Are we truly in Muharram? Or are we living within a collective illusion called “the calendar”? This question is not an accusation—it is an awakening.

Counting itself has become a form of conditioning. We submit to dates printed on paper, hanging in kitchens, or glowing on our phones, without ever asking when the count began, who started it, or how the first month, the first year, the first migration was calculated.

I imagine a man in the first city, staring at the crescent moon and saying:

“This is the first of Muharram.” Perhaps his heart was sincere. Perhaps his vision failed him. Perhaps the matter was simply mistaken. And from that moment on, time became an administrative system, not a living sensation.

I once read Surah Al-Kahf, and—like a noble man I spoke with recently—I paused for a long time at the verse:

“And they remained in their cave for three hundred years and exceeded by nine.”

(Qur'an 18:25)

Who counts the years precisely while asleep? Was the verse simply a number? Or was it a quiet message to humanity:

“Even the counting of years is not truly in your hands.”

Three hundred solar years, plus nine lunar years. As if God were saying:

“When you sleep, you do not count as you think. Time cannot be captured; it slips away in your absence and returns only in your awakening.”

Could it be that we are not truly in Muharram? Nor in the year 1447 AH? Perhaps. Perhaps not. We do not know for certain. No one does.

But even if the count is flawed, we bear no sin for following it. We rely on what we inherited, what scholars and authorities declare, and what the moon appears to show. Our faith has taught us that intention and ability are the true measures of accountability—not astronomical precision or historical memory.

Indeed, Islam erases what came before it. It erases forgetfulness too, when a person chooses to awaken.

I do not write these words to accuse or to cast doubt on all calendars. I write because I feel we are living atop a chaos we did not create, a system we were born into— and we found our fathers following a calendar, so we followed it too.

But did we ever ask: Who designed it? Did they err? Do we need to look again—not to condemn, but simply to see?

The People of the Cave slept, and then they were raised. We, however, have remained awake in a dead time. We perform the months like actors in a play:

“Today is Muharram. Today is Ramadan.” We carry on with great seriousness, never questioning who wrote the script, nor when the curtain truly rose.

Perhaps I was never sleeping—as I once wrote on the last page of my book— but lying in another kind of cave: the cave of fabricated time.

And when I awoke, the question was not: How long was I there? But rather: What do I do now that I have risen?

And I rose. Then I was resurrected. And perhaps others... are still inside the cave.

“Then We developed him into another creation. So blessed is Allah, the best of creators.” (Surat Al-Mu’minun, 23:14)

Key to Jerusalem

(On the Margin... From Behind the Coffee Machine)

I used to work at the front desk. I opened the door with a smile. Guided the visitor to the chair... And showed the manager the bottom of his cup.

They thought I was just a hospitality attendant— a kind barista a cupbearer who knew how the manager liked his coffee before he even asked.

They didn't know I was writing.

Not on printer paper. Not in monthly performance reports.

But I knew. And more importantly... God knew.

I was writing from the hallway, between taking the order and delivering it. Writing in my mind, in my silence, in that space people think is empty... but was quietly full of light.

I wrote like a cupbearer pouring water into a cracked vessel— because he knows that the crack doesn't prevent filling, it proves it happened. And I kept writing... until the cup was full.

Then I turned on the coffee machine one last time. But instead of a cup, I served a book.

Quiet... as if I'd written nothing at all. But it entered through a door everyone thought was ordinary— only to reveal itself as a hidden gate of triumph, for those who understand such things.

And then, what the two faithful men once said came true:

“Said two men from those who feared [to disobey] upon whom Allah had bestowed favor, ‘Enter upon them through the gate, for when you have entered it, you will be victorious. And rely upon Allah, if you should be believers.’” (Surah Al-Ma'idah, 5:23)

And so we prevailed...

Not by force,

but through a mercy bestowed by God upon the sincere.

Finale: As If I Had Opened the Last Window

I did not write this because I emerged from the darkness. I wrote it because I finally admitted that I was in it— and could no longer bear the silence.

For years, I signed my name on everything I was not. I arranged my inner world to look acceptable on the outside. I denied, I reasoned, I justified... but something deep within me always knew— I was hiding.

And so I wrote. Not to explain, but to confess. Not to accuse the world, but to say: This is what silence did to me.

These pages are not wisdom. They are not polished faith, nor the insights of an old sage. They are words from someone who wandered long and low through the corridors of his own soul— and returned holding a trembling scrap of paper that read:

“God never left me. And I... could no longer go on abandoning myself.”

You might pass by these words while standing upright. But they were written from a place where no one stands.

They came from an inner ledge, hidden from those who always keep moving forward.

So if these words reach you, don't applaud them. Don't call them profound. Just ask yourself—quietly, so no one else can hear:

“Was I there, too?”

And if something within you shivers, even for a moment, then know this:

Light doesn't need to flood the room to be real. It only needs a crack— and for everyone to fall silent.

— A soul, not yet done searching.

A Final Letter from a Humble Servant:

After walking between a printing house on the edge of the grave, and another on the edge of the market,

after having what was taken from me, and receiving what I never expected—

I say, as once said by a noble youth who made the mountains tremble:

“My Lord, indeed I am, for whatever good You would send down to me, in need.” (Surat Al-Qasas, 28:24)

And this— this ink, these words, this chance— is nothing but:

“This is from the favor of my Lord, to test me whether I will give thanks or be ungrateful. And whoever gives thanks, it is only for the benefit of his own soul. And whoever is ungrateful—then indeed, my Lord is Free of need, Generous.” (Surat An-Naml, 27:40; Luqman, 31:12)

“My Lord, enable me to be grateful for Your favor which You have bestowed upon me and upon my parents, and to do righteousness that You are pleased with. And make righteous for me my offspring. Indeed, I have repented to You, and indeed, I am of the Muslims.” (Al-Ahqaf 46:15)

And I— a humble servant, possess nothing but this to say: Alhamdulillah... for what came down, for what never did, and for what I have yet to understand.

Book's Final Note – In One Voice, Many Shadows

I wrote this not to convince you— But because I was tired of swallowing words.

This is not eloquence. Not a statement. It's the vomiting of long-held silence, The roughness of truth written without sugar.

I wrote like someone who cries without knowing how to explain their tears, Like someone who kicks the door instead of knocking, Like someone who smiles only because it's the last thing left against the pain.

I didn't write this for a promotion, or approval. I wrote it because silence began to strangle me from the inside.

So I said: Enough. Enough burying fires beneath polished sentences. Enough manufactured smiles on top of real wounds. Enough answering "I'm fine" every time someone asks, "How are you?"

This isn't music. It's a collision. Not advice—confession. Not literature—but a cry that found the shape of a sentence.

I didn't write this to be healed. I wrote because the bleeding could no longer stand the bandages.

If I cursed, forgive my pain. If I whispered, don't mistake it for fear. If I cried, it wasn't weakness—it was cleansing. And if I went quiet in the end— It's because I said everything that needed to be said.

This is a Resurrection— Not with banners, but with bare chests.

So if this book passed through your heart and left no trace— Forgive me. I was writing to mine first.

Regarding the Literary Work “Quiet Resurrection”

We, the Heavenly Human Resources Department, after thorough and careful review of the literary work entitled “A Quiet Resurrection,” authored by one of the servants of the Most Merciful on earth, hereby acknowledge, with complete clarity and divine responsibility, the following:

First: Acknowledgment of the Content

1. We acknowledge that the aforementioned work is not merely a literary production, but rather a heartfelt and sincere documentation of a real experience lived by the servant within the circle of trial and testing.
2. We recognize that what is written in “A Quiet Resurrection” reflects environmental and behavioral dysfunction accumulated over the years, manifested in harsh practices, misjudgments, and systematic marginalization, leaving deep psychological and spiritual impacts on the worker.
3. We affirm that as a heavenly institution, through divine silence or the wisdom of the Lord in testing, we were part of a system that grants this servant only what has been decreed for him in dignity and safety.

Second: Position of the Heavenly Institution

1. We declare our full respect for the servant’s right to express what he has endured, and we consider what is presented in “A Quiet Resurrection” a noble and courageous statement recorded in the register of divine justice and embraced in the books of mercy.
2. We reject categorizing what was stated in the work as an insult to the heavenly institution; rather, we see it as a mirror of truth reflecting pain long concealed in the worldly realm.
3. We commit to refraining from subjecting the servant to any worldly punishment, and we affirm that his right to speak the truth is preserved before God, and his duty to remind us of our responsibility is esteemed by the Most Merciful.

Third: Required Heavenly Procedure

1. All parties implicitly mentioned or silently referred to are requested to write an honest testimony in the celestial records, acknowledging the incidents and honestly expressing their positions without denial, distortion, or repetition.

2. The Heavenly Human Resources Department prohibits any attempts to replicate or copy forged testimonies, for whoever betrays their word before God does not deserve to repeat it in this world or the hereafter.

3. These testimonies are considered part of the divine purification process, not for worldly accountability, but for divine documentation and heavenly expiation. The author of “A Quiet Resurrection” sought not punishment but a sincere testimony.

Fourth: Duration of the Waiting Period and Delivery

This delivery period, like other matters subject to the decrees of heaven, shall not commence except after the completion of the prescribed waiting period, which is three menstrual cycles—that is, three lunar months—preparing souls to transition to a new covenant. It is a time for contemplation and purification; no delivery or transfer shall be accepted before its completion.

In Conclusion:

We do not issue this statement to preserve our reputation,

But because we realized, that silence was a betrayal before the Creator.

And this text before us was not written to praise or curse...

But to establish justice, as God establishes resurrection in souls before establishing it in the hereafter.

God Almighty said:

“Fight them; Allah will punish them by your hands and will disgrace them and give you victory over them and satisfy the breasts of a believing people.”

(Surah At-Tawbah, 9:14)

“And there is for you in legal retribution [saving of] life, O you [people] of understanding.”

(Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:179)

Let “A Quiet Resurrection” be the retribution of the word,

The healing of the chest,

And a history never to be forgotten in the records of heaven.

Important Heavenly Notice:

Whoever adheres to this path and is truthful in his words is among those close to the truth before God, steadfast in honesty and loyalty.

As for those who lie or fail to fulfill what they acknowledge, I have often said:

“Sufficient for me is Allah; there is no deity except Him. On Him I rely, and He is the Lord of the Great Throne.”

If they lie, they do not understand the meaning of this supplication. This is my reliance and argument before God alone.

Issued by:

Heavenly Human Resources Department

Signature: [Seal of the Divine Commandments]

Date: [On the Day of Judgment and Decree]

Institution: The House of Divine Justice

A Resurrection, Fulfilled

This book was completed by a mercy that was not from my effort, but from Him.

All praise is due to God, until the final letter reaches its safe haven.

Thursday, 15 Muharram 1447 AH

Corresponding to: July 10 2025 AD

I Almost Forgot...

Let me make something clear before I put down the pen:

The difference between the Prophetic guidance — as in the words of God:

“He believed in them (the believers).” (Surah Yusuf, 12:17)

—and those who excommunicate believers, distort divine words, and drive people away from faith—

is not just a difference in understanding... it is a difference of heart.

And I don't mean some religious leaders only — no, I mean everyone drowning in their own darkness, grief, and illusions,

those who look at me with contempt and say: “Who are you to judge?”

Let me tell you something:

“Rather, he came with the truth and confirmed the messengers.”

(Surah As-Saffat, 37:37)

I am not a poet. I do not write to decorate with flowery words.

I say the truth as it is. And I say to you:

“And she confirmed the words of her Lord, and was of the devout.”

(Surah At-Tahrim, 66:12)

I am the Mother of the Resurrection...

The word that God cast into me.

From the Qur'an He revealed to Muhammad as a reminder for all the worlds,

A call came to me...

So I rose.

“To testify... I had no choice but to expose them.”

For in an age like this, the thinker is not spared
the cross — and the soul’s cries are lost in courts
that do not believe in mercy.

Not all crucifixions are nailed to wood. Some are
slower, quieter — stretched across years of silence
in the cold, stone dungeons of the mind.

